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STORIES, PLAYS, POEMS AND ESSAYS

Selected by

ANGUS BURRELL

GLEN MULLIN

THOMAS KENNEDY

HORACE COON

DOROTHY BREWSTER

HATCHER HUGHES

*From the published work of students in the
special courses in writing, University
Extension, Columbia University*

INTRODUCTION BY
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To
BLANCHE COLTON WILLIAMS

INTRODUCTION

THIS is the sixth appearance of *Copy*, the yearly anthology of The Writers Club. As before it is made up of work done by students in the special writing courses—short story, magazine article, poetry, playwriting, essay—in the Extension and Home Study Departments of Columbia University. It represents, moreover, work that has been previously published, or, in the case of plays, performed.

Copy, appearing year after year, is surely one kind of answer to those unsympathetic critics who affirm that writing cannot be taught. Now, in one sense, I agree with these critics. I have made just such statements to students. And so I should like to examine for a moment what we mean by this word taught. The simplest way to a clarification, I feel, is to quote a paragraph from Professor Donald Clark's Preface to *Copy*, 1928: "Human beings with neither genius nor talent for writing can never learn, much less be taught, to write. The rare genius cannot be prevented from writing. The talented individual can be and is encouraged and stimulated by working with teachers and fellow students who are also writing. He profits by the advice of writers who are more experienced than he is. From a study of the literary works of the past he is familiarized with the great tradition. From the criticism of his teachers and fellows he is led to the habit of self-criticism. He learns that what is called literature is to be respected, approached with prayer, striven for, but not lightly to be attained. By academic instruction he is helped to do the best he is able to do more economically than if left to his own blundering self-instruction."

And further: "In the sense that French, calculus or chemistry can be taught, writing cannot be taught. It is an art, not a body of knowledge. But in the sense that painting,

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sculpture, musical composition, and dancing can be taught, writing can be taught and is. Writing is an intimately organic function not unlike the functions of growth and reproduction."

Teachers have been compared to obstetricians, cooks, gardeners. They are all these, and sometimes more. They often serve as physicians to disorganized talents. They occasionally help a student to a release and a realization of his own gifts. But before this can happen, a contact between teacher and student must be made. If such a relationship can be established, two goods are achieved: the instructor has a chance to discharge his own enthusiasm, and by this discharge, the student may find a stimulation towards some manifestation of the creative impulse. But first the ground has to be cleared. I like to open a class in the short story, for example, with the question: Why do you want to write? It seems to me important for students to undertake this kind of self-examination. These possibilities are suggested:

1. Out of vanity? Do you want to undertake the difficult labor of writing? Or do you "want to be writers"?
2. To make money? After all, quite a decent motive. Shakespeare kept his eye on the gate receipts, and Johnson declared that no man but a jackass ever wrote except for money.
3. To express yourselves? And we try to understand something of what this means.

This discourages some students, but not many. It results in a clarification for many, through which they come to understand more fully their motivations, and through that they come to a truer evaluation of their capacities.

A final word about our method. If I use the short story work for my illustration, it is because I know more about that than about the other writing courses. The usual statement from students is: "I've got a head full of stories, but

I don't know the technique." When questioned as to whether they have ever tried to write these stories in their own ways, they answer: "No. No. I don't know technique. I must learn that first, and that's what I've come to Columbia for. Can you teach me? That's what I want to find out."

With many students this attitude is a cloak for their paralyzing self-mistrust, or for ordinary laziness. If they are lazy they feel they needn't make a move in the direction of actual writing until they have a notebook, or a head full of rules. So they can postpone the evil day of work; and so assuage their consciences.

Now there are better ways and worse ways of telling a story. This is what I understand by technique. But I explain first of all that I find it terribly difficult to talk about stories *in vacuo*. So I ask them please to write one—or better three—of these stories their heads are filled with; write them as well as they can, as they might tell them to anyone who would listen. Then, with an actual manuscript in front of us, we can probably help them to a better way of treating their subject matter. By this laboratory method we can perhaps find the form that will present their stories most effectively. And students respond because their egos have been given a lift over barriers of their own self-consciousness. Handing in a manuscript is one of the best ways for them to break through their lack of self-confidence and to free them from some of their inhibitions.

The Writers Club returns each year in the form of prizes to the authors in *Copy* the royalties from the preceding volume. This year again the prize-winners have been selected by a committee of writers and editors.

The play "Love Is Enough" was unanimously chosen by the *Copy* committee; hence there can be no "prize-winner."

Mark Van Doren judged the six poems.

Boyden Sparkes, Mildred Harrington Lynch, and Rowe Wright passed judgment on the articles. Mrs. Lynch writes: "I thoroughly enjoyed reading the articles in *Copy*. So did the two other members of our staff whom I asked to read

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the pieces for me. The vote which I am forwarding to you was arrived at jointly by the three of us. It is: First choice, 'The First "Boiled" Surgeon'; second choice, 'The Intelligence Test for Aliens'; third choice, 'Child Drama.'"

Mr. Sparkes says: "'The Business Woman Considers the Church' deals with a trend in American life. I found it informative, unbiased and conclusive. I vote for it, therefore, as the best of the six papers. 'A Violin Genius of Ten' gets second place in my judgment, by reason of its warmth and understanding." The third place Mr. Sparkes gives to "Japan on the Diamond."

Miss Rowe Wright read and passed on both articles and stories. She writes: "Of the articles, the first choice is 'Intelligence Tests for Aliens'; the second is 'Child Drama'; and the third is 'The First "Boiled" Surgeon.'"

Because of Miss Wright's connection with the Curtis Brown, Ltd., agency, she was asked to keep in mind in her decision the salability of the articles and stories. Miss Wright gave first place to "At the Full of the Moon," by Isa Glenn; second to "The Mold," by Clarice Blake; and third to "The Greenhorn," by Marjorie Cone.

Mrs. Natalie Colby and Mrs. Mary Derieux were the two other judges of the stories. Mrs. Derieux chose first: "At the Full of the Moon," by Isa Glenn; second, "The Love Life of Petterbridge Otway," by Weare Holbrook. Mrs. Colby's choices were as follows: "At the Full of the Moon," by Isa Glenn, first; "—Neber Said a Mumblin' Word," by Vernon Loggins, second; and "Pazalu'k," by Grace Kellogg Griffith, third. To Mrs. Colby the first two seemed to have most atmosphere and the best form.

The editorial committee of *Copy* wishes to express its gratitude to the judges for their kindness and their interest in reading the material in *Copy*, 1929, and for their friendly decisions. In the awarding of prizes the committee this year departs a little from former procedure. In the past, fewer prizes were given, and the amounts were correspondingly a little greater. But the decisions of the judges were varied,

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indeed, and very interesting for that reason. Take the decisions for the stories, for example: all the judges agreed on Isa Glenn's "At the Full of the Moon," and all judged differently for second and third prizes.

The awards are as follows: For the best poem, \$25.00 to Cecilia Maloney for "Perennial."

For the best articles: \$50.00 to Harold Fields for "Intelligence Tests for Aliens"; \$25.00 to Edythe Helen Browne for "The First 'Boiled' Surgeon"; \$25.00 to Annie Noel Webster for "Child Drama."

For the best stories: \$50.00 to Isa Glenn for "At the Full of the Moon"; \$25.00 *each* to Vernon Loggins for "—Neber Said a Mumblin' Word"; to Weare Holbrook for "The Love Life of Petterbridge Otway"; and to Clarice Blake for "The Mold."

ANGUS BURRELL

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Saturday Evening Quill
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The World,

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THE MOLD *

By CLARICE BLAKE

THIRTY-SEVEN last month, I was,—thirty-seven. An' I was goin' on nine when Pop was sick first. Years an' years I done for this fam'ly. It ain't right.

It could be right, but it ain't right.

The twins was sweet little things,—by Gar, how happy I was when they come! Own sisters to me, an' mine to work for,—Pop sick, an' all. I thought they'd always be so. Well—

“My kids,” I'd think, an' like that. But now it's come to me this is Pop's fam'ly. It ain't mine,—an' I'm thirty-seven.

This here is right comfortable,—only Mom sweepin' round me, like she's always doin'. She don't know what I'm thinkin', anyway.

The stove is nice an' warm. It's a terrible wind today. February is a drear month.

Pop used to work good like me. I remember some,—an' Mom tells of it. But then he got his hand sore from that bullhead. They can sting, too, I know. He must 'a' been to Winton hospital near three months, when it got infected. He'd 'a' lost the hand, too, if he'd let 'em. “I guess not,” he'd say, when they'd ask him. I bet they was awful mad, all right. Pop was set, once he made up his mind. But he was right, all right. It healed fine.

It healed fine, an' he come home. I remember how happy I was. I thought I'd just help, like before he was sick; he'd

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run the farm again, natchully. I was bone tired. At first, there—I got used to it, o’course, an’ never thought—till now. Till just now.

He set ’round. I was surprised—only a kid. I couldn’t know. He was soft, o’course, livin’ easy like he done, all them months to the hospital. He tol’ me, when I asked him. “I got to take it easy,” he says.

I remember the time I dug them potatoes. I asked him again.

“What’s the matter?” he says. “Ain’t you got sense? I can’t do no diggin’ yet.”

I was such a kid I wanted to help him.

“I’ll dig,” I says, “I like it, Pop. You can just pick up.”

I’ll never forget the way he looked at me, rockin’ in this same rocker. I never said nothin’ again.

I never said nothin’ ’bout his settin’ but it was a long time before I stopped thinkin’ “Pop’ll help with this,—Pop’ll help with that,—Pop’ll be ’round by that time.” I kep’ countin’ on him for a long, long while.

Well, we got through that winter somehow.

It come to me I was the man o’ the place. I was ten. I wasn’t so big built for my years, neither. Spring, an’ I plowed.

Mom changed, too. I’d run to her, before Pop was like that. She’d joke me, real often. Cookies, too. An’ do little things for me that was real nice.

But after, Mom changed. Natchul enough, I suppose. Pop settin’ there, rockin’, rockin’, an’ eatin’ us out o’ house an’ home. No woman could stand it. But it made it hard on me.

When a feller comes in tired, it ain’t no time to pick at him. An’ never no fun a tall. But I never thought o’ fun in them days. An’ when the twins come, they made up for it all right. They certainly was cute.

Gee, Doc was mad. I never will forget his face. “By God, Mis’ Barlow,” he says,—but Mom looked at him, an’ he stopped. An’ it was hard on her, too,—she was dead right.

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"An' the boy," he says, but easier. "You're wearin' him out as it is. An' now this."

I remember how surprised I was that Doc thought o' me. I felt like cryin'. I wanted to tell him I was glad 'bout the baby, but I didn't, o'course. I went out.

It was a long time after that Doc come an' called me. I was in the barn.

"There's two of 'em," he tol' me. My skin prickled. "Girls. You got your hands full, now, my boy." I was sixteen then.

Gee! I had a fam'ly. Ain't many kids o' sixteen got a fam'ly! By Gar, wasn't I the fool.

They ain't my fam'ly. An' I'm thirty-seven.

They ain't nothin' to me, but two kid sisters. I been doin' for 'em for over twenty years, an' come right down to it, I got no strings on 'em. This last summer learned me that, even though they has steadied down now that they got to.

At first there, gee, wasn't they cunnin'. Molly had all them little curls close to her head, an' Glen had that dimple. An' now they both got both. But at first they wasn't so much of a pair. They always clung to me.

Mom took care of 'em good, o' course. But it was hard on Mom.

I couldn't be in none,—just passin' through. But how them kids would reach for me. It makes a feller step out. I worked good.

They got to playin' 'round like a couple of puppies. Only more fun. I was a big feller by then,—'bout eighteen, an' tall an' broad. I'd took a spurt there, an' grew.

The summer people begun to come in 'bout that time. They liked to have me 'round, seems. I made good money. I dressed them kids good.

They was cute. No hand-me-downs, always in pairs, like the Stuart girls down to the Lake, summers. An' blues, for their eyes, like that artist said. It was fun, goin' over the catalogue, an' pickin' the stuff out. An' when it come, by Gar, how they always loved their new things.

"You'll spoil 'em, Jamie," Doc says to me once. But I didn't mind. I guess I done it, though. Well, a feller's got to have some fun.

Pop jus' set an' rocked. He didn't care. He never got the kids sorted out, after the first, even. But Mom was always pickin'.

"You big fool," she'd say, an' like that. But the kids would always run to me. They was real sweet. It lasted a long time, too. I ain't one to begrutch.

It begun easy. I didn't notice at first. They changed to me when them fellers from the military school was campin' down to the Lake. Everything was dressed-up an' stylish. That all was new, hereabouts.

They got goin' 'round. I liked to see 'em.

O'course I liked to see 'em. Asked to the city folks' houses, they was. I was proud. I'd walk by in the dark, times, when there was a party, an' look in. My girls was the purtiest o' the whole lot,—blues, I kept 'em in,—an' their fluttery curls. I'd puff up.

I done no harm. I wasn't about to find fault, or pry. I was just lookin' on. There ain't much to do for fun, hereabouts. When Molly says to stop, I stopped, but I didn't get the meanin'. Only after, when I heard 'em all jokin' the kids 'bout "the night watchman," an' somethin' 'bout their old man, an' they laughed like they done. It give me a funny feelin'. I thought one or the other of 'em would speak out, an' say something. They knew I wasn't mean. They knew I ain't no nagger. I liked for them to be gay. "Oh, *him!*" Molly says, an' Glen laughed, too. It made me feel queer. I come away quiet.

It has grew. That was the first. I couldn't know, o' course, but it was a beginnin'.

That winter they went down to Dalleytown to the High School. By Gar, how wild they was. How they tore 'round, an' sung. How we ordered an' ordered. An' then the packages come!

They was real sweet to me them days,—here to the house, where no city folks could see 'em, o'course. I remember

they used to hang on each arm, an' tease me for this, an' tease me for that. An' sometimes they'd push me in a chair an' one would sit on my lap, an' one would stand behind, an' hug my head. I'd make believe I wouldn't give in to 'em. Lordy, them was great times. We'd keep it up. How they'd tease me, an' laugh. "You big fool," Mom would say.

I missed them kids that winter. It was awful lonely.

"You big fool," Mom would say. "You're just ruinin' them girls. You dress 'em gay, you board 'em good: they should work to Dalleytown, like all the mountain girls does, that gets to the high school." I guess she was right, too. But a feller's got to have some fun. An' Pop never said nothin'. He just set an' rocked, like always.

I liked buyin' for 'em. I liked to give 'em things.

I missed the kids terrible. I driv down an' got 'em for Saturdays an' Sundays real often that first winter. It made it nice. After, o'course, they had other things they had to do, an' couldn't get home so often. They was awful sweet 'bout it, so I never let on I minded.

But I minded terrible. I was all alone. A feller's got to have somethin'.

I'd try to visit with Pop. He'd listen all right, but he never was no talker hisself. He just set here an' looked at this stove. "You big fool," Mom would say to me, after.

It was that spring Pop died. He caught cold. It was awful quick. I didn't miss him none. There was more room, though. The house was too big, just Mom an' me. I missed the kids. It got terrible.

I went to see Sadie. It was hard to get to go.

I thought she'd be glad to see me. She ain't married, nor so young no more, neither, an' we has always knew each other. I done it right, too. I went up there a Wednesday.

Sadie done nothin'. She talked o' this an' that, like women will. But it come to me there in Sadie's parlor that there weren't no likely woman on the whole mountain would have me. An' I'm a big feller, an' strong, an' a good worker. This house is white painted, an' lots o' new furniture. Got a new roof, got a victrola.

It's these summer people. They've changed everythin'—but me. I been too busy, doin' for my girls, so's they'd be like the summer people.

I'm awful rough. The pretty girls won't have me. Lot's o' the plain ones got good hearts, I guess, if you get to know 'em—but you don't get to know 'em.

It was terrible stayin', but it was terrible to get to leave. I set there. After a while I come away.

I made up my mind then I was a old feller. But I felt bad.

I just settled down to do for them kids. It come to me they was the only fam'ly I'd have to do fer. "I got them, anyway," I thought. I worked fine, an' they was awful sweet, whenever they come home.

But last summer, it was, I heard 'em talkin'.

"Can we work him for it, do you suppose?" Glen says, low. That was it—"Can we work him." I felt awful funny. An' after, too, when they come an' asked me, so pretty. Like always, it was, only I felt different. I ain't never felt the same since, some way. It's too bad. Pourin' out for 'em all these years—an' then that.

This last year to Dalleytown has took every cent. I thought when June come, things would ease up. But I should 'a' remembered last summer. I didn't, but I should 'a'. The city folks, an' all. The boys to the military camp—by Gar, the kids needs a lot.

"They won't wear blue no more," I thought. "Everything else, seems, but blue, like that artist said. So their eyes look different."

An' their little wispy curls—I miss them curls. They're just a pair o' skinny boys, now.

When I come in, the night o' the accident, an' there was the crowd to supper, I was proud an' happy. "Them city fellers likes it to my house," I thought. I stood there by the sink, washin', an' combin' my hair.

I wasn't goin' in. I was dirty,—tired, too. But by Gar, it is my house. An' then Glen come out, when she heard me, an' says to be quiet, an' not let on, the boys was in there—

well, I had a funny feelin'. An' not come in, she says,—I could have supper after,—they was nearly through.

I set there in the dark. I didn't want no supper. After a while I went out.

It was a grand night. Stars, an' the noise o' little bugs, like always on nice nights in August.

I felt like I'd lost somethin'. It come to me then my girls was gone from me.

I was stewin' over it in my mind there in the dark, when I slipped on the ledge, an' fell. An' the rock come after, an' pinned me down.

I lay there quite a while. But it got so I had to call to 'em. I couldn't stand it no longer.

They got me out, an' to the house. Doc Gordon come. He fixed me fine. It was terrible.

I must stop thinkin' o' that. I can't stand it, even now.

Well—this all is right comfortable, anyway. I never was rested before.

Yes, the city fellers got me out, an' up to the house, an' helped Doc, too. An' I been here ever since.

Mom took care o' me good. But it was hard on Mom.

The girls started in when the schools opened, a couple weeks after. By Gar, that was six months ago. Don't time fly!

Glen there to the Ridge school, an' Molly to the Center. Twelve dollars a week apiece they makes. Twelve dollars a week, startin' in. Next year they figger to get more, even.

They ain't so brash spendin' of it, neither, now they see how it's come by—an' Mom an' me to do for. They is lookin' ahead, like me.

Doc stops by. He says to me: "You got to get goin', Jamie. It's time you stepped out."

But I tell him: "Oh, I step about a bit. I got to get the use back, o'course. It comes slow."

"Keep at it, Jamie," Doc says. But I'm doin' fine.

Don't the wind blow outside there!

Lately he's been comin' in 'most every day. He's naggin' at me.

He used to nag at Pop, I remember. He shouldn't speak to me like he done.

"By God, Barlow!" he says this mornin'—different, he sounded. "Can't you see what's happenin' to you? Get up, man, an' do for yourself. I can't help you no more."

"I got to take it easy," I says. He made me feel bad, speakin' like that to me.

"You big fool," he says, like I never heard him; an' then he says, "I never would 'a' believed it o' you, Jamie." He's different, some way, an' I feel bad. I like Doc fine.

I kind o' wish Pop was here, now I'm in the house this way. Six months. I got to take it easy. It would be comp'ny, even though he never was one to talk, neither. Only there ain't hardly space for two good chairs, an' this one o' his is right comfortable.

SILENCES *

By ANDRA DIEFENTHALER

OSCAR HESS visited his neighbour, Rudolph Ort, Annie's father, an old man in bed. "To-morrow mornings, send for Pastor Finck, so you be married. I want to see that. Then I can rest. With my Annie it have to be all right before I go."

The old man paused for strength. When he began again he said, "You take down the line-fence. All as I have, is for you now, and for Annie. The land is all right, only she lays full from weeds. You can see for yourself. Three years I can't work it. But from cattle, I have some good ones. My Annie is crazy for the livestock. She have luck from raising little pigs, but she stands too long to watch how they play. And from calves, she helps you fine. The brindle have always first-class heifers. And she is the best from butter cows in this part the country. She is Annie's, the brindle is. Since from a baby she brought her up.

"First with her, comes me, then comes the brindle. You have to keep that brindle, Oscar, so long she lives."

"Yah, sure, Mr. Ort."

Oscar was much pleased with the turn of his fortune. He had long hungered for Annie, wanting to crush her spirit and bend her to his will. Had he not tried to in their play as children, and up through their growing years without success? Now would he have her wholly in his power and eagerly he welcomed the battle. Like a vessel of crockery, he would break her.

But would Annie consent to the marriage? He wondered. Perhaps—to please her father.

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There was that Franz Lubke. Could it be she wanted him? They were sometimes at the village dances, inordinately happy together, as it seemed to Oscar's jealous eyes.

It was well that old Ort would call Pastor Finck next day. Nothing must get in the way of it.

The sick man was talking again.

"There's money in my big mountain, Old Buck Mountain. Maybe you could make a road up the east side and quarry the stone out. For the new state roads, they need plenty stone now. The side from the river, never you can work that, so straight up like a wall, and when you walk on top, better you look out. Easy you can fall over and break your neck. Once I have to shut my eyes when an old sheep slides off. The dog, he chased her. So far down is the river, never I hear one noise when she comes to the water."

A tall, rugged, awkward girl with very light hair had come into the room. Her eyes were grey and wide apart; far-seeing eyes.

"Annie, you are here just right. We talk about you. I want you should marry Oscar because I must go from this world soon. You live right home then in Oscar's house where is only stone wall between. That comes away, so all the land is together. You will take him when I ask you?"

Annie was silent.

"He have nobody and you have nobody. Always you mind your old father, and now you give me my last wish?"

The girl, somehow, by her palpable silence had made it known that she would accept this marriage so ruthlessly thrust on her.

Her heavy shoes sounded on the bare floor of the house. She was going out.

Dusk had sifted down over the house and barns. It was October. Cattle lowed at the pasture gate.

Annie went into the cow-shed and carried straw over her head like a big umbrella. She put it down into the stalls for bedding, with thought of the wooden tines on the fork her

father had made. He would not make another fork—soon he would be gone. In her heart there was tenderness for her old father. Between them there had always been friendship.

When she had done with the straw, she carried bundles of cornstalks to the mangers. Then she opened the stanchions and let the cows in from the gate below the yard. They lumbered with heavy udders hitting from side to side against their legs. They were hungry and wanting to be milked, ten in all, old and young.

The warm breath of cattle and the clean odour of straw moved Annie's brain to understand the meaning of talk she had heard in the house. Deep in the brotherhood of dumb beasts! Courage possessed her. She would face the inevitable.

Night had come on. A lantern must be lighted before she could milk. She began with the brindle. The impact of milk streams upon the bottom of the tin pail, clasped between her knees, made a singing sound. She saw the milk lift gradually and fill the pail, but had no eyes for it, nor for the slanted stream that cut and shattered the foam. The face of Oscar Hess had come before her. She went from cow to cow, milking and seeing him smile. When the work was finished she tossed the milk stool into a corner with a thud. The stool was Oscar.

Later the old man heard her placing the milk pans on shelves in the cellar. He heard her straining the milk into them. Then he heard her heavily walking up the stairs into the kitchen.

"Annie," he called.

The shepherd dog followed her into the bedroom, and slipped his head under her hand. She worked her fingers through his long black hair. In his bushy tail burdock burrs clung in a tight mass. Annie noticed that his right eye was growing whiter with blindness. One day he too would be gone. All would go. . . .

The old man spoke: "Oscar wants to come out to the

barn before he went home, but I told him he have to let you think how you want to, now. To-morrow everything is all right. To you, I think he will be good. He works hard. Some day he have something. His father was like that—saving. For the mother, I used to feel sorry. She was awful afraid from him. He could be too hard on her. Mean he was, that man. But of Oscar, I see nothings wrong. I know who is not right to my Annie have to look out, that's all.

"You are willings I should send for Pastor Finck to-morrow? He could bring his wife for witness."

"Yes, he can come. I will take Oscar, but I don't want you should die."

Emotion shook the clumsy girl. She laboured to conceal it.

"That's all fine now, Annie. We don't feel bad. You get me my supper. And the lamp, she waits for oil; almost the wick don't touch."

On the wall a huge beast stood with its head low. It was the shadow cast by the old man's knees and the extra quilt heaped on the foot of the bed. The shadow came down off the wall and followed Annie out of the room.

In the kitchen she held an oil-can above the glass lamp. The oil gurgled slowly into the blue bowl. As if out of a mist, there arose a yellow-painted house beside the Delaware river. It was Franz Lubke's house. Franz had tried to kiss her one pleasant day when she had carried mail to the post-office. "Next time I will," he threatened. When he saw Annie again he merely said, "You like better maybe that Oscar Hess should walk home with you."

Annie was, as always, silent.

Four years had come and gone.

Now the lamp was running over with oil. Annie mopped it up and screwed back the burner upon the neck of the blue glass bowl. Between thumb and finger she rubbed brittle char from the wick, and lighted it. Carefully she

replaced the brightened chimney between the brass clamps that received it with a ringing sound.

No use to think of Franz Lubke now. It was too late. And, but a day or two ago she had heard her father say that very little was to be made out of the butcher business. What could it matter? Franz had said no word to her of marriage. With her father it was a law that a man must get along. He had often spoken with favour of the thrift and ambition of Oscar Hess. Might it be that they had planned together for some time? But to her like the swiftness of lightning the whole thing had come to pass. Her father had asked her and she had not refused. Let it go that way. Since she could remember he had known her to be loving—obedient. It would not be different now, now when he lay dying.

She carried the lamp back into the bedroom. The gleaming light found its way to the old man's face. He was smiling there on the high, wide bed.

In December the body of Rudolph Ort was carried to the Lutheran Churchyard in the village of Crow Valley.

Now winter had all but gone, and April had come, dismal April. The land lay soaked in old snow, dingy with the wear of many months. Over all was a sullen mood.

Near the wood-shed Annie knelt beside a chestnut log. Oscar knelt on the other side of it. Between them there was a crosscut saw.

"Hold up your end there," Oscar shouted. "Pull on the saw. When you think we get through this log? That corn-crib's waiting long enough for a new leg. The other three are almost gone. We saw four while we are at it."

"I can't. I feel sick," Annie told him.

"Sick! What kind of talk is that from an ox like you? Maybe you think I pay out money to hire a man to do the work now? Don't try to play me tricks. I suppose you want to go in the house and sew on baby clothes. My mother, she sewed at night when the work was done. We don't begin wrong. I tell you that from the first, so you know. Sick!"

The saw rested midway in the log. Annie had let go of the handle at her end.

"Why you don't say something?"

"Yes, I say something, Oscar Hess. Your mother was 'fraid from your father, and you try to make me 'fraid like that. Since we are married you try always something so it should hurt me. You think I don't notice that, or maybe you think it hurts me more as it does."

Oscar interrupted her. "You wanted your father should make me marry you. And he asks me to take you so *he* should be satisfied. Ain't it? Maybe I should be meaner yet, and get me a club. You want I should be a fool—a hell of a fool."

Annie arose from the log and brushed the saw-dust from her black apron. Oscar at the same moment got to his feet and struck her. It was as if he had hit a tree. Silently, slowly she walked toward the house. Oscar laughed. It was the best he could do, with his fear of her.

When he came for his dinner Annie stood at the stove stirring a thick soup of beans boiled with pork and onions.

Oscar drew a chair to the table and put it down with a force that threatened to make kindling of it.

"Sick!" he sneered.

Annie filled a bowl with soup and placed it before him. Then she went to the window where she finished salting the freshly churned butter.

"You don't talk yet, henh? Maybe I make mistake about that ox. You are more as three quarters mule, I guess. When I go down to Crow Valley to-night I have to ask that old nigger teamster for Kramer's Mill, how it is he handles mules."

Oscar drove to Crow Valley that night, not to see the mule-driver, but to bring the doctor back, for Annie and her child.

That spring Oscar kept to his fields, ploughing. He had a new hindrance now, Annie's devotion to the baby. Jealousy possessed him. With the child, he had thought a bond

of love would come, but he saw now, only absolute isolation.

Annie became more of a oneness than ever with the soil and farm creatures. She was with the blood of animals, the heart of seeds, the roots of trees. They were of one flesh together. Annie walked in strength, alone with the child. Of this new intensity Oscar had fear. It confused him. He laughed. If only he could reach through her resistance and break that high freedom!

The boy grew and followed his mother over the farm and through the barns, tending the cattle and the brindle's yearly calves. When he was old enough, the brindle was put into his care.

"Always the brindle! Always the boy!" Oscar said to Annie in an unguarded moment.

Passionately he wanted this woman who would not talk; who would have none of him.

The day had come and gone on which Oscar had sold the brindle to the butcher. Annie's words, "If you could be dead, I would like that," were eating into him. They kept beating at his mind. He walked, dragging his feet. Only when he drank he felt his manhood, and boasted that no woman was iron enough for him.

Pretending that Annie's silence and indifference were of small consequence he worked long days in the field, until exhaustion overtook him. He was overwhelmed with un-hope.

Then came the morning he heard Franz Lubke talking with Annie in the kitchen.

"My boy tells me what nice Easter eggs your boy brings to school; some from red, boiled with onion skins, and some from yellow out of the tea-pot," said the butcher.

"You don't come here to tell me that. No," Annie replied.

"No, I don't. Your boy says to mine how you feel so bad about the brindle. I am sorry. Oscar don't tell me the brindle was your cow. Never I would take her when I know

that. Annie, what I *can* do, I *will* do. You let me know."

Annie put up her broom and looked gratefully at the butcher as his long, muscular fingers fumbled at his hat. He was uncomfortable. His hands gave Annie the sharp sense of him. Then something warm; something swift passed between them. Both were sensitive to it. Annie sank into a chair, and the butcher got up to go.

His towering form filled the doorway as Oscar came from the barn. Oscar's figure below the sill suggested a fat palpitating bullfrog.

He looked into Annie's face. It was blank.

"You paid me for that cow, didn't you?" he said in an ugly tone to the butcher. Fires flashed in his small black eyes.

"Yes," answered Franz Lubke, "full price."

"Well, then, that's the end of it."

Oscar walked away, in the direction of the barn.

When the butcher had gone, he came back and said to Annie, "I want you should keep Franz Lubke out of here. Maybe you think I don't know in you is something men run after. He lost his woman last summer, now he is right away after another one. And the brindle he talks about!" Oscar laughed.

Let seasons pass. Jealousy for Lubke, for the ten-year-old boy, Carl, and hate for himself filled the long hours of his day. He sought to forget Annie. Night after night he stumbled home drunk and slept in the barn. There in his fancy Annie lay with him, near and breathing. The depths of the hay were her bed in the house, where he dared not put his body down. She was silent, always silent.

Draughts crept through the hay and he drew the woman closer. Now he was master and she was yielding and sweet.

He had but got her when he must let her go, for horses pounded in the stable below; dawn had come. He could see a star fading through the loft window. What was a star? What was Annie?

The rainy Sunday afternoon that Oscar climbed Old Buck

Mountain, he slipped on wet moss, and clung to saplings to keep his foothold, for the way was steep.

"I don't break her down, no, I don't break her down. She breaks *me* down. Look how I am! What I can think of myself, anyhow, no more as nothing!"

With much struggle he achieved the top. Looking down the side of the rocky precipice into the silver-black river, he thought of the old sheep Annie's father had seen tumbling into space. Bare blue rocks jutted out. Perhaps the sheep had hit them and become unconscious. He wondered, and remembered the old man's words. "Easy you can fall over and break your neck."

No, it would not be easy. His courage was going.

He sank at the foot of an old scrub pine away from the edge.

"She wants me dead long enough, now; well, she gets her wish all right. And when I am gone, nobody will know she is glad. She's smart—she says nothing, that woman from iron. In her is something else yet, something from sweet, but not for me, not for me, that sweet. Never for me."

He looked through the rain at a sprawling bush that clung to the rim. A humming-bird's nest, a tiny thing swayed on a twig in the light wind.

He would wait a while.

When he had emptied the flask of whiskey he flung it out over the rim and listened for splinters on the rocks, or for splash of it in the river. There was only silence, silence—as if Annie's silence had followed him and was in league with the silence of rocks and mountain-top. By his death he could break it. That would be a way to reach her!—regret!—punishment! A pleasant thought.

Slowly he slid from his position against the pine-tree until he lay flat on the rock floor of the mountain-top. He reached for his hat and covered his face. The rain was no good beating down like that. Gradually sleep came on him. He twitched. Then leaping to his feet he thrust forth a threatening fist.

"Take that . . ."

He stood swaying.

"You think I got 'fraid from a butcher? You like to see blood run? Yah, sure, you see it every day. Look by your face. I see how I fix you, all right."

He moved aside and backward. It was the butcher's turn now. Oscar stepped back, working nearer and nearer the sharp line that marked earth from space. Too near.

There was no sound but the beat of rain. It would fill the hat that lay by the stunted pine. The hat would dry, and winds would send it down into the river. Nothing remains on Old Buck's top but the scrub pine; a deep crevice in the hard rock grips it there.

THE GREENHORN *

By MARJORIE CONE

EVERYBODY was cross this morning. Mr. Wolff hid in back of his paper at the breakfast table and Mrs. Wolff kept saying things that rattled through the *Times*. Mr. Teddy wouldn't eat his cereal and that almost saved the day, because Mr. Wolff and Mrs. Wolff and Fräulein all scolded him and became quite friendly doing it. Gretchen ran around hoping she wouldn't forget anything, and her flat peasant face annoyed them all. She had skeins of yellow hair which she wore twisted around in back, and the knot was so heavy that it pulled her head back a little. At home she had braided her hair and bound the braids about her head, but Mrs. Wolff didn't like it that way.

Mr. Teddy wanted to run back for a last look at his bulbs before he left for school and nobody would let him.

"That'll do, now," said everybody. Mr. Teddy yelled all the way down in the elevator and Mr. Wolff rumbled.

Mrs. Wolff found dust on the piano legs and was hurt and astonished at Gretchen's negligence. Mrs. Wolff said that she was having friends in to tea and she wanted everything to be especially nice. Gretchen froze where she stood. Mrs. Wolff would find out the Secret; Gretchen was so cold she shuddered.

It seemed as if terror quickened Gretchen. When the elevator banged open with the eleven o'clock mail she was already polishing the handle of the front door. The polish had worn the paint off and there was a halo around the knob. Gretchen opened the door to Mr. Martin, the elevator man; he was fat and jolly, with a great full-blown moustache.

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"Good-morning, young lady," he said. "Be good."

"I vill," said Gretchen, blushing like a geranium. If Mr. Martin knew!

There was no letter for her, but she had a letter from Germany only two weeks ago. She went to Mr. Teddy's room and stood a moment at the open window, dipping her arms in the sunlight until the chill left her bones. On the window-sill there was a bowl with three bulbs in it; they were still dead and brown, but the earth in which they were set had a lovely smell when you bent to it. Every once in a while Mr. Teddy pulled the bulbs up to see if the roots were growing. Gretchen always laughed at that and said:

"Oh, Mr. Teddy!" If any of the family happened to be around they stared at her, fascinated; when she laughed it was like the cow jumping over the moon.

They were a queer family. Gretchen had come to them when she was a greenhorn and she had been with them nine months. Her aunt had found her the place. Her aunt had said to Mrs. Wolff:

"This looks like a clean house." Mrs. Wolff had laughed for a long time and she had engaged Gretchen. But often she didn't laugh. You never could tell.

Gretchen pulled the blankets from the bed and swung the mattress around. She sang a gay song with a sudden wild yell at the end of each verse. She had forgotten the Secret and she did not know she was singing; Gretchen had ceased to be.

"Gretchen!" It was at least the third time Mrs. Wolff had called her, because each time she grew a little louder and angrier.

"Mrs. Volff. Yaes?"

This time Mrs. Wolff was too interested in what she wanted to be angry.

"Gretchen, when you've finished Mr. Teddy's room come out into the kitchen. I want to tell you about this afternoon."

"Oh, yae, Mrs. Volff."

Gretchen finished the room but she did not sing any more. She was so cold again no sunlight could warm her. Last time Gretchen had chipped one of the good dessert plates. The good dessert plates were banded in heavy gold and they were used only for company. Gretchen's heart had turned sick inside her when she saw what she had done. She had put the plate back in the closet and tried to forget about it. But now she would be discovered.

Mrs. Wolff told Gretchen to take down the good dishes and wipe them off. What was she going to do! Back in its corner lay the Secret; there it had lain all the time, with the chip on top of it. Gretchen trembled when she saw it. Mrs. Wolff stood there while Gretchen wiped the gold-edged glasses but Gretchen didn't crack anything.

As soon as Mrs. Wolff went out of the kitchen Gretchen told Mary about it. She had to do something. Mary wasn't much interested. She just said that Mrs. Wolff would kill her if she found out. Mary was such a good cook that she could have thrown the plates, one by one, at Mrs. Wolff, and nothing would have happened to her.

"Paste the chip on," said Mary. "Maybe she won't notice."

Where was she going to find paste? Mary said at the Five and Ten.

Mrs. Wolff went out to get butter and cream, and Gretchen went out right after her, but down the back way, of course. That delayed her, but she ran all the way to Lexington Avenue to make up for it. She was all out of breath when she saw the Five and Ten, a long way off, shining and red as a Christmas tree ornament.

There were so many beautiful things in the Five and Ten: Gretchen could have spent a happy life there, wandering from counter to counter, lost in wonder and delight. Even now a purple calendar almost stayed her, and a toy cow stabbed her heart with the thought of home.

The girl said that the glue would stick anything together forever. Gretchen paid ten cents and held the little package tight, tight in her hand. When she ran by the church she

crossed herself and panted a prayer to the Blessed Virgin that the glue would stick.

Mrs. Wolff had not come in yet, so that was all right.

Gretchen set the table with Mrs. Wolff looking on. She wasn't sure about the tea-cups. She brought one in and looked at Mrs. Wolff. Not a sign. She put one down in an offhand way. Nothing happened. She put down another. She must be right.

"Oh, Gretchen!"

A cup wobbled in its saucer.

"Can't you remember anything, Gretchen? Didn't you have the cups at my place last time?"

Gretchen cast down her eyes in shame. She had not remembered.

She was busy after lunch; she didn't have a moment to mend the plate. The ladies came and she had to help them off with their coats and lay the coats carefully on the bed. The ladies talked rather loud and said, "My dear, am I early?" or, "My dear, am I late?" After a while they all settled down at the bridge tables in the parlor.

Gretchen got down the Secret and tried to glue it together. At first it would not stick and her fingers could not hold the chip straight; the place where it had been was white against the gold band. She put lots of glue on and at last the plate and the chip stayed together. She set the plate in a corner to dry. If only Mrs. Wolff did not notice.

At half-past four Gretchen served tea and the plate wasn't dry yet. They had to eat their salad first and maybe by that time it would be dry. Gretchen's hands were no part of her any more; she did not know them. She could not think while she served, and so she did not become confused, as she usually did. She did not make a single mistake. Gretchen cleared away the remains of the salad and brought in the dessert plates. She brought It in last, so that the glue could dry as long as possible, and then she saw that she had to give it to the lady next to Mrs. Wolff.

When she came in with the glorious date cake, Mrs. Wolff was looking at the shining little rim where the glue showed.

The cake slipped a bit to one side and the voices of the ladies slid a note higher. Gretchen served the cake perfectly. Then she passed the cups of tea without slopping even one saucer. Mrs. Wolff was tapping her finger against her glass; it was a bad sign. And when she got to the lady with the plate, the chip had disappeared. While she stared, the lady took the chip out of her mouth, in the most refined way, on a fork. Mrs. Wolff saw and blushed crimson and her expression changed in a startling way. Tears covered Gretchen's eyes and each plate and glass on the table beamed like a star.

The ladies were leaving when Mr. Teddy came home. He dived through them and ran into the kitchen.

"What's the matter with Gretchen?" he asked. Gretchen burst right out crying and Mr. Teddy stared at her uncomfortably.

Mr. Wolff whistled from the hall and Mr. Teddy ran out to him. They came back together. Gretchen did not look at them, for shame.

"Well, what've you got for the Old Man?" said Mr. Wolff.

Mrs. Wolff came in and Gretchen reached for a dish she could not see. Her heart stopped beating.

"Hullo, everybody," said Mrs. Wolff. "I'm glad that's over. Frank, did you get something to eat?"

"Mother, what's the matter with Gretchen? She was crying."

If she could only have hidden somewhere!

"Oh, Frank," said Mrs. Wolff, "I must tell you what happened. You'll die laughing. I could hardly control myself. That Smith woman nearly swallowed a chip from a desert plate. You know how refined she thinks she is—well—" she whispered the rest and Mr. Wolff shouted and Mrs. Wolff said, "Isn't that a scream?"

"Mother, what's the matter with Gretchen?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Wolff. "She did fine. I'll teach her yet. She didn't forget a thing to-day."

Gretchen's heart began to beat again and it made such a

noise she couldn't hear. They were the funniest family; you never knew when they were going to laugh. Gretchen was so happy and relieved that she seemed to swell all over until she could scarcely stir for happiness.

"Well, I can see it was a grand party," said Mr. Wolff. "Vanderbilt ist ein Hund dagegen. Isn't that so, Gretchen?"

"Oh, Mr. Volff!" Gretchen laughed and laughed. By the time she stopped she had quite forgotten what she was laughing about. She only knew that she was happy again.

"Let's go inside, Father," Mr. Teddy was yelling. "Come on, Father, come inside and look at my bulbs."

"Shut up, now, you wild Indian, you," said Mr. Wolff. "We'll all go to have a look at the bulbs."

"Oh, Mr. Volff!"

"No, we'll all go," said Mr. Wolff.

So they all went. Mary and Fräulein and Gretchen went too. One of the bulbs in the bowl was growing; there was a tiny hard green point. Gretchen felt as though the sun had come out suddenly and blessed them.

"Oh," she stammered, "so schön grün."

AT THE FULL OF THE MOON *

By ISA GLENN

I

HODGE, his name was. No first name; nothing so intimate and so suggestive of his ever having had a mother; just Hodge.

A big, hulking brute of a teamster. Six feet four in his socks and brawny in proportion. The small, shrewd eyes of a pig. The hairy fists and arms of a gorilla. The great chest and round head, both covered with flaming hair, alone were human.

He had gone out to Mindanao because there lay the last frontier, and he was of the stuff of pioneers. The blazed trail held no attraction for him. He liked to blaze his own trail, over prostrate tribes, through menacing forests, defying alike the powers of man and Nature. In that hairy fist, in those great knots of muscle, lay his right to existence. Without conscience, without fear, he put his trust in his primitive strength. Before him the pathless, unconquered jungle; behind him a trail of rapine and arson. Hodge, first and last; Hodge and his self-made laws.

Over many a camp fire, along the trail from Overton up into the hills to Keithley, Hodge boasted of his prowess. The pack train of unruly mules, as strong and almost as stubborn and unreasoning as himself, tethered for the night; the other teamsters sitting or lying around in the exhaustion that follows a day of unremitting toil in the tropics, and Hodge bragging. Always on the same key. He knew fear of neither God, man, nor Nature.

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Nothing could hurt him. Nothing could shake his belief in his invincibility. Always he repeated that boast. And he believed his own words. He looked upon his strength, which had never failed him. In the light of that strength and in the unpleasant aroma of his misdeeds along the Trail, none sought to throw doubt upon his boast.

These other men had been in tight places. They had known that shake of the nerves, that nausea accompanied by a suddenly cold spine, which men call fear. They had conquered this nausea; but they knew that, given the same or similar experiences, it would return. Meanwhile, as they had their health and the braces of forty-fives allowed by the government to men engaged in the hazardous business of guarding the pack trains, they would put behind them the memory of the unpleasant weakness.

The day came when Hodge was arraigned before the General commanding the department. This officer had come up from Zamboanga to look into an unsavory happening along the Trail. He was hot and tired and his temper was none of the best. A cavalryman of certain seat, his equilibrium had been upset by the slant of the Trail, which wanders up into the hill country without regard to engineering feats of zigzag.

Arrived in the land of the afternoon mist, he unbottled the wrath that had been engendered by the report of Hodge's latest atrocity.

"Hodge," opened the General, with the cold anger for which he was noted, "it has been reported to me that you, a civilian employee of this department, may possibly be able to tell something about a peculiarly brutal murder which took place along the Trail several days ago. Know anything about it?"

"There's many murders along the Trail," remarked Hodge sententiously.

"Not of this stripe, however," returned the General.

"How am I to know what you're talkin' about if you don't tell me which murder's worryin' you?" asked the civilian, with total disregard of the rank and dignity opposed to him.

The General's thin lips became thinner as he enlightened Hodge:

"While going down the Trail three days ago, a party of soldiers found the corpse of a Moro propped up against the bank at the side of the road. Fastened to the Moro's chest, by means of a pin which had been driven into the naked flesh, was a paper. On the paper was written—in an unformed hand, Hodge—this message to the finder: 'He wouldn't get out of the way.'"

"Well," said Hodge calmly, "he was a Moro, warn't he?" He spat out his quid of tobacco. The matter, to his mind, was settled. He was mildly surprised that the General did not seem satisfied.

"He was. But he was an unarmed man."

"Aw, come off!" chuckled the teamster. "He was armed to the teeth!"

"How do you know that?" countered the General.

"They're always armed. Even if they don't wear nothin' but a breechclout, they don't forget their creese and their buyo box. They ties 'em on to that G string some way. They needs both of 'em in their business."

The General here interpolated a few remarks that have no direct bearing on the story. Hodge himself was amused by these derogatory comments, and grinned pleasantly.

"You know yourself, General, how it is," he interrupted. "You meet up with one of these birds and he hogs the road. Now, I put it to you flat—"

"Well, Hodge, I put it to you flat: do you know anything about this murder?"

"Sure!" said Hodge imperturbably. "I done it. But I don't call it a murder. It was only a Moro."

"Any provocation?"

"I said on the paper why I done it."

Profanity shook the eternal hills. But the eternal hills up there were past caring about the passions of mankind. They were extinct volcanoes, and once they had dealt in the passions of Nature. Devastating passions that scorched as no human passion can scorch.

The General raged and threatened; Hodge raged and defied the military government, which he well knew would not hang him. At the proper moment he reminded the General that the pack trains were short of men and could not spare him.

At still another felicitous moment he called to the General's attention the fact that it would be impossible to prove false his assertion of the Moro's having been armed. Anyone passing along the Trail could easily have stolen the arms of the dead man, he remarked. He had the situation in hand, and he knew it.

In the end he threw back his bullet head and burst into a roar of laughter. Not Gargantuan laughter; not the laughter of the underworld; rather, such laughter as the beasts would bellow if they laughed.

The upshot of this painful scene came that night, when Hodge resumed his customary boasting. He sat close to the fire, just outside of Old Camp Vickers, which, as the world of the teamsters knows, is across the lake from Keithley, and told his comrades that he had not been overawed.

"What's a tin general to me?" he asked the world. "Ain't I as good a man as he is? Ain't I got as heavy a fist? I ain't afraid of anything in this world—and I won't be until you can show me a bigger man, and a stronger man, than I am. And that ain't possible."

"Something'll get you some day, Hodge," one of the other men told him. "It ain't natural that it won't."

"Ho! It won't be anything in this world. And maybe it won't be anything in the next world. I ain't afraid of anything in this world or outside of it. I already been through hell. Lots of hells. More than you can find after you die. Say! Hell ain't any worse than some streets I been in!"

"Ain't you afraid sometime you'll get punished for the things you say?"

"Who's goin' ter punish me? God? He's already done His part." Hodge spat into the fire, which for him was the wind-up of a topic. "He's squared up with me, and I'm squared up with Him."

When the jungle is close by, and the night wind is chilling the marrow in one's bones, men do not relish talk such as this. The other teamsters drew away from Hodge. He was left to the fire and to solitude. So he opened a bottle of the raw whisky with which the trader at Iligan supplied the thirsty and drank himself to sleep.

He awoke to the consciousness of talk near by. It was dawn, and the mist was rising from the valleys below, lifting itself from the face of the lake like a veil, baring the gaunt volcano cones last of all. Hodge shivered with the cold. He shook himself and approached the fire, which had been stirred into new life.

A slender, erect, graceful Moro was arguing with the teamsters. He seemed to be violently opposed to something that the Americans were suggesting.

"It is near—the other side of the river—but the top is far as heaven or hell. I guide not up that mountain! Allah wishes all men to save themselves; and he who goeth up the mountain will neither cry nor sing more. I say to you—sweep well your house before going!"

The men shifted nervously. But Hodge paused within the shadow of a clump of bamboo to listen, for he was amused.

"Oh, come on, now!" said one of the men. "There ain't nothin' up that there mountain to hurt you. What you givin' us?"

"That mountain is at the back of Allah! And the moon is clear. *Talama*—the Full of the Moon! The place is dangerous to man."

Disgusted, the American turned to the fellow standing next him.

"There's bound to be great huntin' up that there mountain, when these mangy Moros ain't been that way! Huh? And I'm sick o' shootin' pigs—all the time pigs, 'cause the Moros won't eat 'em and ain't murdered 'em none in consequence. I wants to kill a deer!"

"Try him with some more money. He'll fall for a raise, I bet."

"Pantala," offered the first, "how about ten pesos if you'll guide us tomorrow?"

"To gaze at the stars when there are rocks on the earth is the act of a fool. In this case the ten pesos do not tempt me. Allah blesses the wise but condemns the foolish. I am not foolish. I know what I know. What flies against the storm and does not get his beak wet? I go not because I would not bring down upon my head the wrath of Mohammed, which is a blasting thing. Man is weak and helpless without the support of his God."

The teamsters were rendered speechless by this flow of Malay eloquence.

But Hodge, in the background, chuckled derisively; and that decided them to argue the matter further.

"What's wrong with the mountain? What's your Mohammed got to do with it?"

The Moro looked across the lake to where, emerging from its night blanket of mist, the Sacred Mountain reared its densely wooded head. He lowered his voice:

"On entering a strange house have respect for the people there."

"Are there people up that mountain?"

"Mohammed's servants are there. They guard his shrine from profanation—his shrine which was established by him at the top of yonder mountain. Mohammed's servants . . . those things which were always the servants of the gods. *Kagiruk-giruk!* Horrible!"

"He must be talkin' of spooks," said one of the men. "Babies; that's what they are. Scared of spooks! Gosh!"

"Make him tell us what he thinks the danger is. I'd like to hear. It's getting funny."

"Pantala, tell us what you mean, can't you?"

The Moro gazed upon the jeering men. In his fathomless eyes were solemnity and a twist of bitter humor.

"Yours the sin. I have warned you. If one breaks the bottle the wine is spilt. And blood and wine are alike red. The presence of man upon that mountain would be an insult

to Mohammed: the servants of the Prophet would avenge the insult. *Sugat!*"

Hodge strode from his shadow. He took hold of the Moro's shoulders with his great hands and shook him playfully. Pantala loosened the hold of the unclean Christian hands. He looked the American in the eye: large eyes of black staring unblinkingly into small, piggish eyes of greenish blue.

"He of the great hairy fist goes up the mountain also?" A look of satisfaction crossed the Moro's face. "*Mapia!* It is fate!"

Hodge laughed his raucous, taunting laugh. "Sure I'm goin'! I ain't afraid of no 'eathen idol! Nor the 'eathen idol's servants, neither! Sure I'm goin'!"

"*Ukul!* Fate!" murmured the Moro. "It is the hand of Mohammed that will fall heavily upon this man! The wicked cannot attain glory; neither can they escape hurt."

"I ain't afraid of no man's hand, least of all a dead man," announced Hodge. "Ho! Talk to somebody else about your Prophet!"

The Moro continued to gaze thoughtfully at him.

"Allah Himself is not dead," he reminded Hodge. "He lives eternally. He sees; He hears; He avenges!"

"Show me!" grinned Hodge.

Pantala turned to depart. Over his shoulder he told them:

"Do not go to sleep! Heed well my words: do not go to sleep! It is *Talama*, the Full of the Moon!"

To Hodge's Anglo-Saxon mind—and this, when all is said, is the mind which has conquered the wilderness—the Moro's words were a dare.

II

The shrine of Mohammed was shrouded with the early mist of morning as the teamsters, having crossed the Agus River, started up its pathless side.

The jungle that extended from the edge of the river up the steep mountain to its crest was knit together with bejuco.

Sinuous creepers with the strength of steel. The unguided Americans hacked their way with their bolos, foot by foot, yard by yard. Infinite patience. Ceaseless toil.

Tremendous fatigue came upon them. But they were upheld by the thought of big game ahead, somewhere in that lush growth. Game! To kill something.

Underneath the thick tree tops, through which the rays of the sun could not penetrate, through which the light of day struggled and turned to the dimness of twilight in the struggle, it was appallingly hot. There arose from the ever wet ground sickening waves of murky heat. No breeze; scarcely air; only heat. Around them the silence of the jungle by day. The only signs of life, besides their own life, the crowds of monkeys that gathered on the lower branches of the tall trees and discussed them as they passed. Above the monkeys, orchids as strange as the silence.

Sunset came on, they imagined, although they could not see that the sun was setting. But the twilight turned deeper; turned to darkness; and the jungle began to writhe and twist and whisper, and they knew that it was night.

Hodge, wiping the sweat out of his eyes, leaned against the jutting roots of an ipil tree.

"If Mohammed lives up at the top of this," he remarked, "he's got a damned poor idea of a place."

The jungle threw his words back at him—futile words, useless words, the words of bravado that the jungle often hears. His weak human voice, roaring out its courage, echoed back from the impregnable walls that closed in upon them. Hodge tried again: "Damn Mohammed's shrine! And damn his servants! I ain't seen any of 'em yet."

"What you suppose is guardin' that shrine?" asked another man in a lowered voice. He glanced about him, and particularly over his shoulder, as he spoke. His voice echoed back, as Hodge's had echoed—puny, helpless.

"Wild pigs—that's what!" shouted Hodge. "That dratted Moro was puttin' us off the track a-purpose. Maybe he thinks they's sacred, too—that's why he won't eat 'em!

That's why they's guardin' the shrine—ho, ho!" His wild pig eyes gleamed at thought of conflict with his kind.

"Well, it does seem awful hard to get up this mountain. Seems as if these creepers grows as fast as we cuts 'em."

"You're scared; that's what!" rang out Hodge's voice, defiant of jungle terrors.

"I ain't exactly comfortable in my mind," replied the honest man. "I can't help thinkin' that it's the full of the moon, as that Moro kept sayin'."

"What's that got to do with it?" roared Hodge, suddenly infuriated. "You snivelin' fool—what's the full of the moon got to do with us? We can't see it, nohow; so we won't know when it comes up."

The honest man persisted: "They do say that the pythons feed once a month—at the full of the moon. And I ain't nowadays fond of snakes, even little ones."

Hodge's tremendous, jarring laughter shook the creepers. In the trees the monkeys set up a chattering defiance of this human mirth.

"I'd hate to be such a poor thing as you!" he exclaimed, genuinely amused by the sight of terror. "I can't think of anything I'd hate as much as to be scared. Now, don't fly off your bean, 'fraid-cat! If the snakes gets after you I'll protect you! Ho, ho!" He lifted his huge frame from the outstanding ipil roots and started hacking with his bolo at the creepers nearest him.

"Get a move on!" he ordered with usurped authority. "We got to get further than this to catch up with them pigs."

Hack . . . hack . . . hack . . . at creepers that opposed to the sharp blades of civilization the tenuousness of tropical nature. Silent opposition; strong opposition; opposition with the earth at its back.

At last the inevitable question.

"Which way we goin'? I've got mixed in my bearin's."

They stopped hacking. They stared around them. Darkness. Denser shadows of the dank blackness. In the all-pervading gloom they could not see which of them was in the lead.

"Mohammed's servants has put out the lights!" Hodge, not a quiver in his voice, not a doubt in his mind of his power over the power of the jungle, knowingly aped the imagery of the Orient.

"Don't talk that way, will you?" complained the man who feared snakes. "Somehow, I don't like it. Somehow, it seems as if it would bring us bad luck."

"There ain't any further bad luck in this world for me, unless sometime I'd grow into a fool of a coward like you! Say! That would be hell, sure enough!" was Hodge's reply. He did not lower his voice, although the other men were now, by common consent, speaking in whispers.

"Well, shut up with it, anyways, will you?" impatiently muttered the man who feared. "I ain't in no mood for it. I—I feel as if somethin' was goin' to happen."

"It will!" said Hodge obligingly. "I'm a-goin' ter beat you up when we gets back. See if I don't! I'm tired of your snivelin'. What you scared of, anyway? Why don't you be like me? I ain't afraid of anything. God Himself can't scare me! I ain't afraid of *their* gods, neither." He shook his fist at the shadowy walls.

The teamsters cut into those shadowy walls.

"Hodge," whispered a man, "what you lookin' at?"

Hodge jerked his head back from over his shoulder.

"I wasn't lookin' at nothin'!" he replied sullenly. "I was listenin'. Ain't it awful quiet?" He cleared his throat. "I've caught a cold, I think."

No answer. The men were listening to the silence to which Hodge had been listening. The lack of sound from the vast dark spaces closing in on these men was more horrible than sound; the absence of all movement more terrifying than the most menacing movement. The jungle should have moved by night. Why had it suddenly ceased to move?

A single ray of light from the moon that somewhere beyond the shadow was rising penetrated the tree tops and fell upon the narrow path that they had cut.

Hodge looked up the shaft of pale light.

"God!" he whispered. It was the first time that he had used the name of God without a suggestion of profanity.

"Look there!" he went on. His hand shook as he pointed. "It's the dead Moro from down the Trail. I knows him! He's got the paper pinned on yet!"

The eyes of these infinitesimal human beings followed the wavering direction of Hodge's finger.

"Hodge," said a voice finally, "it's a monkey what you see—a monkey with a white spot on its chest."

Hodge heaved a sigh—a sigh that came from the depths of his mighty chest, that fought to find its unaccustomed way and lost strength and ended in a rattle.

"It looked like that Moro," he muttered. "But I ain't afraid of him. No dead man can give me a scare. It just sorter give me a jump like. Maybe I hadn't oughter of pinned that paper on him. I never done that before. Maybe I hadn't oughter."

He did not tell them that little drops of cold water were trickling down his spine. But he kept his voice lowered from then on. A man has not the heart in him for shouting when the jungle is closing in, and the powers of darkness have been defied, and he remembers.

With difficulty he shook off the idea of what he had seen along the shaft of moonlight.

"I ain't afraid!" he continued to mutter.

The jungle was getting Hodge.

The men whispered together. They glanced furtively at Hodge. Bad luck was near them. They felt it. It was in this jungle that they could put out their hands and touch. It was palpable. They began to say that they had had enough. They wished to turn back while there was yet time.

Hodge forced himself into fury.

"No!" he roared, in his former loud voice. "No! The man what turns back I shoots! If I can't find a pig I'll shoot a man!"

They could not afford to fight among themselves. They went on.

They neared the summit.

The shadows were deeper, the undergrowth denser, as they went higher up the mountain.

Encouraged by the black night under the trees, the bejuco seemed to come to life. It writhed and dipped down. . . .

They struggled on. Very near the summit now, and the shrine—guarded by—what?

The coils of bejuco seemed larger. From an inch in diameter, they looked, in the ghostly light from that distant moon, to be four times as thick. They looped lower . . . lower. . . .

A stench was wafted down upon them from up in the trees.

"What's that?" asked a man in a low voice.

The stench became more unmistakable.

Hodge had forgotten to laugh for some time. He drew nearer to the man who had acknowledged fear.

"What's that smell?" he inquired huskily. "Ain't you smelt it in zoos?"

"Snakes' breath, 'pears to me," said the man. "But it must be powerful big snakes to put out all that!"

They no longer advanced. They drew together, striving to pierce the gloom with their anxious eyes. Where, in that twisted jungle, were the snakes?

Ahead of them, on all sides of their huddled group, monkeys. The monkeys seemed to be running. They slipped through the tangle of creepers with the silence of the dead, but far above the foliage rustled, although there was no wind.

Once more the teamsters pushed on desperately, trying to emulate the stealth of the monkeys. But the underbrush crackled from the impact of their heavy feet, damp leaves whipped against their faces. They panted. These gasps for breath were thunderous in the breathlessness of the world.

Hodge shrieked:

"That bejuco moved when I tried to cut it! It's alive! Oh, my God!"

The bejuco was writhing and twisting violently. The loops were drooping lower, close down to their heads. Washed-out moonlight made its way through the tree tops

and fell upon the unquiet loops—that coiled . . . and uncoiled . . . tied themselves in knots . . . and untied.

A loop was thrown over Hodge's shoulders. The great muscles of those shoulders were helpless in the muscles of the loop. His feet left the ground.

The gods had struck.

From high up in the tree, where Hodge was, came scream after scream, choked screams that died in gurgles.

A desperate chattering broke out from the monkeys who fled through the jungle. Above the chattering—far above the screaming—a cachinnation. The screams went up to meet the cachinnation . . . and ceased.

The gods were laughing at Hodge.

PAZALU'K *

By GRACE KELLOGG GRIFFITH

EVERY woman, Allah knows, wants to be married. Beyim Effendim, is it not so? For what is a woman without a husband? A dried pod, no less. The life of the woman is in her husband. Inshallah! Women have no souls, that is understood. How then shall she have life except she marry that which has a soul? Beyim Effendim, is it not so?"

My friend Hassan, doubling forward, poked a dirt-grained finger under the rag strip which bound his right foot, to ease its tension or to scratch thereunder, I know not which. His mind, however, was not upon this humane act, for his brown creased face stubbled with beard, remained upturned toward me, and his small black eyes deep with thought were fixed on my face. He is a philosopher, Hassan, and he recognizes in me the stuff of which disciples are made.

We sat at a round table in the little coffee-shop on the scala at Pasha Bagché, inhaling our sweet thick *café* from miniature cups, about the size of the round end of an egg and quite as innocent of any handle. Beneath us flowed the fiery blue waters of the Bospore; overhead was the molten blue of a hot and cloudless sky. The purple festoons of wisteria on the yellow wall behind us were limp with sun. On the planks of the landing, awaiting the next boat with its probable *bakshish* of broken semits and crumbs of goats' milk cheese, lay a saffron-colored street-dog, melted out like a pool. All about us, as far as the eye could reach, hung the flaccid air in shimmering curtains of golden heat. We

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sat in the only patch of shade. It was ideal for philosophizing.

"Beyim Effendim, I am a practical man. Thirty years I am rowing a caique for hire. It is a good business—Mashallah—!" He spat to the right over his little finger to avert the Evil Eye from his rash boast—"especially in the season of tourists who do not know enough to make pazalu'k, a bargain, and who give bakshish like water. All tourists are fools, for will a wise man part with money without necessity?"

Obviously not.

Hassan drew in a deep breath across his cup's brim; the café passed his lips less as a liquid than as an aroma.

"But it is a hard business, Beyim Effendim, and my limbs are no longer the limbs of a young man, nor is my back that of a donkey. When the limbs fail, the brain must bestir itself, is it not so?"

"Tchoju'k," I called, "more coffee!"

The boy lounged up to our table, took away the cups a quarter full of the black sediment that must be wasted, brought new cups smoking full of fresh coffee. Hassan received the potion absently. His mind was upon deeper matters.

"Effendim, I have a wife. She is a good woman. She has borne me seven sons, all of whom, Allah grant them rahmet, are dead. But by the revelation of the prophet, a good Moslem may have four wives, is it not so? Therefore, say I, let me take to myself another wife. But what shall I consider in this woman? Shall I consider youth? Effendim, let me be practical. I am no longer young. A young wife is a thorn in the side of an old man."

Hassan removed his battered fez from his head and mopped his dewy forehead with a sleeve. I saw that, indeed, his hair was grizzled and thin. Forty-five years, perhaps, had Hassan: an old man. Forty-five years; his back was bent, his fingers were gnarled, his teeth were but stumps between hollows.

"Effendim, shall I consider beauty? Let me be a philoso-

pher. No longer must our women wear the veil down before their faces. Allah! Shall I take a wife whom all the young men will follow to my door?

"No, Effendim. But let me marry a wife who shall bring me that of which I have need—money. And would one who had money and also youth and beauty condescend to me, an old and ugly and poor man? No, Effendim."

Hassan lighted one of my cigarettes. He loosened the sash that, yard upon yard, was wound about his waist.

"No, Effendim, let me choose one to whom matrimony in itself will be a boon. A woman, old, ugly, but rich. She will gain a husband, I will gain wealth. It is pazalu'k—a bargain."

He straightened back and looked at me questioningly. I nodded. A bargain—excellent.

"Have you settled on the lady?"

"Yes, Effendim."

I raised my brows, inviting the confidence.

"It is that one whom I row every day upon the Bospore in her private caique. A grand caique, Effendim, new and shining with varnish, with a red carpet on the floor and red cushions on the seats and a little flag flying from the stern. Also an awning of great merit. It is true she is a Giaour, a Christian, but how should this matter? I am broad-minded. Shall I let religion, an affair of which none but the hojas in the mosques know anything, stand in the way of so admirable a union?"

I was disturbed by doubts. "Are you sure, Hassan, that she will have you?"

He nodded gravely. "She likes me. Every day when I row her in the caique, she talks to me. She asks me a thousand questions. Especially yesterday she asked me if I have all my four wives."

A wise smile wrinkled his leathery old face. "Effendim, what more will you have? She desires me. She is old, ugly and rich. I am, it is true, old and poor, but—Erken benim: I am a man!" He rose and stretched. He settled his faded fez on his head.

"Behold! It is the hour at which I am rowing Beecher Hanum. Even now she awaits me. Today, this very hour, I tell her of my willingness that we shall marry. Tomorrow we sign the paper. I am then a rich man, and she, Effendim Beyim, has a husband! It is pazalu'k!"

Beecher Hanum! Linger in the excellent patch of shade, I watched Hassan roll away with his peculiar shambling gait, an expectant bridegroom but unhurried in his quest. And I lighted a cigarette, pondering, not without delight, upon the probable sensations of my friend Miss Elizabeth Disdale Beecher, Ph.D., LL.D., professor of ethnology in a world-famous university, when she should receive this proposal. Hassan, vanishing around the corner of the scala ticket-office, suddenly seemed heroic size, the eternal Adam. Rich, even learned and famous she may be, but—"I am a man; it is pazalu'k!"

THE LOVE LIFE OF PETTERBRIDGE OTWAY *

By WEARE HOLBROOK

MR. OTWAY was referred to reverently in the trade journals as The Biggest Imitation Leather Man in the Middle West. This was a stylish stout figure of speech, for he was not big, and there was nothing imitation about him except a little bridgework, which was gold.

Mr. Otway was a small man. He stood five feet five in his stocking feet; in fact, the neighbors often saw him standing just that way in the morning when he did his bending and twisting exercises in front of the bedroom window.

Like most small men, Mr. Otway admired bigness. His desk at the offices of the Chamoisette Products Company was a vast mahogany desert whose waste was broken only by a telephone which drooped like a solitary palm tree above an inkwell oasis. Far away on the horizon—if you looked closely and if he was not in conference—you might see Mr. Otway, apparently about to go down for the third time into the depths of an overstuffed chair. And if he happened to feel interrupted at the moment, he would glare severely at you through the largest and roundest horn-rimmed spectacles this side of the Great Wall of China.

The stenographers always allowed a space of at least four inches for Mr. Otway's signature, a signature written with what was described in the advertisements as "a bully big pen for the two-fisted he-man."

With the inauguration of crêpe rubber shoe soles, Mr. Otway added another cubit to his stature. He took up golf

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in a serious way, and if golf did not realize that it was being taken up, the fault was certainly not his. Clad in plaid sweaters, leather jerkins, fuzzy stockings, and the tweediest of tweed plus-fours, he was a model not only of What the Well-Dressed Golfer Will Wear, but of What at Least Half a Dozen Well-Dressed Golfers Will Wear, If Not Prevented. His golf bag was the largest in the club. So was his score, except when he went around alone, for although never intentionally dishonest, he was, as he himself admitted, naturally quick at figures.

Among the large things which Petterbridge Otway admired was Louella Mae Ormiston. Louella Mae was in her early twenty-sevens, but as Uncle Warren frequently remarked at family reunions (along with his famous *mot* about preferring the part of the chicken which went over the fence last), she was just a great big overgrown girl. There was no doubt about the penultimate adjective, and sometimes it seemed to Louella Mae herself as if she never really would grow up.

She had the fresh, rosy complexion of a British seaman. "Whenever anyone asks me what brand of rouge I use," said Louella Mae, "I always tell them Nature's," and it was the truth; she always did. "Nature may give you rosy cheeks, my dear," remarked one of her more feline friends, "but Nature won't powder your nose."

Although Louella Mae made no concessions to cosmetics, she realized that men are seldom attracted toward man-nish women, so she cultivated the art of fluttering fatly. Also in the matter of dress, she was distinctly feminine. No bobbed hair for Louella Mae. Her neck rose from a nest of ill-advised ruffles; other ruffles, sub and super, disguised a figure which, unadorned, possessed the pinguoid beauty of new porcelain plumbing. All, all were there, the old familiar laces.

She had a giggle which sounded like rabbits in distress, yet every once in a while she would say something so sensible that you had to look twice at her three-inch heels.

The Ormistons were wealthy, but it was not Louella Mae's

money that drew Mr. Otway toward her. "If you hadn't a cent in the world," he assured her, "I'd like you just as much." One can be ardent without being reckless.

What attracted him was a certain monumental quality; she was spacious and enduring, like the Ormiston Funeral Home which her father operated so successfully. There was something awe-inspiring about her, something almost sacred. One evening while Mr. Otway was alone with his radio, the loud speaker suddenly began to emit a ribald song entitled *Who Takes Care of the Undertaker's Daughter While the Undertaker's Busy Taking Under?* which sounded as if it were sung by an Elk in good standing. With an indignant twist of the dial Mr. Otway stifled the Elk, and gallantly tuned in a harmonica solo from Shenandoah, Iowa.

Louella Mae was one of these girls who could be depended upon. Every Wednesday evening for seven winters, except the time she went to the D. A. R. convention at Washington and broke a tooth, she had attended the meetings of the Sunshine Girls' Club, and Petterbridge Otway had accompanied her.

The original purpose of the Sunshine Girls' Club, as outlined by its patronesses, was to provide supervised social activities for working girls and keep them from becoming fallen women. So effectively had the club functioned that for the past three years not one of the girl members had fallen, and the interest of the patronesses had gradually waned. But Louella Mae had remained faithful, and in time she had become the club's guardian angel and chief financial backer.

The Sunshine Club met in a settlement house near Five Points. To reach it, it was necessary to go through Litwak Street, a disreputable thoroughfare which twisted like a stagnant river between rows of saloons, pool halls and lodging houses. If Louella Mae had been willing to make the trip by automobile, it wouldn't have been so bad. Mr. Otway had a limousine, a most luxurious craft with super-balloon tires, meringue shock absorbers, sybaritic upholstery, and enough robes to swaddle Colossus. Also, there were taxi-

cabs in delicate pastel shades which one might have for the flick of an eyebrow.

But Louella Mae would have none of these. "No, indeed," she said. "What would the Sunshine Girls think if they saw me come rolling up to the settlement house in an expensive automobile?"

"What?" asked Mr. Otway.

"I say, what would the girls think if they saw—"

"What would they think?" he inquired patiently.

"They would think, 'Well, if Miss Ormiston can ride in a fine car, why can't we?' And then they'd probably go joy riding with the first dissolute millionaire who came along. The automobile is the most powerful factor we have to contend with in our fight against immorality."

"They needn't see the car. We could park it in the next block, and walk to the settlement house," he suggested.

"Would that be honest?" she challenged.

"But, my dear, you do ride in a car sometimes, you know."

"Not on Wednesday night," replied Louella Mae, with determination in every chin.

There the matter stood. Mr. Otway sighed, and let it stand. Not that he minded walking; Louella Mae's courage in risking fallen arches for the sake of fallen women was really admirable, but he did wish that the Sunshine Girls would meet in a nicer part of town. Litwak Street in the large hours of the night was one of those places where anything might happen, and frequently did. There was menace in its black alleys, and strange, disturbing sounds emerged from its shuttered windows. Instead of walking in a straightforward and God-given manner, everyone on Litwak Street seemed to prowl, and their speech was a muttering.

All in all, Wednesday evening was an ordeal. It was only his devotion to Louella Mae which kept him at it.

While the Sunshine Girls recreated in the recreation room of the settlement house, Mr. Otway used to wait patiently in the waiting room. It wasn't really a waiting room; it was a library, presided over by a pale young lady librarian. But the people who came there never seemed to do more than

turn the pages of magazines abstractedly, and glance at the clock from time to time.

True, there were books, shelves and shelves of them. Once Mr. Otway even went so far as to approach these shelves and take down a volume, which proved to be *Hints for the Expectant Mother*. He put it back quickly, but not before the pale young lady librarian had glided over to him, hissing graciously, "Is there something especial you wish?"

"No," said Mr. Otway. He wondered how librarians always managed to be so damnably sibilant.

"Ah, I see." Her bifocals twinkled knowingly, and the little chain which leashed them danced against her sallow cheek as she nodded. "Just browsing? I think it's great sport to browse among the books, and one never feels that one is wasting one's time, because one always finds something worth while. And then there's the thrill of discovering it for oneself!"

"Yes," agreed Mr. Otway, "there certainly is." But not here, he added mentally.

"Have you read *The Following of the Star*?"

"No," he admitted.

"It's a very interesting book. And another book that I have found especially interesting is *Lilies and Black Lacquer*. It's by the author of *The Prodigal Uncle*. I presume you've read *The Prodigal Uncle*?"

"No," said Mr. Otway with some anxiety. "Is it interesting too?"

"Yes, it's very interesting. I think it's here, if you'd care to look at it."

Her long, semitransparent hands fluttered over the shelves and drew forth a warped volume with grimy lavender covers; the edges of its unopened pages were like the under side of a mushroom.

"This is it," she confided as she handed it to him. "It's the story of an old man who leaves a will—"

"Thank you," murmured Mr. Otway, bravely bearing the book away, "thank you very much."

Since then, he had never disturbed the shelves of the set-

tlement house library, and in spite of bright, encouraging glances from the lady librarian, he had used the room merely as a place in which to wait for Louella Mae.

It is true that he might have gone into the recreation room and shared in the supervised social activities of the Sunshine Girls. In fact, he had been invited more than once, not only by Louella Mae, but by J. Weldon Spurlock, the director of the settlement house.

J. Weldon Spurlock was a tall, beefy man with a toupee, a *fin-de-siècle* mustache, and a rain barrel voice. He affected wing collars, and looked like one of these doctors who advertise "Men—I Will Help You—Consultation Free."

Despite his admiration of bigness, Mr. Otway could not view the Spurlock person with any enthusiasm, nor could he understand why Louella Mae tolerated his presence at the Wednesday evening meetings. Yet she did. She not only tolerated him, but actually encouraged him. She deferred to him, and sought his advice upon questions which she could very well have decided for herself; this Mr. Otway knew.

Not that he was jealous. He and Louella Mae had known each other too long, understood each other too well, to let any Spurlock come booming between them. But it distressed him to see her yield to anyone, even in matters of opinion; it was a reminder that she was human and fallible after all.

One rainy Wednesday evening in April, after the long trek through Litwak Street, Louella Mae Ormiston and Petterbridge Otway arrived at the settlement house in assorted spirits. The weather had been a challenge to the patroness of the Sunshine Club. What though her ruffles drooped and clung, was there anything more invigorating than a spring rain? The air smelled clean, the trees in the park were in full leaf, and wasn't it lucky she had worn her slicker?

Mr. Otway had not worn his slicker, and a delicatessen on Litwak Street had lowered its awning just in time to cascade a collection of rare old rain water down his neck. He was wet, almost too wet to sit down.

"We've been tramping through the rain like a couple of

sillies," announced Louella Mae as she burst into the director's office.

J. Weldon Spurlock creaked about grandly in his swivel chair. "Well, well," he said, "you look it. What a night!" He sighed fondly as if he were somehow personally responsible for the night, and clapped his hands; his acoustics were excellent. "We have a lot to do tonight. I suppose Louella Mae has told you that we're giving the girls a May Day party next week?"

"No," said Mr. Otway.

"Yes, sir! A regular bang-up party with refreshments. Chicken dinner, with ice cream and cake and 'all the fixin's,' as the boys say."

What boys, thought Mr. Otway, with a cerebral sneer. Aloud he said, "That sounds mighty good."

"Yes, Petterbridge," Louella Mae put in. "It's likely to be a very long meeting to-night. We have a great many details to arrange, and later on we may need the help of your strong right arm." She glanced at the Spurlock person, and they laughed. Apparently there was something utterly ridiculous in the idea of Petterbridge possessing a right arm of any sort.

"Very well," said Mr. Otway. "I'll wait in the library."

With a cheery wave of farewell to Mr. Otway, J. Weldon Spurlock and Louella Mae departed for the recreation room.

"Dmmt!" protested Mr. Otway.

Nothing remained but to go up to the library and spend the evening turning the pages of *The Modern Priscilla*. At least, it would be warm there. He shivered as he trudged up the stairs. His nose ached; his newly pressed trousers had wilted into a permanent crouch. What matter?

He entered the library as unostentatiously as possible, and sank damply into a chair beside the magazine rack. To forestall possible advances from the pale young lady librarian, he selected the largest magazine he could find and propped it up in front of him.

But even as he did so, he noticed that the pale young lady

librarian was not there. At her desk sat a person who was younger and less ladylike, and not at all pale.

She was eating marshmallows, and reading. Marshmallow dust powdered a sleeve of her black velvet jacket, and a lock of her bobbed hair hid her eyes as she bent over her book. She was wearing a short plaid skirt, one of these skirts which keeps their wearers busy pulling them down over their knees, but this wearer had evidently given up the struggle.

It was the first time Mr. Otway had ever seen a librarian with her feet on her desk. He could not help making a little mental note, *i.e.*, librarian with feet on desk, and then mentally erasing it and making it over again. She was very comfortable to look at, and he hoped that she would stay just where she was and not come over and try to force any books on him. The minutes ticked by slowly. She stayed just where she was and presently he began to wish that she would come over and try to force at least one book on him; one would be enough.

He was gratified to see her glance up at him and smile. Warming, that smile was, to one in his dampened condition.

"Do you always read your magazines upside down?"

Her voice broke the stillness of the library so abruptly that Mr. Otway dropped his magazine. He picked it up, looked around guiltily, and was relieved to see that they were alone.

"I was just looking at the pictures."

"Some of them are better that way," she conceded. "'Specially these modern ones."

Embarrassed, he rose and put the magazine back on the rack. She surveyed him appraisingly.

"Have you been swimming the channel?"

"I—I beg pardon?" he inquired.

"You're all wet. I mean really wet. Why, you're shivering!" she exclaimed with gentle concern.

"I g-guess I'm having a little chill," he remarked apologetically.

"I guess you are," she agreed. "You better chase around and hunt yourself up some whisky."

He smiled wanly.

"I suppose there are places on Litwak Street where they sell whisky," he ventured.

"I can think of two places where they don't," she announced, after a moment of thought. "But most of it is stuff I wouldn't trust after dark. You don't want to go blind."

"No, indeed!" declared Mr. Otway as he looked at her. "Not now, at least."

"I have a friend who runs a lunch wagon," she said presently. "The liquor he sells is absolutely reliable; he doesn't sell anything that he wouldn't drink himself. If you want me to, I'll take you over there and introduce you."

He was grateful. "But what about the library?"

"What about it?" she echoed. "You're the first person who's come in here this evening, except the janitor."

She got up, snapped out the light above the desk, and joined Mr. Otway at the door. Together they walked down the corridor and through the foyer. "I feel rather guilty, taking you away from your work," he apologized.

"It's not my work," she informed him. "Lydia went upstate to a funeral today, and I'm just taking her place. There's nothing Lydia enjoys more than a good snappy funeral, and with a job like this I don't blame her."

"You aren't a regular librarian then?" he asked with a tinge of disappointment.

"Tonight is my first appearance on any desk," she replied, "and if Allah is good, it will be my last."

When they reached the front steps, Mr. Otway peered out cautiously. "It's still sprinkling a little. Maybe I'd better hunt up an umbrella."

"Don't bother; it's just across the street." She took his hand. "Come on, we'll run for it."

So they ran for it, like children escaping from school. Her hand was cool and firm. Mr. Otway felt as if he could sprint through the gutters of Litwak Street indefinitely with this charming young person at his side.

All too soon they reached the lunch wagon, a sort of Toonerville Trolley without wheels; its little smoky windows

glowed balefully, and from a doorway at the end came the reek of the kitchen.

"Really," he said breathlessly, "I wonder if we ought—"

"You leave it to me," she assured him, as she skipped up the steps. Mr. Otway followed close at her heels.

"Jerry," she announced, "I'd like to have you meet a friend of mine, Mr. ——"

"Otway," said Petterbridge.

"Mr. Otway," she continued, "this is Jerry O'Connor."

The figure of the O'Connor detached itself from its smoky background and bulged over the lunch counter. He was a vast pink hippopotamus of a man, swathed in an apron which was an accidental bill of fare for the past fortnight. "Pleased to meet you," he croaked as he shook hands. "Any friend of Janet's is a friend of mine."

"He remarked gallantly, reaching for the bottle," the girl added. "Jerry, Mr. Otway's real name is Speed, and he's suffering from a chill and he wants something to warm him up."

"Well," Jerry eyed Mr. Otway cautiously, "what'll it be?"

"Anything," said Mr. Otway. With an unsuccessful gesture of reckless abandon, he thrust a crumpled bill into Jerry's hand. The hand disappeared beneath the counter, and returned a moment later bearing a thick china cup filled with what looked like very weak tea.

Mr. Otway took the cup, and gazed wistfully at the girl. So her name was Janet! It suited her; it was a beautiful name.

"Drink up," said Janet. "It won't hurt you."

"Well, then," he said jauntily, "here's looking at you." And looking at her, he drank. Her eyebrows were wicked, but her dark eyes were kind. Perhaps, he reflected, this liquor would blind him, but his last glimpse would be one of loveliness.

The whisky swept down his throat like a cascade of fire. He shuddered, bit the cup, and clung manfully to the edge of the counter. Going, going, gone.

"Hooley!" he gasped as he set the cup down.

"It's pre-war," Jerry explained.

"The—the next war?" inquired Mr. Otway.

The O'Connor looked grieved. "Why, Speed, that wasn't a very nice thing to say," Janet reproved. "You've hurt Jerry's feelings."

"I'm sorry," Mr. Otway apologized. "I didn't mean it, Mr. O'Connor, really I didn't. It just seemed a little stronger than I'm accustomed to, that's all. But it's good stuff; there's no doubt about that."

Jerry brightened. "You think so?"

This, Mr. Otway decided, was a simple soul who required humoring. "Of course I do," he asserted. "I know whisky, Mr. O'Connor. I know all about whisky, from Alpha to—er—"

"Bodega," suggested Janet.

"—and this is just as good as any I ever tasted. To show you I mean what I say, I'll drink another cup."

The girl nudged him, and shook her head. "Better not, Speed," she warned. "It's pretty powerful."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Otway a little grandly. "Nonsense, my dear." And he drank the second cup like a nize baby downing its carrot juice.

"Far be it from me to act as a good influencé," sighed Janet, "but I think it's time I got you out of here."

"It is rather tight," he admitted. "Mr. O'Connor, I should think you would open the windows in this place and get some air that is fresh. The air that you have in here is all right in its way; it may have been good enough for your grandfather, but this is a progressive age, an age—"

"The windows are open," said Mr. O'Connor.

"I doubt it," remarked Mr. Otway. "I doubt it very much." He picked up a pot of mustard from the counter and hurled it at the nearest window. There was no crash of glass, no sound except a gentle *plop* on the pavement outside."

"See?" said Janet. "Jerry was right."

"There's some trick about this," muttered Mr. Otway, reaching for a catsup bottle.

"Speed!" She seized his wrist. "No more experiments, please. We must get out of here. Come on."

With a few well-chosen words to show that he cherished no ill will toward the proprietor, Mr. Otway allowed himself to be pushed out of the lunch wagon and down the steps. Janet clung to him as if she feared he might slide out of the jolly old human scene.

"You don't need to hold me, Janet. I'm quite all right." Gently he disengaged her hands from his arm. They were such small hands. She herself was only up to the level of his eyes. Ridiculous that this morsel of humanity should try to act as his guide and support. "Still," he added, "perhaps you'd better hang on to me while we cross the street anyhow." He put her hands back where he had found them.

"Attaboy," she said softly. No sonnet sequence ever said more.

The rain had stopped, and the puddles of Litwak Street reflected a clean, cold sky.

"Look!" said Mr. Otway in a hushed voice. "Stars on the sidewalk! Millions and millions of stars—"

And in his ears millions and millions of tiny bells were ringing. His cheeks felt stiff and hot. His heart seemed to be bursting with a desire to do something, but it couldn't decide what. He realized that this night was only one of an endless procession of nights, yet there was an immediate glory about it which made it eternal.

"Isn't it beautiful!" he cried, stopping suddenly in the middle of the street. "I mean, just living and everything, the way we are now. I mean, it's a sort of privilege just to be in the world—"

"Of course it is." She smiled indulgently and steered him around a garbage can.

"Now, don't agree with me simply because it's polite," he warned her. "I just want you to know that I appreciate life, and I'm very grateful to all concerned."

"Isn't it too bad a person can't always feel that way," she said. "These fits of general gratitude usually don't last long."

"I'll feel like that as long as I'm with you," he assured her.

"Well, that won't be so very long." They had reached the door of the settlement house, and she glanced at her wrist. "I've got to lock up Lydia's desk and go home. It's eleven o'clock."

"Eleven o'clock!" he muttered. To him the words were what midnight was to Cinderella. Louella Mae's meeting would soon be over and perhaps even now she was inside waiting impatiently for him. "I suppose," he said reluctantly, "I probably won't see you again."

He drew closer to her, and she looked up at him. It was a new and delectable sensation, this being looked up at by a woman; usually Mr. Otway did the looking up.

"Why, Janet!" he exclaimed with sudden wonder. "You're nothing but a child, a mere child." And before he quite realized what he was doing, he had given her a mere kiss. Blurred and blundering that kiss was, but it marked an epoch in the life of Petterbridge Otway.

"Speed," said Janet reprovingly, "is that nice?"

"I—I believe it is," he said, kissing her again. It was. "Do you think I'm going in there and meet Louella Mae Ormiston now?" he demanded fiercely. "Spoil the most glorious evening I've ever had? No, sir! For years and years I've been taking Louella Mae home from places, and it's time I took someone else. Besides, Louella Mae is big enough to look after herself, and you're so little."

"I've always managed to get home all right so far," replied Janet.

"You won't from now on," said Mr. Otway. "I mean," he added hastily, "I'll escort you and see that nothing happens to you. And we'll go in a taxi, if you don't mind."

"Oh, I don't mind," she said enthusiastically. "But maybe you do. I live 'way over in the other end of town."

"The farther the better!" Mr. Otway exclaimed. He had burned his bridges. There was no turning back now, even if he wanted to, which he didn't.

The following morning Mr. Otway did not do his customary bending and twisting exercises in front of the bedroom window. He awoke shortly before noon with a slight head-

ache. Love was in his heart, but his tongue felt like a plush pincushion.

The first thing he saw when he opened his eyes was the large photograph of Louella Mae Ormiston on his bureau. That was why he closed his eyes and tried to recapture his dreams of a moment before.

"Will I see you tomorrow?" he had asked as he was saying goodbye last night. "I really must, Janet. You—you've become very important. Please!"

"Maybe," Janet had replied, but her eyes had said yes. "You call me up."

"I will," he had assured her fervently, "oh, I will!"

Mr. Otway opened his eyes again. His conscience was gently clamorous, and further sleep was out of the question. Last night had been a turning point in his life; but, he reflected, perhaps the turning might be a complete revolution which would land him just where he was before.

He certainly had played the hound, leaving Louella Mae in the lurch after seven years of faithful attendance. Poor girl! What had she thought when she came out of the recreation room and found that he had gone? Had she set out in a vain search for him? Had she braved the perils of Litwak Street alone?

He sighed and took a long drink of cold water. The whisky was what had made such a brute of him. If he had been sober, he never would have run away with that wild and lovely creature. It must not go on. He must go to Louella Mae, tell her in an honest, manly way exactly what happened, and ask her forgiveness.

Then he must telephone Janet and tell her—but perhaps it would be better not to telephone her at all. He was going out of her life anyhow; apologies and explanations would make the going no easier. To call her up and say, "I don't want to see you again," or words to that effect, would be unkind. It would also be untrue.

Highland 2200. Mr. Otway sighed again, and dropped the envelope into the wastebasket.

After a light lunch which seemed rather heavy, he set out

for Louella Mae's, full of high purpose but not much else. The Ormiston residence had never looked more forbidding. It adjoined the Ormiston Funeral Home, and the two buildings sulked in gloomy grandeur behind a high iron fence on the best street in town. They belonged to the early middle Cleveland period when a window which was both rectangular and transparent was unworthy of the name. Their numerous towers and turrets agitated the sky line for miles around, and age had toned the stone façades to the color of plum pudding.

As Mr. Otway approached, he saw Louella Mae on the front porch. For a moment he was tempted to turn back. But it was too late; she had spied him. He saw her rise and disappear into the house. She went quickly, like a prairie dog into its hole, and what a relief it was to have her out of sight, if only for a few brief seconds! Mr. Otway chided himself for this attitude of mind. She had suffered, and now it was his turn. He was doing the right thing; he must not complain.

Bravely he pushed on through the iron gate and up the cold stone steps. On the porch an empty chair still rocked with vague importance as he pressed the bell.

The maid opened the door.

"How do you do, Mary?" said Mr. Otway almost effusively. He smiled as if nothing were about to happen. "May I see Miss Ormiston?"

"She's not in," said the maid.

Mr. Otway felt dazed. This was a bit silly. "But, look here," he said, as the maid started to close the door, "she must be. Why, I saw her on the porch as I came up."

"She's not in," repeated the maid mechanically.

"Not in?" he echoed. So that was it. Hers was one of these haughty hypothetical absences. It was evident that she was hurt by his behavior last night and did not wish to see him. Poor girl! But he would make it up to her, oh, he would, if she would give him half a chance.

"Mary," he said, "Miss Ormiston is here, and I intend to

see her. It's very important. Will you please step aside and let me by?"

The maid was plainly distressed. "She—she said she didn't want to see you."

He found her standing at the foot of the stairs, apparently prepared for flight. "Petterbridge!" she gasped as he entered the hall.

"Yes," said Mr. Otway inadequately, "it's me. I came—"

"Oh, dear!" Louella Mae fluttered, and her plump pink fingers wreathed themselves about the banister in agitation. "I don't know what to say to you."

"Well," began Mr. Otway, swallowing hard, "I just want you to know that I'm awfully sorry about last night, Louella Mae."

"So am I," she agreed, and then added with a smile of coquetry, "though of course I really can't say that I'm sorry—in the same sense that you are. But I *am* sorry for you, Petterbridge. That's what makes it all so difficult. I mean, when two people have been going together as long as we have, it's hard to break away. I'm ashamed of the way I ran off and left you last night, but I was so excited and flustered that I simply wasn't myself."

Mr. Otway felt the carpet slipping slowly from beneath his feet. "You ran away?" he said. "Why, I thought—"

"I should have said 'we,'" Louella Mae giggled, "though I really didn't have much say-so in the matter. Mr. Spurlock—I mean Weldon—is so impulsive. He always sort of sweeps me off my feet."

"You mean," said Mr. Otway with difficulty, "you and this Spurlock—"

Louella Mae blushed ham-pink, and nodded happily. "We were married last night," she confessed, "by the darlingest old justice of the peace over in Dorchester County. We slipped out the back way after the Sunshine Girls' meeting, and drove over there. I didn't want to do it quite that way, but Weldon is so—so masterful. He just won't take no for an answer. I said to him at the time, as we were driving over, I said, 'Weldon, it just breaks my heart to think of

poor Petterbridge sitting all alone in the reading room, waiting for me.' 'Never mind, Chickie,' he said—that's a pet name he has for me—'Never mind, Chickie. Everything's fair in love and war, and Petterbridge can read about it in the papers.'

"But I did feel so mean, and I knew you would be awfully upset about it, and that was why I didn't want to meet you today. You see, I've admired Mr. Spurlock for a long time, but I hated to tell you because I knew how you felt about me."

"I know," said Mr. Otway.

"And you aren't terrible angry with poor 'ittle me?"

He looked up at her forgivingly. "No," he said. What was that singing in his heart?

Louella Mae's voice sounded faint above the singing. "And we'll still be pals?"

"Just pals," he agreed abstractedly. "Goodbye, Louella Mae."

She stood at the window, her fingers pressed against her full-blown cheek, and watched him walk down the steps and through the iron gate. "Oh, dear!" she said wistfully.

"I tried to keep him out, ma'am," said the maid, "but he presisted and presisted."

"That's quite all right, Mary," Louella Mae sighed. "He had to know the truth sooner or later. But I'm worried about him. There was such a strange light in his eyes when he said goodbye to me; I never saw anything like it before. Look, Mary, he's actually running down the street. He's going into the corner drug store. The drug store! Oh, dear. I do hope he won't do something horrible. They can't sell a person poison without a doctor's prescription, can they, Mary? I read about a man once who took strychnine tablets when the girl he loved married someone else and then had fits on her front porch."

Clutching the curtain, Louella Mae Ormiston Spurlock turned away from the window. "Oh, Petterbridge, Petterbridge," she sobbed, "I am a wicked, cruel woman!"

THE LOVE LIFE OF PETTERBRIDGE OTWAY

Had Mr. Otway been present, he might have risen to the occasion with a gallant, "Tut, tut, my dear, you are nothing of the sort." But Mr. Otway was not present. He was perspiring happily in a telephone booth, far, far away.

EASTER CANDLE *

By ANNE KYLE

THEY are coming back!"

Fiammetta, peering over the cliff at the soft Italian blue sea far below, saw the boat glide out and head for the tiny beach that lay like a white seashell caught between the two lonely promontories which formed the westernmost end of the island.

Yes, even the American Signora, whose name was Miss Vale, must have had enough for one day of the gloomy Grotto with its dark waters hemmed by looming walls; its strange passageway that had been hewn apparently out of the rock itself only to stop abruptly in a blank wall. Sandro had taken Fiammetta in there once in the early days before he had grown tired of supporting his orphaned girl-cousin. She was glad when she was out again. Better to tend Sandro's goats all day upon the sunny island hills than to explore a stuffy cavern whose silence was broken only by the ominous moaning of the sea outside! The American Signora, however, when she had come, hadn't minded that. Daily, at her direction, Sandro picked and hammered at the rocky barrier which ended the corridor.

"She is quite mad," Sandro told his wife Lisa, "but what matter so long as I get good money? Besides," he added, a sly look coming into his ferret face, "Florio in the village has told me that there is a man in Naples who sells old things, even to broken glass and headless statues, to mad foreigners, for large prices. If the Signora should chance to find something like that behind the wall . . . I may be able to take a little for myself . . . on the quiet."

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Was the wall broken through yet? Was there anything beyond it? Fiammetta wondered as she picked up the faded handkerchief in which she kept the lace she had just finished, and scrambled to her feet. Her sudden movement startled a goat which browsed jerkily among the broom nearby and it gave a jump and skipped off sideways on delicate hoofs. There was a sudden crash, a frightened bleat and its hindquarters vanished as if the earth had swallowed them.

"Nanni!" Fiammetta dropped her work and it caught on a wild rose thorn. She sprang forward. There was indeed a yawning hole where only a moment before Jack-in-the-Pulpits had raised their little spotted canopies. Luckily for the goat, a slight projection in the rocky shaft had stopped its fall. Fiammetta stooped and grabbed its forelegs but the little goat was too heavy for her to lift.

"Sandro!" He would be in by this time.

A surly shout answered from the beach. "I am busy. What is it?"

"Sandro, come quick! It is Nanni—"

Sandro's head appeared reluctantly over the top of the slope.

"What are you doing here? Now what thing is this?" For he had heard Nanni's frightened bleat. He strode over, shoved Fiammetta aside and hauled Nanni up to solid ground. Then he turned on the panting girl. "So, you let my goats fall into holes!" He pulled her over to him and raised his hand to strike her across the face.

A cool voice intervened. "Let her alone, Sandro."

It was the Signora Miss Vale. Fiammetta, in spite of her fear, managed to give a shy stare upward through her tangle of bright hair. This was the first time she had seen the Signora close at hand, though she had heard many strange things about her appearance—that she cut her hair shorter than Sandro's, for instance, who wore a wavy black fan on top of his head; and that she had big round glasses that were like frog's eyes. This was all true, Fiammetta saw—but there was more also. For the Signora's mouth

was firm and kind and the blue eyes behind the frog glasses looked as if they smiled often in spite of the fact that now there was fire in them that scorched Sandro until he cringed.

"But, Signora, I have warned her it was dangerous to bring the goats here! . . . Who knows how many have already fallen into that hole?" He dropped on his knees to peer mournfully into the aperture in which moaned a low hollow sound such as lies in the heart of a seashell.

"No, no!" Fiammetta objected. "Nanni was the only one. And how should I know there was a hole hidden beneath the grass?"

"Why did you come up here, child?" Miss Vale interrupted her gently. "Was there no other place to pasture?" She spoke Italian well, the Signora.

"It was because . . . because . . . I wished to watch for you, Signora." Fiammetta looked up timidly. "I thought perhaps you would buy the lace collar I make . . . and now it is all torn." Her eyes filled as she saw the forlorn crumple below the rose-bush. Miss Vale picked it up.

"But it can be easily mended. Fix it, child, and when I return from Naples—after Easter—"

"It was . . . for Easter . . . that I wanted the money." Fiammetta cast a wary glance at Sandro who was still crouched beside the crevice, a puzzled look on his sly face. "For the 'festa' on Easter Eve," she added, dropping her voice. "Everyone must have a Candle, you see, Signora, a beautiful Candle to light from his neighbor's when the bells ring out that Easter is here again, and everyone cries, 'Happy Easter!'—Buon Pascale. It is the greatest Festa in the whole year, Signora, and—and. . . ." She bit at her lip to hold it stiff and pushed at a Jack with one bare brown foot. "Oh, Signora, when my mother lives I have always a Candle, but now . . . there is no money to waste on Candles . . . for me. . . ."

"I doubt if it would break him," commented Miss Vale in English, eyeing Sandro.

Fiammetta looked bewildered. "How? I did not understand."

"Never mind. I was only thinking aloud. Take your kerchief and the lace, child. How much would it be if it were done?"

"I thought . . . perhaps . . . five lire?" said Fiammetta timidly. "It is not fine as my mother would have made it. But I had only this thread left over—"

Miss Vale took out her purse and opened it. Fiammetta paused, fascinated. Imagine having all those lire to carry around!

"Ecco!" Miss Vale held out a shiny five-lire piece and Fiammetta's small peaked face glowed as though someone had held a candle to it. "If I pay for it now, will you finish it for me afterwards?"

"Oh, si—si—si—si, Signora!" Fiammetta put out her hand for the money. It was pushed aside.

"If the Signora," suggested Sandro, his white teeth gleaming, "will give *me* the money to keep. . . ."

"Put your hand away, Sandro." Something clicked, like a pair of sharp scissors, in Miss Vale's voice. She laid the coin in the girl's warm palm and closed her fingers over it. "Keep it carefully," she warned her.

Fiammetta breathed quickly and peeped at Sandro, from whose face the smile had dropped. But he only shrugged and turned to snap his fingers at the goats as if five lire meant nothing to him. The Signora observed him thoughtfully.

"Hm," she said, more to herself than to Fiammetta. "What is your name, child, and where," as a light south wind tossed the girl's hair to the color of a flickering candle-flame, "where in South Italy did you ever get a head that shade?"

"Fiammetta," answering the first question. As for the second: "There has always been hair like this in our family, Signora. Old nonna—my father's mother—had it also—"

"Why, you might almost be descended from those red-haired Goths that came down here with Odoacer! Well, if you are, you're the only sign of them I've seen yet, though if it wasn't for Easter, who knows—I might have found some before the week was up. That wall sounded pretty

thin today! Well, addio, Fiammetta. Have a good time at your festa—”

“Oh, Signora—if you would only stay and see for yourself how lovely it is—”

“Wish I could.” Miss Vale, laying a kind hand on Fiammetta’s arm, thoughtfully fingered the deep cuff where Fiammetta had turned the sleeve up because the dress, being one of her mother’s, it was too long for her thin young arm. “I’ve never heard of one quite like it here in Italy.” She relapsed again into English. “If the Tylers decide to go straight to Rome, I might—Fiammetta, will you wear this dress to the festa on Saturday?”

“I have no other, Signora,” wonderingly.

“Then be sure and look hard at your cuffs before you go.”

Fiammetta had little time to puzzle over that strange bit of advice, for Miss Vale was barely out of sight when Sandro spun round.

“The money,” he commanded. “Give it to me!”

“No, it is mine. The Signora said it was mine!” Fiammetta hugged her clenched fist tight against her breast.

“The Signora is a fool not to know I would have it sooner or later. Give me that money, I say!” And he forced her hand open.

“No, no, Sandro, it is mine! Give it back to me.” She flung her frail body against his, her fingers tugging at his impassive hand. “Please, Sandro, it is for an Easter Candle—”

“Easter Candle, indeed! It will pay for a little of the spaghetti you eat! A very little, too. Go away, I am busy.”

He shoved her arms back rudely and the jerk sent something fluttering lightly to the ground. It was a smudgy bit of paper,—a ten-lire note! Fiammetta instinctively put her foot over it. Sandro had not noticed. He had already turned his back on her. Fiammetta’s heart leaped joyously; she understood.

So that was what the Signora had meant! That was why she had fingered the shabby cuff so long! She had known

very well that Sandro would take the five lire the minute she was gone, and so she had quietly left more in its place. Ten lire, too,—double the amount! That would buy the loveliest candle on the whole island! And she, Fiammetta, need not miss the festa which thrilled her yearly with its starry beauty; which always seemed to make something,—what, she did not know,—bloom anew within her heart like the Easter Lilies that burst each spring from their brown hard bulbs. Surely this year, alone and unwanted, she needed that Resurrection Miracle more than ever.

"The good Signora! If only there was something I could do to thank her! I might make her another piece of lace, but that is nothing, really." Fiammetta sighed as she lifted the money cautiously between her toes, her eyes still on Sandro's back. Later she would slip it within the hem of her dress for safe-keeping.

"Are you still there?" Sandro said impatiently over his shoulder. "Take the goats home at once. Tonight I shall give you that beating I refrained from out of deference to the Signora."

But at night, when he came in rather earthy and breathless, he had forgotten all about it. He sat and chuckled over his spaghetti until Lisa, his wife, asked him tartly what the joke was.

"Nothing," he told her, adding, "Tonight I go to the village to see Florio and tomorrow I shall—very likely—go to Naples."

"It is Good Friday and a Holy Day," she warned him. "It will be bad luck to do business." But he only grinned.

Fiammetta ran swiftly down the dusty road. It was Saturday and a fair day. She hummed a little tune as she ran. Her ten lire were safe in her hand and Lisa was off visiting a sick sister. As for Sandro, he was away on business as mysterious as that which had taken him yesterday to Naples. The astonished goats were locked safely in their pen, and Fiammetta, the old handkerchief tied over

her bright hair,—lest she stop at the church,—was on her way to the village.

But once there she wandered irresolutely from candle-shop to shop. So lovely were all their waxy wares, she could not make up her mind. But at last she selected a tall slim candle decorated with tiny gold roses and an angel blowing a golden trumpet. Her eyes were misty with delight as the store-keeper handed it to her. She held it carefully lest her warm hands mar its beautiful perfection. She darted across the Square through the crowd that had just poured off the morning boat from Naples.

All at once she stopped. Sandro was coming toward her accompanied by a fat stranger with a toothpick mustache. Fiammetta shrank into a nearby doorway. Presently the two turned aside and sat down at a table outside Florio's restaurant. Fiammetta breathed again. She slid out of her doorway, into the safety of an alley just this side of Florio's, whose patrons were protected from public gaze by a thick trellis of bougainvillea. Fiammetta saw the two men dimly through the leaves. She was about to break into a run when Sandro's voice brought her to a startled halt.

"I confess that if the Signora were not in Naples I would never dare to touch them. She has an Evil Eye, that woman! She can turn your knees to water with a look."

The Signora? What things? Fiammetta flattened herself against a wall and listened.

The stranger ordered two cups of coffee. "I am sorry I was not in yesterday but it being a 'festa'—"

"It does not matter, since you have come today."

"Then let us talk business. What have you?"

"Nothing, Signore . . . with me . . . but before night, if we agree, you shall have as much as you want. Listen!" Sandro dropped his voice and Fiammetta edged an inch nearer. "After the Signora left on Thursday, I went back. I broke through the wall and squeezed myself in. Beyond, even as the Signora thought, there was another cave . . . hewn out . . . and crowded with such things as I have never laid eyes on before. They must have been hidden

there long ago and then a stone placed cunningly to make the corridor appear blind. There was gold . . . and silver . . . lying about for the picking. But I had to leave it for my taper was almost gone. I swear that no one knows of all this but me. And, as I say, the Signora is gone! Think of her chagrin when she returns!"

Fiammetta waited to hear no more. She sped down the alley and out of the village. There she leaned against a garden wall to catch her breath and think.

There was evil afoot for the Signora! The Signora who had been so good to her that Fiammetta prayed night and morning for some way by which she might repay her. Was this the answer? Then, for awhile, Fiammetta stood very still, staring at a little lizard who sunned himself head downward on the wall. Once or twice her gaze faltered to the candle, the beautiful candle, all roses and an Easter angel! She would never have another like it again! Could she . . . even for the Signora—? She dashed her hand across her eyes and walked on, her small chin firm. Once only she paused to ask a passing peasant, who puffed at his long pipe as he drove his donkey into town, if he had a match. He gave her two wax ones grudgingly.

Presently she reached the lonely white beach. Sandro's boat was still drawn up on the sand. She pushed and panted until at last it floated free. She scrambled in and picked up the oars. Her hands were shaking, but it was not because she was afraid of a boat. She was not island born for nothing. Besides the sea was satin smooth. No, it was the thought of what she was going to do that made her shake. Nevertheless, she did not hesitate. She sent the boat skimming toward the face of the cliff. At least, Sandro could not follow her when she had his boat! Before he could run back to town and borrow another she would be out again. And after that? Resolutely she kept her mind centered on present problems. She was determined, somehow, to forestall Sandro's thieving. The future would work itself out.

The tunnel in the cliff was directly ahead of her. She

drew in her oars and slid to the bottom of the boat as it shot through. When she sat up she was rocking gently in a vast dim pool. Through the tunnel entrance daylight glimmered on the murky water. She struck one of her matches. Its head shot off sputtering,—if the other went out, too . . . but it did not. She cupped her hands around its pin-point of flame until the candle caught and flared into a firm yellow light. Propping the candle between her knees she picked up the oars and sent the boat back into the gloomy depths of the cave. Presently its keel scraped upon an unseen beach. She held the candle high and looked around doubtfully. Was this the right place? With relief, she made out a darker mass among the eerie shadows beyond her candle-light. That must be the beginning of the corridor. She beached the boat and walked toward it, the candle pushing the reluctant darkness back. Behind her it closed in again promptly,—darkness and silence, broken only by the steady muffled hum of the sea. It made her ears ring,—filled them with strange, inexplicable sounds.

"What was that?" She paused, looking over her shoulder. Nothing, of course! For an instant she fancied a faint ray of light far off among the shadows. It was her imagination;—the only light in all that vast cave came from her own candle and that far glimmering arc across the pool. Reassured, she felt her way up the corridor, until the barrier that blocked it loomed out of the dark ahead. There was the jagged hole in it. She shoved the candle through, stuck it upright in some hot grease, and crept through the opening after it.

She found herself in a small octagonal room, chiseled out of the solid rock. At one end was a single stone altar. Above, on the wall, a face stared at her benignly. It was of a young Man, beardless, smiling, three fingers raised in blessing. More frescoes, dimmed by time and dampness, appeared here and there. One, almost faded out, was a curious procession of women dancing with hairy-hoofed goat-men. What a queer place! Sinister, too. The goaty men frightened her. She could not know that this had been a

pagan shrine before the Christians sanctified it as a church, secret, underground, like the Catacombs of Rome.

Nor had she any way of knowing that all the chests, the bronze vases, the marble basins and statues, which lay in mouldy heaps about her feet, had been brought here in frantic haste by people long, long dead, hoping no doubt to save them from the thieving hands of those marauders who had just sacked Rome. She only knew that someone else was plotting to steal them now, and it was up to her to save them.

Feverishly she looked about her. Sandro had mentioned gold and—yes, there was a box over in the corner, in which yellow gleamed. She tried to lift it and it fell to pieces spilling its jeweled contents on the floor. Crosses and candlesticks; cups and plates; rings and other articles of jewelry,—all jumbled together. How was she to gather them up? She stared down at them, worried and nervous.

At last she untied the handkerchief from her head and spread it out. Good! Its ample folds would hold everything. She heaped it up and knotted the corners together, lifted it and then set the bundle down near the hole, while she turned once more to see what else she could manage.

And then, in the dark and the silence, she heard a sound! Near at hand, too. She spun around and the blood chilled in her veins. *A face was staring at her from the hole—Sandro's face!* Suddenly, his arm glided toward her, silent as a snake. With a scream, she shut her eyes, expecting to feel a blow sting across her face. But it did not come and at last she opened her eyes fearfully. She was alone! The face had disappeared! She could have believed it had never been there,—but for one thing.

The bundle by the door had disappeared!

With that, she came back to life. She regained the corridor and raced along it.

"I must stop him somehow!" she gasped. "I *must!*" If only she could reach the town first; persuade the one policeman they had to detain him with the goods until the Signora came back. Other plans raced desperately through her

mind and all the time she wondered how soon she would feel Sandro's hands reach out for her. . . .

Nevertheless, she reached the beach unhindered and there she stopped, at last, incredulous and horror-struck. The boat was no longer there!

She stared in numb despair across the pool to where the distant arc marked the way to safety and to day. An object appeared in the center of it, as a little cloud floats across the face of a half-moon. It was her boat! And Sandro was in it! It hung poised an instant against the light, and then it vanished, shooting out into the sunny sea. While she . . . she was left behind alone, a dying candle in her nerveless hand. Oh, what was she to do? Frightened sobs shook her from head to foot. In her hand the candle flame flickered lower . . . lower. . . .

It seemed like hours that she stood there, the small waves licking at her bare feet, before the light went out abruptly and there was nothing to relieve the darkness but that glimmering distant arc. Nothing except . . . she turned away from its mocking glare . . . and once again she saw a faint slanting ray in the cavern depths. Impossible! And yet,—it was there, growing stronger, more distinct now that there was no nearer candle-gleam to dazzle her eyes.

It was day! Surely it was day! Her heart gave a bound. There was another entrance to the Grotto then. That explained how Sandro had gotten in without a boat. She began to grope her way toward it, scarcely daring yet to hope.

But when at last she stood herself within that ray of light, she found that she was still a prisoner. Far above, the blue sky shone and grasses waved in the slight soft breeze. But how was she to get out? She stared at the shaft of rock with sinking heart. If she called would anyone hear her? Where did that chimney lead? All at once she had a suspicion: Could it be the one that Nanni slipped into two days ago? Surely that was somewhere near! And if it was . . . Fiammetta examined the sides again more carefully, and saw that there were niches cut into the rock at regular intervals to form a sort of precarious ladder. It was on one

of these that Nanni's feet had found support. The shaft, so old, so long unused that the grass had spanned it, had been the landward entrance to the chapel underground!

"Fiammetta! Are you a flower, that you sprout up from the earth?"

It was the Signora, Miss Vale! Fiammetta, safe at last, stared at her incredulously.

"But, but," she stammered, and suddenly tears brightened her eyes and spilled down her wan cheeks. "Oh, Signora," she sobbed, "I tried . . . I did my best. . . ." She stumbled through her tragic tale. "It's all gone . . . all!"

"But look," said the Signora gently when she had finished—and there was the knotted handkerchief itself lying nearby beside a strange paper package. "I met Sandro," she explained, "running down the path with it. I recognized it as the one you wrapped your lace in and I stopped him. 'Sandro, what are you doing with that?' He stared as if he had seen a ghost! 'If you are taking what is not yours,' I told him sternly, 'I shall have the law on you.' And at that he shook all over, threw the bundle into a cactus hedge, and ran off. I fished it out and came on to find you. When I met you nowhere else I came here, thinking you might have disobeyed again. And I see you rise right up out of the ground."

"Oh, Signora!" Fiammetta kept her eyes on the bundle as if afraid it might disappear again. "They were for you, those golden things and—"

"They are not mine, 'Mettina mia, they belong to your country—to Italy—which likes to learn what it can of the people . . . like you . . . who used to live in it. That is why it sent me down to see what I could find about the people who were here before the barbarians came, fourteen hundred years ago. The man Sandro talked to,—he is a notorious smuggler, Fiammetta, who would have stolen all these things from the government and sold them out to foreigners for his own profit. So you see,—now let's talk of something pleasanter! I have brought you something

from Naples, Fiammetta, for the 'festa' tonight!" She lifted the paper package from the grass and put it into Fiammetta's wondering hands. "It is for you to wear," she explained, as Fiammetta opened it. "That was how I happened to meet Sandro."

It was a dress, a girl's dress, made to fit, not cut down from a larger! And it was blue and soft and shiny as the Madonna's robe. Fiammetta laid the cool folds to her cheek in a rapture of delight.

"In America, it is the custom," Miss Vale told her twinkling, "to wear new clothes at Easter. If we go to the 'festa' together tonight, you and I,—will you help me choose two nice candles?—you must be like an American girl,—isn't that right? And after tonight"—she paused—"I fancy you will not be so welcome now at Sandro's, even if he hasn't run away for good. Would you like to come and stay with me? I am going to rent a little house, for there will be much work to do in the Grotto, and—"

"Oh, Signora," cried Fiammetta starry-eyed, "if only I could do something . . . beautiful, for you!" and she told herself, "Another piece of lace, perhaps. Yes, I will do that, though it's nothing, really."

"—NEBER SAID A MUMBLIN' WORD" *

By VERNON LOGGINS

TOM WHITTLETON, his red face gleaming, his thick blue shirt splotched with patches dark in the wet of perspiration, stalked up his back-gallery steps. When he reached the top, he kicked off his heavy brogans—hurled them bang against the wall, leaned his shotgun in the corner next to the kitchen door, and patted over to the wooden water bucket, which was hanging on a wire fastened to a rafter. "This stuff was drawed yestiddy mornin'!" Nevertheless, he drank three full gourds of it, dipping each time right down to the yellow slimy bottom of the bucket.

His thirst slackened, he slapped his hands against his breast, sent tiny squirts of perspiration darting out from between his fingers. He was satisfied with himself. Hunting rabbits on an April afternoon when the cotton was in the grass and needed plowing wasn't exactly work, and yet it was useful. The long-eared, white-tailed little pests were fine in corn dumplings, just the right sort of grub to make kids grow. It wasn't his fault if the Lord didn't scare up any of the animals for him to take a crack at. He had rambled down the gullies and in the woods looking for them—harder work than following a lazy mule along a furrow. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." God had said that to Adam; and he was Adam's son, sweating. Yes, he was satisfied with himself.

"Mama!" he called.

"I'm fixin' the boys' breeches, Papa. Come on out here an' blow a minute," reeled the whining reply of his wife, Maude, from the front gallery.

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He slipped into the hall, his gray-stockinged feet dragging along the smooth pine floor, scoured that morning and still not dry in places. As he passed the parlor door, a nice inspiration came to him. Since he was an elder, blessed with the ceremony of the laying on of hands only the summer before, he could well give the rest of the afternoon to a reading of the Word. He turned and eased into the room, where there was bright-colored straw matting on the floor, over the windows long trailing lace curtains dotted with last year's Sunday school Christmas tree ornaments, and in the most prominent corner a golden-oak what-not adorned with home-made paper flowers, more and more of them and brighter and gayer as he looked from the top to the bottom. Too fancy. He had always felt out of place here, ever since he was a boy and his oldest sister had threatened him with a spanking if he came prowling around where she was entertaining her beaux. Ugh. Hadn't all this been his own for years now, the pretty as well as the homely? Why, before very long beaux would come courting his own daughter. Addie Bird was thirteen her last birthday, and soon there would be plenty of boys setting their caps for her.

Reassured and proud and master-like, he strode over to the center table and picked up a much-worn Bible, with a limp cover projecting into a skimpy ruffle around the edges. The touch of the Book in his hands gave him a feeling of righteousness, and he walked out on the front gallery and sat down in a rocking chair near his wife, who was in the act of putting the finishing touches to a neat pair of patches on the seat of their son Bob's pants.

"You needn' be readin' for prayer meetin' tonight, Papa. Alice was here right after dinner, an' she said that ol' Brother Cooke come ridin' up to her gate this mornin' 'bout leben o'clock. I 'low he'll be holdin' preachin' tonight."

"Ol' Brother Cooke? He ain't been in this neighborhood in fifteen year! What'd he go to Alice an' Ned's for? Why didn' he come here?"

"She didn' tell me that." Silence—during which Mrs. Whittleton took off her spectacles and looked down the road.

“Them chillun’s late gittin’ from school.” More silence—except for a nimble needle making little fine stitches in tough cotton cloth and Tom Whittleton’s big gnarled thumb following clumsily the lines of the Forty-sixth Psalm. “Any way ’t ain’t any o’ us what needs a preacher’s company. An’ as for Alice—she’s lived a faithful Christian ever since she come through. But Ned, even if he is y’r brother—well, back-slidin’ like he does, I’d hate to be in his shoes when he gits up to the judgment house on the streets o’ pearl.”

She might have been saying, “Scat, Jack Robinson!” so far as her husband was concerned. “There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most High.” He was on the banks of that wondrous river, in company with a host of saints, all of them with their wings lowered in humble and comely manner. The waters were sparkling with the brilliance of the July sun, but his eyes, transfigured by the grace of Jesus Christ, were not dazzled. Transfigured by the grace of Jesus Christ, he had a pretty way of reasoning things out, even when his mind was in the ecstasy of a heavenly vision.

“Papa, here comes them two boys, an’ Addie Bird ain’t with ’em!” Maude Whittleton sighed, dropped her sewing in her lap, and looked up anxiously.

Bob and Marvin, aged fifteen and fourteen respectively, leaped over the board fence separating the yard from the open horse lot, wheeled around the flower beds—phlox and verbenas blooming—sprang up to the front gallery, and threw down their dirty oilcloth book satchels and dinner pails. They were in a feverish hurry about something.

“What’s the matter with you two youngsters?” snarled their mother. “Ain’t I done tol’ you not to leave Addie Bird come home by herself, with all these black bucks doin’ nothin’ but traipse up an’ down the road day an’ night?”

“Augh—she had to stay in. She don’t never know her spellin’,” retorted Bob, who had inherited his mother’s peculiar whine. “An’ we couldn’ wait. There’s a crowd

cuttin' a bee tree over in the Henson pasture, an' we're goin' to git some honey."

"Wanta come, Papa?" suggested Marvin, who had examined his father's expression and had decided that Bob was too sure.

"You ain't goin' to take a step to the Henson pasture," said Tom Whittleton, patriarchal. He had laid his Bible down on the floor by his chair, and was standing up straight. "You're goin' with me to the cotton patch. Git y'r hoes."

His sons hung their heads, muttered something about "never havin' no fun," and moped around the house in the direction of the log crib where the farming tools were stored.

"You're too easy on them boys, Tom," explained Mrs. Whittleton, her apprehensive eyes fixed on the road. "They oughta be whipped. I don't have a minute's peace when Addie Bird is out of my sight. I've felt that way ever since what happen to that po' girl up in the Cedar Creek neighborhood las' fall."

"Ain't you never goin' to git through talkin' about that? The niggers aroun' here know their place. I ain't the deputy sheriff o' this beat for nothin'."

The sharp grinding noise of hoes being filed came from the back yard, and Mr. Whittleton, content that he was training his offspring to know the blessings of such honest toil as Moses had enjoined upon the children of Israel, started for his shoes. Just as he was entering the hall door, piercing shrieks, repeated screams, broke the afternoon stillness of the oak-bordered road.

"It's Addie Bird, Tom! My God!"

One glance at the anguish in his wife's ashen stupefied face,—and he dashed off the gallery, down the front walk, pushed the yard gate open with such force that a hinge was wrenched split, and ran madly towards the frenzied screams. Around the bend by the duck pond he rushed, and there was his little daughter flying up the middle of the sandy road, her long yellow hair in a straight stream behind her,

her hands jerking furiously, her short skirt worked up above her knees by her fast-moving legs.

“Papa! Papa!” she cried, in a spasm of relief, as he sped on to meet her. Soon her palpitating body was folded in his arms.

“What’s happen, my chil’? Tell me!”

But her breath was wheezing in quick nervous pants, and she was speechless. He nestled her hot head against his bosom, and turned to retrace his steps back to the house, carrying her along as though she were still a baby.

“Tom! Tom! Is she dead?” called Mrs. Whittleton, just on the other side of the duck pond.

“No, Mama!” cried the girl, relaxed enough now to break into a fit of tears.

The dread-driven woman, followed by her two boys, appeared from around the bend. She came on desperately, clutched the sobbing child, and held her tightly.

“It’s y’r kind ol’ mother that’s got you now, sweetie! Don’ cry no mo’. Come, an’ say what made the lil angel lamb holler like that!”

The father and sons looked on in a passive wonder. There was more coaxing, and soon Addie Bird was in condition to speak.

“I stopped at the bendin’ oak,” she said, in a shambling voice, “an’ put down my things to pull some violets. I heard somep’n in the woods, an’ I was scared it was a mad dog, an’ when I looked up a nigger was crawlin’ through the fence. He come runnin’ towards me, an’ when I started away he whistled an’ said for me to wait an’ he wouldn’ hurt me, jus’ like that nigger done up on Cedar Creek.”

“God protect us po’ women! It’s right in our own home at last! I knew it! I felt it comin’!”

“Where’s he went, Addie Bird? Had you ever seen ’im befo’? Go on an’ tell me everything. I’m y’r Papa, an’ have got to know!”

“I looked back once, an’ he was wavin’ his han’ at me to foller ’im up the Gladish road, an’—”

The horrified faces of her mother and father and brothers

threw the child into another terror, and her words were lost in a fresh paroxysm of screams.

Tom Whittleton, his brow stern and dreadful with determination, fixed his eyes on Bob and Marvin.

"Go on them fellows cuttin' that bee tree in the Henson pasture, an' tell 'em what's happen. Run every step o' the way. Come on, Mama."

His sons darted into the woods to obey his command, and he snatched his daughter into his arms again and ran to the house with her. His wife, sobbing and crying more violently than the child, struggled along in the sand behind him.

He put Addie Bird down on his own bed, left her in the care of her frantic mother, and made for the telephone in the hall.

Four short rings—his brother's store, opposite Hopewell Church, where the Gladish and Rock Island bottom roads crossed. Curious ears, at least a dozen of them, followed the custom of the party line and clicked receivers off the hooks. "Stay on, all o' you. I wants you to hear what I got to say to Ned." "H'lo," came his brother's deep-bassed voice. "Ned, this is Tom. A nigger attacked Addie Bird when she was comin' home from school. He was last seen turnin' up the Gladish road. Stir everybody up. We've got to find 'im."

Without waiting for a word of reply, he thrust the receiver roughly on its resting place, hurried to the back gallery for his shoes and shot-gun, came back to the trunk in the hall for his revolver—emblem of his distinction as an officer of the law—and rushed to the stables and threw a saddle on his red mule. God was on his side, for he had kept that mule from her pasture that afternoon with the vague feeling that he might take a notion to plow a little.

Twenty minutes later, a crowd of men, forty or fifty in number, on foot, mounted on horses and mules, in automobiles, were gathered around the bending oak where Addie Bird had stopped to cull violets. It was a stately and magnificent tree, with its great deep trunk slanting gracefully

towards the east. It had bowed before a hundred years of beautiful dawns, and yet it was youthful. Parasitic gray moss and white-berried mistletoe and sapping ivy had made no inroads on its vigorous vitality. Free and strong, it projected its straight rich branches out over the road, on the most shapely of which a long heavy rope was now strung.

One end of it was held in the hands of three men, Tom Whittleton’s brother Ned among them; and the other end was being tied around the neck of a tall black Negro, perhaps twenty years old. He was straight and rigid, his bare feet imbedded in the sand, his head thrust back slightly by the knots in the rope under his chin. His awful rolling eyes seemed to stare without seeing the glowering faces about him. His fingers were twitching strangely, making little circles and figures, as though they would in some way exorcise the steel hand-cuffs that bound his wrists.

“For the las’ time I asks you,” fiercely rang the voice of Tom Whittleton, who was standing just at the foot of the tree, his two young sons near him, “to confess y’r crime.”

The Negro remained fixed, a statue of terror. No movement, except in the twirling black fingers.

“This’ll make ’im talk,” growled Ned Whittleton, and straightway a pocket-knife was stuck deep in the victim’s leg. There was a faint moan of pain, and blood oozed through the rough denim trousers and trickled down. The sight of it set the gloating onlookers on fire. Grim oaths and hideous curses rumbled, thundered, and more pocket-knives were whisked out and hurled into the body of the Negro.

Still he did not speak.

“He’s guilty!” shouted Tom Whittleton above the passionate uproar. “He’d howl out if he was innocent. Pull ’im up, boys!”

Silence speaks in the affirmative—nothing declared is always yes. The officer of the law reasoned that since he had heard this saying so many times it must be in the Bible, and therefore infallible. Yes, God was on his side, making the path of his duty clear to him.

The deed was done. The tall black body hung stiff and stark in the air. For a few moments there was stillness, broken only by the blood dropping down the dangling legs and sinking heavily into the loose sand below.

Then conversation arose, talk quiet and casual, about the wisdom of keeping niggers in their places, and crops, and mares that were going to foal, and the June elections. Contented, sated, the lynchers dispersed.

Tom Whittleton, leading his submissive red mule, walked slowly up the road in the company of his two boys. When they reached the open place, where his field began, the sun, no more than a half hour high, was shooting wide bands of yellow light right down the cotton rows.

"Didn' he never say a single word, Papa?" asked Marvin.

"Narry a word," answered the father. "He was shakin' like a ague when Ned an' them fellows found 'im runnin' through that hump o' woods at the cross-roads. Nobody couldn' git nothin' out o' him, excep' a few grunts. They always acts like that when they's guilty."

"Didn' nobody know who he was?"

"No. He was a strange nigger. Musta come from across the river some'rs."

"Who's goin' to cut 'im down?"

"Ned's goin' to git ol' Uncle Jerry an' his boys to take 'im to the Rock Island bottom an' bury 'im."

"I thought he'd dance when they pulled 'im up," interposed Bob, who had the habit of going about with his head dropped and was not so inquisitive as his brother. "He didn' do nothin' but hang up there straight."

"I saw his neck gittin' longer. I bet it's more'n two feet by this time," added Marvin.

When they got into the house, they found Addie Bird and her mother in the parlor. The girl had all of her dolls sitting up in a row on the sofa and was pinning paper flowers on them, playing like a child of six, to the delight of her doting mama, who had listened over the telephone and had already heard in detail the relieving tidings of the hanging.

At supper, when a sweet-potato pudding was served be-

cause Addie Bird was very fond of it, Tom Whittleton reminded himself and his hungry family that old Brother Cooke would no doubt preach at the prayer meeting at Hope-well Church that night. It was out of the question to think of the baby girl leaving the house after the nerve-wrecking experience which she had undergone in the afternoon. Maude ought to stay with her. The boys must work their sums, for a man could never know too much arithmetic. Anyway, every blessed soul under Tom Whittleton’s roof-tree had confessed Jesus Christ as a personal saviour, and it wasn’t a sin if a meeting was missed occasionally, when there was a real excuse. But, as for the father himself, he was an elder and must always go, rain or shine, sickness or health.

Thus the matter was beautifully reasoned out while he and his wife and children ate sweet-potato pudding. When the last morsel was devoured, he got up, emitted a puffed grunt of satisfaction, and then went to comb at his hair and put on a gray coat over his blue shirt, which had been wet with sweat twice that day and was still a little damp. Armed with his Bible and a lantern, he set out, with that sacred feeling which always came over him when he was going to church. The dew hadn’t fallen yet, so he took the short cut through the cotton patch and the stretch of woods up by old Aunt Dora’s house.

There was a waning glow of red in the west, but the stars were out in all their numbers and a full moon swung tranquilly against the milky sky over towards Gladish. Frogs had set up a merry questioning and answering in the duck pond, and whip-poor-wills called playfully to each other along the edge of the woods. The smell of growing April was in the air. The elder, unconscious of his surroundings, left the cotton field and entered the trail leading through the woods. He was thinking hard, trying to decide whether it really would be his duty to run for sheriff when Bill Perry did finally retire. There was nothing to do but trust to God to give him a sign. He passed on by Aunt Dora’s house, a hundred yards in front of it, and saw the old woman sitting

on her door-step with the light of the moon falling directly on her round black face.

As he neared the church, the singing started, all the congregation, and a big one too, repeating lustily—

When the roll is called up yonder I'll be there!

He loved the songs that told about heaven—his inheritance as a child of God, and the inheritance of Maude and the three kids also. Listening intently, he stole up to the little porch at the entrance of the church, and slipped his lantern, which he had not lighted, under the steps. He would not go in until the chorus was ended, since it was as bad to interrupt a hymn of praise as it was to walk into a sanctuary while a preacher or elder was leading a prayer.

"Tom," spoke his brother just behind him.

"Hello, Ned. You here?"

"Yep. I wanted to fin' out what ol' man Cooke had to say tonight. He's all shook up over what happened this evenin'. Alice said he come pretty near faintin' when he foun' out that there'd been a hangin' right under his nose. He went in the front room an' got down on his knees an' prayed for hours, didn' eat no supper."

"Well, I do declare. That's funny."

"I think the ol' man must be kinda crazy."

"He was a rip-roarin' soul-winner in his day. Let's go in befo' another song starts. There's Alice over next to the front window holdin' a place for you."

"Wait a minute. There's somep'n else I wanted to tell y'u. Uncle Jerry an' his boys cut down that nigger, an' the ol' man sent 'em on to Rock Island bottom with 'im an' come back home to do the feedin'. The blamed fools got it into their heads that it'd bring bad luck to touch a hangin' tree an' they lef' the rope there. Couldn' you git it when you go by on your way home? We oughtn' not to leave it there."

"Sho, I'll git it. It'll make a good pair o' tetherin' ropes for the cows."

The two brothers entered the church. Ned did not join his wife, but slouched down in the first vacant seat he came to in the back. Tom, setting a good example by holding his Bible so that everybody could see it, made straight for his accustomed place in the amen corner.

If they expected anything exciting from the visiting preacher, they were to be disappointed. The old man might have come into the church with a special message, but now that he faced his hearers he was afraid to voice it. For an hour he talked vaguely and incomprehensibly about Christians keeping the peace of God in their hearts. The congregation, among whom Tom Whittleton counted twenty who had helped at the hanging, grew fidgety. Nobody seemed to be touched except Sister Henson, who kept putting her handkerchief to her eyes. It didn’t take much to make that woman cry. Ned left before the sermon was half over, and Tom was disgusted that such a weak-voiced preacher was not put on the superannuated list. What sinners and back-sliders needed was to be scared out of their skins by thundering stories of hell-fire and brimstone, like the tale of the jay bird and eternity.

But at the conclusion of the service something really did happen. “Let us lift our hearts to God in a prayer of silence, and go meditating on Him to our homes,” said the old man, supporting himself on the pulpit. Tom Whittleton got on his knees and closed his eyes to pray. The church was still, like death. Then, across the fields and through the woods, came the sound of a ringing bell, intermittent peals, louder and clearer after each interval. It was in the direction of Rock Island bottom. God! Those dirty niggers were burying that black beast in the night-time, and were bold enough to toll a funeral knell for him. Every last one of the brutes ought to be wiped out of existence for the outrage.

The officer of the law straightened up from his knees, looked about, and saw that heads were being raised and necks craned all over the house. Then for one long moment his eyes were fixed on the unearthly, bowed face of the aged

preacher. There was a look in that wizened countenance which he didn't understand, which all his reason couldn't for the time explain. It was like a ghost. With the image of it glaring clear in his mind, he broke up the prayer of silence by shuffling roughly out the back door. From there he rushed around to the front for his lantern and was gone before any one else left the church. He must see Ned, for something had to be done about that infernal bell, the inevitable tolling of which was still sounding.

But the knell had ceased before he reached his brother's yard. Leaning up against the gate post, he lighted his lantern and waited, terrified lest the frightful ringing would set in again. Voices came from the foot of the lane leading up to the house—Alice and the kids and old Brother Cooke. A cold shiver throbbed through him at the thought of looking upon that strange and ghastly countenance again. He ran across the vegetable garden and crawled through a barbed-wire fence out into the main road, and started rapidly towards the bending oak. He wanted to get that rope and be through with this business.

At last he reached the tree, looming up in the silent moonlight, with its great spreading limbs, and broad folding leaves, and new acorns sticking around like little balls. He had always liked this oak. When he and Ned were boys, they used to race and see which one could climb it first. They would crawl up high, straddle their legs across a branch, take hickory nuts from their pockets, and crack them between two rocks, making believe that they were squirrels. Thank God that niggers thought there was a curse on it and would let it alone. But would it ever again be the same to him, now that his little daughter had happened to stop there to gather flowers?

He unwound the rope from the trunk of the tree, stepped back to pull down the end that was suspended above, and his foot struck something solid. It was Addie Bird's book satchel, buried in the sand, and on one side of it there was a splotch of dried blood as big as his hand. He would

bury the things somewhere. No. Mama could wash off that stain and the satchel would be as good as new.

Burdened with the Bible, the lantern, the satchel, and the rope, now made into a neat roll, he trudged on towards home. When he reached the duck pond, a strange uncanny sound came to him from somewhere in the woods. That bell was tolling again. No, it was somebody singing—a nigger woman—old Aunt Dora. He stood still and listened. She must be on her doorstep, where he had seen her two hours before, with the moon shining right down on her black face. The words fell distinctly on his ears.

*Dey pierced Him in de side,
An’ He neber said a mumblin’ word.
Dey pierced Him in de side,
An’ He neber said a mumblin’ word—
Not a word—not a word—not a word.*

*De blood come twinklin’ down,
An’ He neber said a mumblin’ word.
De blood come twinklin’ down,
An’ He neber said a mumblin’ word—
Not a word—not a word—not a word.*

Held as though charmed, he heard the song to the end. Then, in no way aware of what he was doing, he impulsively hurled the book satchel and the bundle of rope into the pond. The loud splashes in the water brought him back to himself. That old woman had no right to make him destroy things. A farmer worth his salt never knew what it was to have too much rope, and it would take five dollars to replace those school books. He would show her who could pay for them. She mustn’t forget that she was working a few acres of his land on halves, and that next fall when the year’s profits were divided he would do the figuring. Her half wouldn’t amount to more than a gourd.

He went on, and did not stop again until he reached his house, where everything was dark and silent. He flopped

down in his rocking chair, set his lantern up on the arm of the swing, and opened his Bible to read. A few verses here and there would calm his mind, get him ready for a good night's sleep. "The heavens declare the glory of God: and the firmament showeth his handiwork." No. He could see nothing in the heavens but the yellowish sickly moon—like the countenance of old man Cooke, staring at him. And something was holding him down—the weight of that cursed rope and blood-stained book satchel. And there was a continual ringing in his ears—that funeral bell, and old Aunt Dora's song—

*Dey pierced Him in de side,
An' He neber said a mumblin' word.*

He turned the leaves, and a trembling terror gripped him as he read: "Thou shalt not kill." But a soldier who had fought in France had explained to him what that commandment really meant. The chaplains always read it, "Thou shalt do no murder," and that was the way God meant it when he handed it down to Moses. Germans had to be killed during the war, beeves and hogs had to be slaughtered, fryers had to have their necks wrung, rats had to be choked in traps, and sometimes niggers had to be hung. It was easy to see how clear that was.

But maybe the nigger whom he had sent to death that afternoon had meant no harm to Addie Bird, and shouldn't have been killed. Could niggers possibly have souls? He would open the Bible just anywhere and what his eyes fell upon would give him light on an answer to that question. God had helped him solve many a problem in this way. He turned the pages again, and saw: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." The meek?

*Dey pierced Him in de side,
An' He neber said a mumblin' word.*

Cowering in horror, seeing the finger of a wrathful God pointed at him and directing him to that hell of flames which

he had so many times warned sinners against, Tom Whittleton dropped his Bible to the floor and covered his face with his rough hands. He was aroused from his agonizing reverie by a horse galloping up the road towards his house. From the hind feet dragging in the sand, he recognized it as Ned’s mare, and he was waiting at the gate when his brother arrived.

“Tom,” began Ned, anxiety in his voice, “have you heard anything about Sheriff Perry resignin’? I think you’d better go to West Falls in the mornin’ an’ see ’im.”

“Didn’ I tell you about that?” replied Tom somewhat relieved. “There ain’t nothin’ to it. He’s jus’ puttin’ out that rumor in case anybody runs again’ him in the primary. Then he could use it in his campaign that he wanted to quit an’ the people wouldn’t let ’im. I had dinner with ’im las’ Sa’day, an’ we talked it all over. He wants me to keep on as deputy in this beat.”

“Well, that takes a load off’n my mind. I heard it from Luke Wallis tonight, an’ if Perry’d git out an’ the wrong sort o’ man’d git in befo’ the grand jury meets, you an’ me an’ some more fellows aroun’ here might be in for it.”

“What do yo’ mean?”

“That nigger we hung this evenin’ was innocent.”

“Innocent? Don’ say that! How do y’u know?”

“Ol’ Jerry’s boys foun’ out who he was when they got down to Rock Island with ’im. He’d been plowin’ for Luke Wallis a week or two, an’ I rode down to see Luke to git things straight. He was a West Falls nigger, an’ this evenin’ a telephone message come for ’im that his mammy was sick, about to die. When we caught ’im he was hurryin’ to Gladish to ketch the train to go to her.”

“But why didn’ he explain things to us?”

“There was a mighty good reason,” Ned went on, half laughing. “He couldn’, ’cause he was deaf and dumb.”

“It’s a lie! He hollered to Addie Bird to wait!”

“Augh—Maude has spoiled that kid so that she’s scared o’ her shadow an’ is likely to imagine anything.”

“You’re jokin’ with me! Tell me ’tain’t so! Tell me

that that nigger wasn' deaf an' dumb!" Tom Whittleton's whole body was shaking, and he had caught hold of the palings to steady himself. "Ned, do you believe niggers is got souls?"

"My God, Tom!" exclaimed Ned, disgusted. "Are you goin' crazy? Since you been an elder you ain't like yourself. I'm jus' as good a Christian as you, but I'll be damned if religion has made me a chicken-hearted fool. Of course niggers ain't got no souls! I'd rather hang a real brute any day, but one that's deaf an' dumb is better'n none at all. Here. Take a swig o' this white-mule an' brace up."

Tom Whittleton took the opened bottle which his brother was holding out to him. "Look not upon the wine when it is red." But it wasn't red. It was watery. Color! He held the bottle to his lips and took a long draft of the fiery liquid. Color! Why, everything depended upon color! A mule often lost her hearing when she strained herself in pulling a heavy load up a hill, and he had a cow once so dumb she couldn't utter a sound. Her durned calf would see her shaking her head and wagging her tail and understand her just as though she were mooing. Color and souls and brutes. Why hadn't he used that head which God had given him? Things were so simple when a man reasoned a little.

"I don' like ol' man Cooke's way o' actin'," Ned was saying. "I'm goin' to give 'im a strong hint in the mornin' to be pushin' on. We want a preacher in here like that fellow Graham over in Montgomery County. By golly, he led a lynchin' hisself not long ago. What do y'u think about an intimidatin' raid? Luke Wallis says he'll see that there ain't no talk among his niggers about this hangin', but I think we ought to scare the res' of 'em up a little too. They didn' have no business to toll that bell tonight."

"Intimidatin' raid?" answered Tom enthusiastic. "Sho. Make it tomorrow night. I'll tell all the fellows I see to meet at the bendin' oak at ten o'clock. We'll tackle ol' Dora first o' all. I wants to see that ol' woman shake till she coughs her gills up so's she can never sing no mo'. An'

say, Ned. Bring along a quart or two o’ that white-mule if y’u got it to spare.”

“All right. It’s good stuff, ain’t it? So long. See you tomorrow.”

He rode away, and Tom Whittleton walked heavily upon his gallery. Since God had given him peace of heart, what would the Word say to him now? He picked up his Bible, opened it at random, and held it in the light of the lantern to read: “For rulers are not a terror to the good works, but to the evil.” Rulers? That was simple enough. It was what he had been looking for, the sign, direct from heaven, that he should run for sheriff when Bill Perry retired. Yes, the Lord was on his side.

Glowing with satisfaction, he took his Bible into the fancy parlor, placed it reverently on the center table, and blundered into his bedroom without waking his wife. Ugh. Mama had Addie Bird in bed with her. He’d rather sleep on the cot in the boys’ room anyway, for Maude’s snoring was getting to be something terrible.

CORINNE *

By C. J. Naylor

PHILEGAN was putting on *Corinne* at the Art Theater and I was well down in front, as usual, for I made it a point not to miss his first nights. The play had been eagerly awaited as the last work of the brilliant and unfortunate Vallence, whose tragic and still unexplained death had shocked the theatrical world two years earlier.

The second intermission was too long, but I guessed the reason when an usher handed me a note from Philegan asking me to go behind in case of a hitch during the last act and, in any event, to drop back after the show. Someone ill, I decided, probably the star, Esther Poole, who had ignored persistent curtain calls to the surprise of a most friendly house.

The act, however, went smoothly enough to the final curtain which was followed by a curious demonstration. Not a soul in the audience moved or spoke for several seconds; then the house rose and filtered out, rustling faintly and talking in subdued whispers. I gathered as I waited my chance to cross the orchestra that it was not Miss Poole who was being discussed; though her reading of the part had been of a high order; it was the name of Vallence, the dead author, now living in his play, that predominated in the arguments over the ending. The death of *Corinne* had been unexpected to the very last, but even so the general opinion seemed to be that she could not have continued to live, granted, of course, her character as drawn by Vallence with the nicety peculiar to his later work. Her leap from the

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Pali, that sheer Hawaiian cliff amid the greenest of mountains under black and silver thunderheads, had come to the tense audience, myself included, with the suddenness of a mental detonation, like a psychic blow. Naturally the coincidence of Vallence's death following almost at once that of his last and best heroine was commented on and reopened gossip as to the cause of his suicide. I heard one woman doubt Philegan's good taste in producing the play.

I was still under the spell of living reality projected by a man no longer of this world when Philegan met me in the wings.

"Poole, Inness," he said, taking my arm in a nervous grip. "When she keeled over after the second curtain I was afraid she'd collapse at the end, and she has." He opened the door of her dressing-room.

Esther Poole, tall and dark and slender, now pallid under her make-up, was lying unconscious on the chaise longue. Shock was indicated, and I treated her accordingly. After rather a long interval, during which Philegan paced up and down the room stopping now and again to fiddle with the boxes and bottles scattered in disorder on the dressing-table, the star shivered, her lips closed, and she opened her eyes. Her first vague glance around settled at once into an expression of terror that passed only when she recognized the producer.

"I must have fainted again. I am so sorry—terribly silly of me. Forgive me, please!"

He patted her shoulder. "Don't worry; don't worry; it's all right. Maybe it is you has to do the forgiving, for all I know. Take it easy, anyhow. Don't think about it. If we have to, I'll take the damn thing off—"

"No, no," she protested, "you mustn't talk like that! Of course I'm going on, no matter what happens; but they—it came so suddenly; it was horrible—so real! But you can't take the show off now. Truly, I'll be all right!"

"We'll discuss this later," I put in. "The thing to do now is to get home."

The three of us drove to her apartment, and I saw that she was made comfortable, promising to look in on her early.

"Come home with me, Inness," Philegan said, as we were leaving the house. "I want to talk a bit, and we'll have a sandwich or two." He seemed worried, and I was glad to go with him because of the fear I had seen in the actress's eyes. I was curious.

"At first, I put this down to overwork," I told him, as we turned up Fifth Avenue. "The part must be exacting. But there is much more to it than that; she has been badly frightened, it seems to me."

"She has that!" he replied. "And to tell the truth, I am hardly less upset than she is. If my guess is right, I've had a warning. . . ." His voice trailed away, and he relapsed into silence, drumming on the window.

My thoughts turned to *Corinne* and the artistry of Valence who, after catching the public fancy with two plays in the popular manner, had suddenly ceased to cater to the crowd. Some critics had spoken of him as *the* American playwright. And now *Corinne*, I thought, was certain to set a seal upon the high place he held.

Philegan's home was large and inclined to gloominess, like many of the old-style mansions on the East Side. He led the way up the wide stairs to what he called his shop, a corridor-like apartment running east and west the length of the building, more on the order of a hall than a living-room. The Park Avenue end was arranged as a study and contained a refectory table of black oak littered with manuscript, magazines, and books of reference, several comfortable chairs in green tapestry, and a huge couch in front of the gray stone fireplace. The hangings, lampshades, and rugs were green in tone, blending with the black wainscoting and ceiling beams. Midway of its length the room became a library, shelved the full height of the walls. The far end was a museum where, on each side, stood a row of glassed cases containing miniature sets from the producer's many ventures. A cold moon, its pale radiance diffused by patches of snow on a north skylight, faintly illumined the little

scenes as we came in and turned them all into haunted spots, ghosts of plays that now lived only in memory. Heavy portières were draped across this end of the room, enhancing the effect of mystery.

Nobu, the Jap, whose tightly drawn skin under the greenish light gave his face the appearance of an intelligent skull with sparkling eye-sockets, served us sandwiches and whisky.

"This was Vallence's house, as you may know," said Philegan. "I bought it as it stood when the estate was closed out. I've added my library to his, and his work-room there I made over for my showcases. Vallence took incredible pains with his work. Come back here, and I'll show you something."

He preceded me down the room and threw on a light. Parting the heavy curtains at the end he disclosed the three acts of *Corinne* set in each case for the curtain. At his suggestion I peered behind the tiny parapet in the last act and saw where the playwright had cut away everything to the floor, leaving a drop that might have been to scale. On the stage, Grimby, the villain, was holding an attitude of horror; below, on the rug at the foot of the "precipice," one could see the twisted body of Corinne herself.

"Just as he left it," explained Philegan. "No detail was too slight for him, and for weeks at a time he never left these two rooms." He pointed to the door at the right of the models. "When it occurred to him to undress he slept in there, otherwise he just threw himself on the couch in here. Nobu, who came to me with the house, had a tough time of it." As he drew the curtains and switched off the light he lowered his voice and added, "Vallence shot himself here. We, the Jap and I, found him sprawled out in front of his finished work. . . . I had trouble, more than enough, piecing together the torn manuscript."

We went back to the lighted end of the room where we found an attractive tray that Nobu had set on the table end. I nibbled at a sandwich while Philegan ate vigorously, washing the food down with frequent gulps from his long glass

of Scotch and plain water. He dusted the crumbs from his fingers and pointed to the humidior.

"Ever know Vallence?"

"Only as the public knew him," I replied, "from his work and curtain speeches here and there."

"I knew him as fathers know their sons, probably better; it was I who found him and made him. More than that, I bore with him. Not easy for me, that; it took a lot of patience."

"Difficult?" I suggested.

"And then some! That expresses him weakly. He was all temperament, whatever that is, with occasional trips into the flesh. I have known him to go without any food to speak of for days. When he dreamed a group of characters time stopped for him, and he stepped from this earth to a star all his own and lived there until the thing was done. In his own mind he was a god—he told me so: 'My people are real, as you are not, infinitely more tissued in truth than anything of flesh and blood and bones.' That was his creed, and he lived it. In his own little heaven, which from where I sat looked like the worst sort of hell, he conceived and conferred life—so he said."

Philegan lifted himself from his chair and walked into the gloom beyond the light; he parted the curtains and gazed at the *Corinne* sets. He shuddered and, crossing the room, laid a hand on the radiator.

"Cold?"

I wasn't any too comfortable and admitted as much.

"Queer; there seems to be plenty of heat on, but it's hard to regulate in these old houses."

He came slowly back, studying the tips of his shoes, his hands in the pockets of his dinner coat. "I'd hate to take this show off," he said, after settling in his chair, "and I won't if the little lady is game. The town'll be talking about *Corinne* in the morning, and well they may! I saw the thing grow and what went into it—the soul of Vallence, his mind, too. I thought he was mad as I sat in this room and watched him and listened to him and grieved for him, but

now—I don't know! Absolutely, I'm not so sure, not after what happened to-night. I was born in Ireland, and the *little people* never quite let go of a fellow. I have a feeling, an uneasy feeling. . . ."

His glance strayed to the far end of the room, and he rumbled his bushy white hair. There was a short silence.

"Esther Poole is a plucky little woman," he went on; "I'm sure she'll work to-morrow night, and I want her to be there. I want that show to keep going. It's not the dollars, you understand, but a matter of pride, pride of ownership, you might call it. Yes, that's it! Legally, *Corinne* is mine—play finished, contract signed, everything in form. The fact that the manuscript was found mutilated, torn up, is beside the mark. The executors handed it over to me without question."

He looked at me as if for confirmation, and I nodded, eager for him to tell more.

"But, Inness, there seems to be a question, after what Poole saw to-night, and I haven't a doubt in the world that she saw what she said she did. You should have seen *her*—"

"She certainly saw something," I agreed.

"Perhaps I shouldn't go on with it—I don't know. It worries me, and I realize now that all through rehearsals I have felt uneasy. But, after all, it *is* my play; though maybe Vallence wouldn't think so—if he were here." Philegan leaned forward to refill the glasses and gazed heavily at me from under bristly white eyebrows drawn together in a frown. "I'll tell you what led up to the suicide. Until now I have kept the story to myself, even the portrait, and that was a real temptation during rehearsals, for it would have been wonderfully useful to Poole. I could have cooked up some sort of story, I suppose, but something held me back. However, after to-night, I've got to unburden myself. Possibly you will be able to see things straight. I'm too tangled. In the first place Poole was horribly frightened, and she had cause to be. She was about to take the first

curtain when"—he leaned over and tapped my arm—"she saw Vallence, down stage, barring the way—"

"Thought she saw him," I corrected.

"Maybe so, but she was damned certain after the second act, when he appeared as clearly again, and this time not alone, but with a woman, a woman dressed exactly as she was, as Corinne. That was when she went over."

"Oh, come!" I protested. "The girl's been overworked; the play is highly emotional, and that's all there is to it! I'm advanced enough to grant you, for the sake of argument, the apparition of Vallence—wiser men than I am say they have seen spirits—but the ghost of an idea! No, I draw the line at that!"

He laughed and brushed his mustache with abrupt right and left gestures. "I'd like to have your skepticism—I would so! But that is only what Poole claims she saw.

"Now listen!

"Vallence's plays all started from an outstanding facet of character. Given that, he used to say, situation acted solely as impetus or restraint, but the inherent strong characteristic persisted to the end of life. Vallence, therefore, gathered around him an imaginary company of all sorts of people; he lived with them, walked, ate, talked with them, and watched them in every conceivable situation. In the beginning there was neither hero, nor heroine, vamp, nor villain, nor juvenile; they all started from scratch, and the result was that the lead in the new play was as likely to be a scrub-woman as a Corinne. When the irresistible characters had been found Vallence came back here and began work on his story, here, in this room. He carved and tinted his puppets, designed and made their costumes, and painted in miniature the scenery. I had practically never to be at rehearsals after they were begun, for he did it all, and the cast hated him, but oh, man! what results he got!

"When *The Goldings* was assured of a long run I hunted Vallence up to arrange for the new play he would be working on. After some trouble I located him in a whitewashed shack, almost hidden by hibiscus and bougainvillea, on the

edge of a settlement of Portuguese sugar workers in the interior of the island of Hawaii. I had to go to him, glad of the trip, though, for I could have written him to the end of time without an answer. Production interested him only when he was satisfied with a play, and that was never. He would have tinkered through eternity, and I had to nag him continually.

"I found him having a bitter argument with one of his imaginary characters, oblivious of the suspicions of his neighbors who were divided about him; some thought he trafficked with the devil, but the more charitable considered him merely loony. Vallence didn't know they avoided him. I sat down on a cot against the wall, and when the dispute was ended told him I proposed to open the following season with the thing he was working on. He only jeered at me.

" 'You know better than to count on this,' he said. 'Give me the fool paper and let me alone.'

"I handed him the contract which he signed unread and vaguely suggested something about supper, but as he was liable to be living on raw squid I declined and drove back to Hilo in my rickety Ford.

"Well, sir, he had been back six weeks before I knew he was in town, and I learned it then only through a newspaper item, featuring a row he had got into over the violation of some minor city ordinance. He was news by that time. I hustled around here at once and found him buried in *Corinne*.

"He was sitting cross-legged on the floor in front of the first-act model you saw back there which rested on four tabourets on a level with his face. The rugs about him were littered with sheets of paper criss-crossed with notes. He was carrying on a dialogue in a conversational tone, moving the figures on the stage as the business demanded, often repeating the same speech over and over again until he was approximately satisfied. When, at last, an exit was made to suit him he rose easily in one motion and sprawled himself on the couch.

" 'Rotten cad, that fellow Grimby,' he said, 'but specious.'

"I asked him who Grimby was, and he nodded toward the model.

" 'That chap who just went off, the novelist who's after Corinne; he doesn't love her; I can feel that, but he wants to marry her tremendously, and she's already impressed with him. Philegan, she's the finest character I've ever done, and I'm afraid she's going to fall for this worthless writer fellow. He wants something, though, besides her, and I can't make it out.'

"I asked when he expected to finish.

" 'How can I tell? I haven't the story yet.' He was irritated. 'These people can't be hurried into making up their minds to get into trouble, any more than you or I can. How many times do I have to tell you that? They just drift into it, as we do. It has got to work itself out.'

"I pointed out that I was counting on him to open the season for me, but he only looked bored and went back to his seat on the rug. 'I can't begin,' he threw after me as I left, 'until I have the end, so you may as well hold yourself in.'

"I dropped around often, however, for I knew that he really liked to have me, so long as I didn't bother him. Perhaps at this stage it helped to be able to try his ideas on some one. Very often he ignored me entirely and then again he would overflow on the subject of Corinne, Grimby, and the others.

"But the thing dragged along until it was too late to open with the play. I had to begin rehearsals with an emergency manuscript. I decided I'd be lucky to get Corinne at all that year, for, time and again, as the weeks passed, Valence cursed himself for having brought Corinne and Grimby together.

" 'The rotter's up to something and, whatever it is, it's vile,' he told me repeatedly. 'But I can't get it. Corinne is beginning to wonder. She feels that everything's not right, and the worst of it is she's deeply in love with him now. I tell you it means trouble. I've had no use for women,' he went on, 'but Corinne is a revelation to me, and now that

I've found her the end's in sight. No more writing for me after this. You can't go beyond perfection!

"I was curious, Inness, for his enthusiasm never had taken just that tone of personal feeling. His voice vibrated queerly, and I drew him on.

"How can I describe what has never been before?" he muttered, and ran his hands through that fine black hair of his. He seemed to withdraw into himself, his oval eyes lost their lustre, and the brown spots in them blended with the black. Vallence had unusual eyes. You should have talked with him.

"I know only that she satisfies," he said slowly. "She is what I have tried for always and almost reached, something beyond the human. But don't think she isn't real!" he cried, gripping my shoulder with his long nervous hand. "She is the final woman, and I have done her. But she simply cannot be described in our terms. She is so far outside our experience that—that—why, no woman, no puppet of an actress yet born into the world could do her anything like justice. You and I and that Poole woman are crazy to think of it."

"But look here," I said. "You'll have to come a little nearer earth than that; we can't get a ghost to do the part—"

"Get out!" he snapped at me, and I went.

"It must have been a month later that, to my great surprise, he called me on the phone. Such a thing was unheard of. Lifting the receiver I was greeted with a volley of 'Hellos,' 'Philegans,' and violent bangings at the other end.

"Philegan!" he shouted. "Do you know what that cur is up to?"

"Hold on, there," I said. "What cur?"

"Grimby! Grimby! Who else?"

"I could hear his teeth grind over the phone, almost. Of course, I was amused. Who wouldn't have been? I asked if all was over, and if I could start on the cast.

"No! You poor fool! I've found him out. I've got into his dirty mind—"

"I'll run over," I suggested. His discovery of Grimby's

purpose had got his people into a crisis, and we were that far along. You saw the show to-night, Inness. Well, I found him in an awful rage.

"Can you imagine," he burst out when I went in, 'anything more vile, more utterly despicable, than to make love, desperate love, to a woman—and such a woman—and win her affections, her *love*, mind you, only to study her, to pry into her most intimate feelings, her soul! And why, do you think? Why? *To put her in a book!* God!'

"I was sorry afterward that I said what I did, but it would have occurred to any one. I'm not sure but that it sank in, perhaps he brooded over it; anyhow, I said, 'What are you doing yourself?'

"He sat up with a jerk on the couch where he had flung himself, plainly wondering at my stupidity.

"Don't you see the difference? I'm a creator, man; out of the stuff of truth I build. But Grimby! Grimby! he's a sadistic vivisector—he cuts and chuckles—he probes and grins!'

"But you created Grimby, too,' I reminded him.

"Of course I did, and I hate myself for it; do you suppose if I had realized this mess and the sort of divine creature Corinne is that I should have begun the damned thing?'

"What's going to happen?' I ventured.

"I don't know, but I can tell you this: it can only end in horror. Corinne knows that something is terribly wrong, but she loves him—God knows why!—and she loves her love, too.'

"From then on Vallence's talk became impossible. I began to think him mad. But through all his wildness there ran a queer thread of logic, so that at times, as I listened to him, I scarcely knew whether I was awake or dreaming. At all events the play seemed to be getting on, and I dropped in almost daily. Possibly he wasn't altogether right in his head from our standpoint, but—"

Philegan studied the sediment at the bottom of his glass; then he looked at me as if to ask how far I would go with him. For some minutes I had felt a cold air pressing in-

sistently past my ankles, and Philegan felt it too, for he touched an ivory button on the table.

"Nobu," he said, when the Jap glided in, "there seems to be a draft from the other end of the room; shut it off."

Nobu disappeared behind the curtains, and we heard him trying the windows; then a door was closed. He came back and reported that "the door into the day bedroom of the late Honorable Vallence was partly open."

"Odd!" commented Philegan. "That door is never opened; there is nothing in the room but a cot and a wardrobe—and the portrait. That reminds me, I'll come to the portrait in a moment. I'm going to show it to Esther Poole in the morning, if she's all right.

"Well, to go on, week by week, and day by day, Vallence changed. I can't say he deteriorated, because he didn't, nothing of the sort. I had known him in the fever of creation before, but the man himself had always looked out of the sleepy black eyes. Now, it was not the Vallence I had known who talked morbidly of Corinne; it was someone else, previously hidden, or, who knows, possibly in giving life to Corinne he had re-created himself. That, I am inclined to think now, is the truth of it.

"During those weeks he talked incessantly of Corinne. I came to know her as though she were a real person. I don't know but that she *was* real to me. Curious, eh? And so it went while gradually it dawned on me that Vallence was madly in love with a shadow of his imagination.

"'We are one, she and I,' he said. 'Together we sound a chord in the harmony of reality—nothing else matters.' And when I asked him what about Grimby he only waved his hand. 'She'll find him out, and then I shall come into my own.'

"I failed to realize how far the man was gone in madness, or whatever it was, until one day just before his death. Very mysteriously he took my arm and led me back there, into his day bedroom, as Nobu calls it, and drew aside a long curtain of the heaviest amethyst velvet hanging down the wall across from the door.

"'Night after night,' he whispered to me, 'with infinite patience, distressed and doubtful as she is, Corinne has come and sat for me and talked to me while I painted her, and we have spoken of all things but one—the one thing that oppresses her. But she will know soon, and then. . . .'

"I looked from the full length portrait of Corinne to him, standing there afire, holding back the amethyst mantle. His color was high, and his lean fingers worked nervously while the brown spots in his eyes showed glittering lights, expanding and contracting. I had an uncanny feeling that reality and nonsense were hopelessly jumbled together in a blend that, itself, was the only and everlasting truth. I turned again to the woman on the canvas, gazing directly at us, or rather at him with great questioning blue-brown eyes, and I marvelled. She might have been Mona Lisa asking instead of concealing.

"'I can't tell her,' he muttered. His voice shook. 'I can't; she must see it for herself.'

"I felt then I should never produce the play in his lifetime, for a man in his state would never have allowed such an ideal to be paraded before the public. There and then I threw up the sponge. I didn't tell him my thought, because I knew that in time he would cancel the contract.

"I think that is what is happening now.

"He shot himself the next week—after she had leaped to her death from the rampart of the Pali. It is all plain enough from the manuscript and the notes. When through the vagaries of his mind Corinne learned the truth, neither saw any but the one way out for her, and it was too much for him. He followed."

Philegan drew a long breath and drained his glass.

"And so," he went on, "there was the play, finished—a complete and beautiful thing, as you saw to-night. I thought I was free to produce it, wouldn't you have? but I'm not so sure—now.

"At the same time I'm going through with it, to the bitter end!" Philegan brought his big fist down on the oak of the table. "*Corinne is my play!*"

A silence followed, and I was beginning to wonder if Valence's disability had infected every one connected with the show when Philegan, looking sharply at the dark end of the room, jabbed the button.

The inscrutable Nobu appeared as though he had materialized on the spot.

"Shut that door again. Turn the key."

The draft, stronger now, flowed steadily toward our feet, creeping higher like an invisible tide. We watched Nobu, as he parted the curtains. A vague uneasiness ran through me.

But Nobu did not go into the recess. He stood as if poised on tiptoe for the merest fraction of a second; then he turned and made for the double doors. He walked in jerks, stiffly; his training and his intense desire to run, to fly, were in clear conflict. His mouth was open, his eyes like walnuts, his skin a greenish-lemon color. Staring straight ahead, he passed into the hall and out of sight. We heard the light pat-pat of his feet taking the stairs and the screech of his palm on the polished banister.

There began then, at the far end of the room, in the shadows, a thin crackling sound, such as a fire of twigs would make, and as we stared at each other the noise grew more brisk while the cold, now freezing, air rose to the level of our breasts, forcing me back into my chair. Philegan's broad face was red, and his eyes bulged.

"It must be ff-fire!" he stuttered, apparently shouting, although I heard only a whisper, as if from far off. I tried to answer, but my voice, too, was gone. The flood of air was about my throat and threatened to cut off my breathing. I tried to tell him there was no odor of smoke, but could only mouth. I began to feel the horror of panic seize me when the sounds of snapping and popping wood suddenly ceased. The mounting tide halted and ebbed, at first by degrees, then all at once it was withdrawn. Philegan, who had been breasting the overpowering atmosphere like a swimmer, yelled, "Come on!" in his full voice and rushed for the other end of the room. I entered the alcove just behind him.

"God?" he gasped.

I peered over his shoulder.

In the dim green light the wreck of the three models lay strewn about the floor, each a little heap of matchwood and shredded linen, even the tiny furniture was broken into bits. Philegan reached for the light, but the fuse must have blown out. I was gaping at the ruin when he seized my arm in a grip that felt like water freezing round it, and with a forefinger which described small, wavering circles he pointed to the wide-open door on the right.

The figure of a man stood in the opening, leaning easily against the frame, glowing with a faint light in contrast with the dark interior, his hands in the pockets of a green velvet smoking jacket. I recognized my memory of Vallence and saw that his eyes, black and deep as space, were fixed on the producer in cold, hard command. The painful grip on my arm relaxed, and Philegan went limp.

Vallence turned away from us, and as he did so I was aware of the pale, phosphorescent form of a woman on the far side of the room beyond the door. In a way she seemed to descend to him as she joined the former playwright. She was like a shadow cast by a disappearing sun, wraith-like yet substantial. I can't describe her. I stared without registering impressions, except that the color of her gown was amethyst and that she was very beautiful.

"Corinne!" Philegan scarcely breathed the name as the two figures, merging into one tall oval of subdued light, moved away from us and faded into the dark.

When we managed to get the light on there faced us on the farther wall a long canvas, clean and unspotted. At its foot lay a curtain pole and a heap of lustrous amethyst velvet. We stared at the pure canvas, at the graceful folds of drapery on the dusty floor, and at each other. Philegan felt for his handkerchief and dried his wrists. His hands trembled.

"There *was* a portrait there!" he said in a hushed voice, and I had no answer, nor have I yet.

For the remainder of the season the Art Theater was dark.

A THORN *

By FLORENCE S. PAGE

HE rushed up the steps two at a time, whistling loudly in spite of himself, and slid the key deftly into the lock. The small bright-new apartment was of course empty; Phil and Jim never appeared in the daytime. He threw open the long window above the street, and took a deep, delighted breath.

By George, he'd sold that roof to the McAllisters! Gosh, that would make a commission! Maybe he'd have a car himself before long. He grinned and caught a glimpse of the grin in the mirror. "Hi, old Gold-fish!" But say, wasn't it luck!

He tore into his room and ripped the paper loudly off his laundry. Just time to get out for nine holes before dark. Not a chance for eighteen. It was getting dark earlier now. Bill waiting downstairs, and where the devil was his tie? His crisp yellow hair stood up straight in his frenzy.

And there was the telephone.

"H'lo."

"What tonight? This tonight? What show? . . . Sure."

"Sure, I will. . . . Better dancing at Knight's though."

"All right."

Theatre and girls and dancing. New girls, but there needn't be much time for bothering to talk. Good old theatre; good old dance.

"Aye, Bill!" he yelled out the window. "In a sec."

That fool telephone again!

"H'lo."

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"Oh!—Yes, Miss Reynolds,—” It was the office. What the—

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Say, Miss Reynolds, that's mighty kind of you. You bet; I'll go over and land it first thing in the morning."

"You bet. It's migh—"

"It's mighty kind of you, Miss Reynolds." He tried to knot his tie while he listened.

"Well, thanks."

"Well, thanks. It's sure kind of you."

"Goodbye."

Funny old duck, Miss Reynolds, bothering to tell him about that chance. Funny old duck, but she was sure nice to him. Probably she didn't have anything else to think about but the office; she looked pretty old, over thirty. Thin as an ant, and scurrying like one going up a tree, and a kind of wistful black stare that got on your nerves unless you kidded her a lot. She always wanted to stand and talk, too, when you were in a hurry. Funny! The other day she'd said with a sort of scared gasp, "Don't get mixed up with that elevator girl, Mr. Forster. She's—she's not a nice girl." He hadn't ever *thought* about the elevator girl, but since then Miss Reynolds acted as if she'd saved him! Well, she felt kind of motherly, he guessed.

Dashing through the living room to find some money, —he'd stuck a bill somewhere, he remembered,—there was the mail on the floor by the door. Two notices, a postcard with a red brick building on it from his brother, a letter,—Molly's writing! His heart, gave a queer flop. Why was *Molly* writing? He stuffed the letter in his pocket, and hurled downstairs.

"Go long, Bill." They were whizzing through the crowded afternoon, along the shining new apartment walls all lighted with the sun, across the tracks by huddling, dowdy store windows, out to the boulevards, green and flecked with people,—the air was sharper, how it made your blood race! The wind laid his hair back roughly. The McAllister roof,

sold and sealed, made a comfortable warm feeling in his breast.

Poplars flashed by like tall green flames. They circled in at the country club, and plunged into their game of golf. Never had he had such luck with approach shots, never such straight enormous drives. They sped from his whirling club bullet-fashion. He wanted to dance around like a boy at a bonfire, whooping with pride at himself. Gee, he hoped he wasn't acting like a kid. But, being alive today. . . .

Only on the porch, when he was waiting for Bill, he remembered Molly's letter. Funny for her to write, after all this time. Why, it had been two years, almost three. And surely, it had ended certainly enough. Why did she need to appear again?

He pulled the letter impatiently from his pocket, and looked at it. His eyes were ice-blue, and his eyebrows straight, instead of quirking at the corners. It wasn't a remarkably fat one; her letters used to look like fat little robins. He tore it open and read it through. Finished it just as Bill came round the corner.

"All right, son. Let's go."

They were hurtling down the drive again. Molly was vivid against him. Her deep, enchanting little laugh. Her tilted eyelashes. How wild he had been about her! He hadn't been able to stay away from her house. Even when he couldn't see her, he'd walked round and round the block like a mechanical sentry.

"Look at that fool skid."

"Damned idiot."

Her funny, pointed handwriting. "You won't understand, I know." That was how she began. How could anyone understand her? He'd never understood when they had split up. Only it had been something sweet and wild and strange (strange as those adjectives in his mind) and then had vanished. She had said it wasn't there any longer, for either of them. Wasn't it? He didn't know.

But now, this queer whim of writing to him, out of nothing. And explaining carefully that it wasn't because she

wanted them to know each other again. How simply mad girls were. Why write to him, if she wasn't wanting, somehow, to begin again? Yet somehow she made him think that she didn't. "Only, only, I want, I *have* to know how you feel about me now. *I have to*, Blims. Tell me." He didn't want to write to her. He was afraid he would.

They were back at the apartment. Phil and Jim were hanging from the window. Bang. Clatter and smoke and noise. Hustle. Food. Phil vanishing silently. Simply not there. Jim stretched out in his long chair by the blue window, with his pipe and one of his inexhaustible pile of books. Drawling:

"Go it, young Harlequin."

What'd he mean? Sometimes you got tired of never understanding what he said, and seeing his lazy, half-sarcastic smile over his everlasting book. He was a good old scout, though. Damned clever, too, more brains than Phil and himself twice over.

He slammed the door with recovered good humor. Another dash, through dark and gleams of yellow, this time. The wide gold-splashed theatre, and laughter, and white arms, and gay quick music.

Gay, quick, and wistful music, through snatches of talk.

She wasn't there. Molly wasn't there. He would never know her again. Well, he didn't want to. Why had she written? He felt anger pushing dully. Darn her, why couldn't she leave him alone? He felt the old forgotten restlessness rise in him. He did not want to feel it again.

The curtain rose. There were waves of orange dancers. Black comedians made him laugh. Applause broke suddenly. Color and light and movement swept on and on.

There was a girl who sang in the branches of a wobbly tree. Molly had sat like that in an apple tree once, and answered his stern question docilely. The darling! How hard she had tried to tell the truth to him! His heart ached suddenly at the memory. There was never anybody like Molly, so capricious, so sweet, so hateful, so disarming.

A THORN

*"Your mem'-ry pier-ces,
Like—a—sharp thorn—"*

the girl on the stage sang, smiling gayly. That was it. It hurt. Did Molly know that sometimes—why the sound of leaves in the wind at night would do it, or a florist's window, massed with roses, in the rain—they had stopped once to look at roses—Molly's face under her umbrella—

"Oh, Mr. Forster, don't you like that song?"

"What song?" Oh, of course; that girl on the stage was still singing.

"Oh, Mr. Forster, aren't you *funny!*"

"Sure I like that song."

"Don't you like music, Mr. Forster? Don't you like to dance?"

"I'll show you how I like it when this is over."

It was a marvellous night to dance. They went somewhere, up to a place that was half outdoors. A wind swept across the polished floor sometimes; there was a funny old-gold tarnished autumn moon above the roofs. He danced on tirelessly. The air wasn't too hot, as it sometimes was; the music was exciting. Wonderful stuff to drink, wonderful food. *Wonderful* stuff to drink. Won— He felt as though they all liked him. Everybody liked him. He felt as though they all knew he'd sold McAllisters a roof. He'd sold McAllisters a roof when no one else could, and he was going on, selling miles and miles of expensive roofs to millions and millions of expensive people. And they were all proud of him.

And then the girl fell down with him. With *him*, who prided himself on his dancing. She was the fattest girl in the party, not really fat, but blonde and fattish, and very solid, like Swiss cheese. He'd kept away from her because she bumped, he could see. Bumped in a June-bug way around the room, and giggled. But when he began to feel so cheerful he asked her before he knew he was going to do it.

The very first thing she did was to fall down flat on her

back and pull him down on top of her. If he hadn't fallen on her, he wouldn't have minded so much. Not that he hurt her. She had giggled more than ever.

"Did you see us fall down?" she asked everyone. "Did you see us?" Us! Once when he was a kid he had hit a girl on the head with a croquet mallet for cheating. He wished he had a croquet mallet now. He could feel the mallet coming down square on her flat head, and a comforting "Plunk!" like a gourd.

He didn't begin to get over the humiliation till he was going home again, in the chilly late-night air, alone. Then he half laughed, lighting his last cigarette, and striding along the deserted street. Oh, well!

Tomorrow night he'd be in Phil's speed-boat on the river. Good old boat. Tearing along down the black water with white wings of foam folding back on each side.—If he had luck with the Davenport roof tomorrow—Miss Reynolds had been a peach to tell him.—What was the way to approach the old man? Not economy, not lasting qualities. Showiness, really. Only disguised. He could do it, he felt confidence strongly through him. If he sold that tomorrow, after today's job, he'd be solid! He walked faster, breathing deeply. He liked the wind against his face. He was sorry when he found himself at the apartment.

He went into the dark rooms. Phil and Jim were in, and already asleep. You could tell that. He chuckled, throwing off his coat and hat. An envelope lay on the floor. Molly's writing. Gosh, Molly's letter! He felt for it hastily. It was there.

He sat down at the desk and turned on the light, looking at the crumpled letter. Might as well answer it now. He might forget if he didn't do it right away. He pulled out sheets of paper, and unscrewed his new fountain pen, looking at it curiously. What was he going to say? There was Molly, waiting to know what he thought of her. What did he?

He sat, scriggling marks on an envelope, looking more and more like a little boy kept in after school. A conscien-

A THORN

tious little boy, trying hard to get through his lesson.

He didn't want to hurt Molly. . . . He didn't want to make her think he was still longing for her, if she— . . . Could she be just laughing at him? He remembered his feeling of anger at her, in the theatre. But then he felt tenderness once, there, too. His pen zigzagged, on and on, up and down the envelope.

At last he sat up straight, and took a sheet of paper. Decision had come to him. He would tell the simple truth and stop. Then, however she felt about it— How could he know he was writing it forever? He wrote slowly and carefully:

"I don't think about you at all. Only once in a while a memory pierces me, like a sharp thorn."

LIFE AND DEATH ON NINETY-FIFTH STREET *

By GEORGE T. RAYNER

KID GODFREY turned off Third Avenue at the familiar corner, walking with the hurried steps of fear-impelled haste, unconscious of the warm cooking odors that exuded from the basements of the faded brownstone fronts. Through the pallid, receding light his home street seemed robbed of dimension, of movement, like a movie scene half remembered. A vine that crawled its stunted way up the Saporsky flats was brightly green in the last rays of relinquishing sunlight. The hop-scotch squares on the sidewalk were deserted. A player-piano obtruded its lifeless melody on the greying stillness.

So Grandpop had kicked off that morning. . . . "The last round for old man Godfrey" a tabloid had said in pithy obituary. "The omniscient referee's whistle has sounded at last for the one-time champ. Max Godfrey, of the good old bare-fist days, lives in the glorious annals of fisticuffs as. . . ."

High above the street at open windows were women with arms akimbo, looking down. Women with arms eternally akimbo on windowsills, staring down.

The mahogany-colored leaves on the door shone sleekly in the lamplight. The black bow hung in *crêpey* dejection. He walked into a hall filled with the compressed odors of musk roses, carnations, and frying chops.

His mother's face was paler than usual; she was wearing a new, ill-fitting black dress, a necklace of shiny black beads about her sparse throat.

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"I thought maybe the warehouse would have let you off after I called up this morning. Pa and me could have done with your help."

"I didn't even ask. They had a heavy shipment to go out."

"Of course, Fred, tonight. . . ."

He turned back from the hall stairs, slouching silently for a moment before he spoke, his eyes in an apologetic, evasive stare that avoided the parlor portières. Hell, he didn't want to. . . .

"I'll have to fight. The card's all booked. McGuffy can't find a sub."

His mother's watery eyes turned toward the parlor.

"Come and look at him, Fred."

"I don't want to, Ma!" But he followed her in, walking on tip-toes.

The dull black coffin lay in the bay window beneath the caress of the ruffled curtains, silvery-greyish as the light touched it. Grouped awkwardly about were the flower pieces. The lodge had sent a huge floral pillow upon which a pugilist's figure was worked out in immortelles.

"They've put rouge on his cheeks!" he said in quick horror.

"O Ma! Why'd you let 'em!"

"Don't he look lovely?" she asked. "So peaceful-like. He has been gathered to Jesus!"

He did not know what to say further. With relief he noticed the odor of synthetic lilies-of-the-valley.

"Aunt Clara here?"

"Yes, poor thing. She's all broken up. Cousin Judie came too, and the Hackensack people. I'll have to use kitchen chairs to set them all. Dinner's 'most ready."

He went about in his room with mechanical, hurried movements, hanging up his overcoat, brushing his hair, straightening his tie with stiff fingers. He was humming a tuneless thing over and over. It served to keep him from thinking.

If he didn't fight that night . . . it might mean a permanent K. O. You couldn't take chances like that when you were just getting inside the ropes. A fellow with a

rep could—but not he, even if he was old Godfrey's grandson.

Grandpop wouldn't have wanted him to fight. The old man had always discouraged him; gone even so far as to pay his tuition three years at Columbia. Just because Pa had tried the game and been a flop. . . . Because he'd said it was about time one of the damn family learned how to use his brains. He'd said that in his usual gruff way when he'd given Fred his tuition money, though his grandson had been tongue-tied at the sight of tears in the old man's eyes and had gone away with an aching dryness in his throat.

But hell! what had education to do with a pug? If he'd quit at public school and got a job it would have hardened him. None of this intellectual bilge.

He'd been a sis in the grades at that. The big kids had bullied him, cuffed him about . . . and he'd run. Run! Like to see 'em get wise now! In his last year at college he had landed an upper-classman a sock that had put him out for a week.

Damned if it hadn't been worth expulsion, too!

He remembered his braggadocio that evening after he had been expelled, though he did not like to remember that he had cried himself to sleep like a damn girl. . . .

They were grouped about the table, rattling knives and forks in their self-conscious endeavors for silence, speaking at intervals in droning sentences that dropped slowly into silence. They did not interrupt each other tonight. Their faces did not express thought . . . bad actors, they merely mouthed their lines.

None of them really cared, except maybe his mother. And she'd been the one who'd had to put up with his tantrums. Aunt Clara had said only the other week that it would be a "blessing if he could be taken." Now her eyelids were tear-swollen and her breathing heavy with incipient sobs. He had not cried; he did not intend to cry.

The intertwined grapes on the chandelier shone violently purple. He noted them with the absorption that one gives to things one half sees. He glanced furtively at the florid

"enlargement" of his grandfather on the wall; admired, as he had always done, the superb build of his shoulders, the sense of force behind the awkwardly raised arm . . . but he did not smile at the long curling moustache that seemed so incongruous with fighting trunks.

They'd said in his day he'd been a blade with the women.

His cousin Fannie seemed to be holding them all with her slender, bright gaze. Suddenly she said:

"Sometimes I wonder if it isn't the end—this. That there's nothing more, ever. Nothing more, ever." She seemed to be tasting her words, the way she spoke.

The silence seemed to quicken and quiver after the words. The family gazed, startled at her heresy. Aunt Clara's pendulous mouth gaped. But he was not looking at her. He was observing his mother. Her eyes were searching distance, her lips quivering, her black-bordered handkerchief was lifting slowly to her mouth. Then quickly she rose and half ran out of the room.

"There! Are you satisfied?" Aunt Clara's eyes flickered with emotion. "Is that what your father pays teacher's school tuition for?"

So she would deny immortality to the wasted old sinner lying in there in the silver-black coffin beneath the caresses of the stiffly ruffled curtains. Would deny him, as the tabloids would say, his heavenly boxing gloves.

His father's ruddy face, anomalous in its gravity, turned toward the culprit.

"Now, now, Fannie! . . ." As usual, he would try to intervene, pour banana oil upon the troubled waters. "Now, now. . . ."

Small wonder he'd never made the ring. There was in his flabby, paunched body nothing of the lean-muscled vigor that was evident in the stiffly held shoulders of his son. Pa had always been the good fellow, the convivial, boastful son of a one-time champ . . . for whom Fred had often peered of an evening beneath neighborhood saloon doors. Even now he seemed swollen with important bereavement.

He felt suddenly sick with it all. He pushed aside his rice pudding, excusing himself hurriedly.

His mother's shadow flickered across the hall.

"Fred . . . Rose called up to say how sorry she was to hear. She said, 'Well, he won't fight tonight, then, will he. . . ?' Couldn't you sorta explain—"

"O, Ma! This is my big chance, now with the newspapers giving Grandpop all the write-ups. If I beat Fenton tonight it means getting out of the preliminaries. Don't you see . . . ?"

He groped up the stairs, thickly sweet with the odors of the flowers. So Rose had called up . . . dribbled a sympathy to his mother she didn't feel, obviously to find out if he were fighting that night, or if she could expect him to call. She would never go to see him fight; though she was willing enough afterwards to exult or condole with him.

He shivered as he thought of her. Fine chance he'd have to be a champ with her about his neck, her soft white hands stroking his hair, the damn perfume she used swirling about him as she drew closer. Closer, so that he could feel the quivering of her body.

So this was the end of it all . . . death . . . lying in a silver-black coffin with embalmer's rouge on one's cheeks, a scarecrow of a man who had once beaten Paddy Lonergan with his bare fists in three rounds, with a damn clean knockout, sir! A man who had found life a boisterous bed-fellow . . . son of a longshoreman and a German servant girl . . . who had repudiated all claims to an antiseptic immorality, scoffing at the long-faced churchgoers of the family when they proffered him a gilt-edged Heaven and an option on a pair of wings.

But his bravado, his blunderbuss sarcasm had melted before the mysteries of higher education; his mind had reached gropingly out for that which he conceived as the open sesame to life . . . despising the ring and its "ignorant, low down sons of . . ." He had desired for his grandson that open sesame, had taught him his alphabet, and later, when Fred was old enough to comprehend, had read to him haltingly

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from the old German sagas, with their bloody perils and their virile beauty . . . had detailed the reading with such colorful emphasis that the boy had stumbled up the stairs to bed with unsure knees, fearful of the darkness that pressed against him, envisioning dragons and other loathsome things looming up before him, had quivered to himself beneath insufficient covers, terror in the cold grip of his hands.

He knew that he was sorry the old man had kicked off. Damn sorry. Grandpop had been a good scout. Although he remembered avoiding the old man, remembered with cold uneasiness his distaste at the feel of trembling hands. Out of the house, down at the gym, where they spoke of Max Godfrey in accents of expansive admiration, he was wont to be incoherently praiseful: he forgot then the old figure in the chair by the window, fallen so quickly into senility, disassociating him with this almost fabulous hero that was kin of his.

But the emotion that was cording his throat now was strong and potent; he could not figure it out. He could not explain the quivering of his hands, the prickle of skin under his collar. He seemed to be immovable in preternatural stillness, in vacuum. The curtains of his window dripped moonlight. The chiselled shapes of furniture loomed in the opaque light.

Night, cold, grey—a threadbare comforter about his shoulders. The room was lost in distance. Darkness made distance, produced suffusion of dimensions. Staling smells of many dinners from the open window, incongruously flat in the taut, cold quiet. An arc-light from down the street made a fan-tail of light on the wall. Faded green light, the color of thin soup, the color of his grandfather's hands.

Hell! Damn it to hell! Words. Imprecations that his cold lips robbed of meaning.

It had got him! Got him! Death, waiting even for him. Death got you, choked you out. You couldn't sock back.

A player-piano was cascading into sound from the upstairs apartment. Ineffable monotony of notes slurring into one another like many nickels dropping into subway turnstiles.

Like nickels dropping into the piano at Leff's Idle Hour where he had taken Rose. Music in metallic crescendo. Why the hell did they have to play that before the funeral?

He switched on the light, pulled open the clothes closet, searched for his boxing trunks. He pulled off his clothes with swift nervous movements. The bout was due at nine. He'd slip a pair of old trousers over his trunks and go down to the club in his overcoat. He didn't want that damn chattering mob milling about him as he undressed.

He stood before the mirror, taping his wrists. The light glistened on his shoulders and he observed the fluid movement of his arm muscles. He had revered his body with Greek passion, made subservient to it the things he yearned after . . . rich food, ease . . . love. His shoulders were broad, but not cumbersome and massive as he had noticed as being typical of pugs, and his hips, encased in royal purple, were lithely slim. He turned slowly to admire himself in the tall glass, brought his arms up to guard position, crouched, started some shadow boxing. His arms swung through the air with easeful strength, his body weaving in and out dexterously.

A good-looking kid, all right. No wonder Rose was crazy about him. They said if you made a name in the ring and were a good-looker, you could land a fat contract in the movies. A fighter had more sex-appeal than most. They'd play you up big, show you in front of the neighborhood theatre, eight-foot posters, in red trunks.

From downstairs came the hushed closing of a door and the sound of moistly drawn breath. Some of the neighbors snivelling about. The family would sit up most of the night, and he'd find them there in the parlor when he got home, sitting around like some mortuary sewing-circle.

He wasn't worried about Fenton; he could beat that mick all right. If he was only meeting someone he wasn't so sure of, this sob-stuff couldn't touch him.

Already he was inhaling the odors of the ring; the smell of raw boards, the leather, the tobacco juice. He could see Fenton jumping about, shooting out his right from time to

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time, ducking his head. There were the hanging lamps, that blurred and clarified in the moments after you were socked . . . but if they blurred and sank into obliterating dusk you were out. No come-back. About five minutes later you feel them throwing water on your face.

He wouldn't like Rose to see him knocked out. That's why he was glad she didn't go to the fights.

Rose. . . . There he was, thinking of that bitch again.

Her image was interceding with his consciousness, evoking sensory endearments. Damn the smooth feel of her fingers and the warm heaviness of her breath on his cheek! Rose-tipped fingers glistening in the soft, pink light wrung from the silk lampshade she had probably bought in Gimbel's basement. O, she knew her stage business! The worn velvet davenport sank intuitively in the middle, holding amorous outlines. A vase on the radio cabinet dribbled artificial nasturtiums. There was a Maxfield Parrish print on the wall and a pennant from the Chicago Fair. When he had occasion to avoid her eyes he renewed acquaintances with these details, or gazed out of the bay window at the sign on Cooper's garage down the street.

During the day, in the empty spaces of his thoughts, he would find her visualized. Details of their friendship would be evoked. . . . Sitting close together in one of the swell movie houses uptown, her hand warmly moist in his. Walking through the park, her high heels clicking out scratching sounds on the path, her breasts quivering ever so slightly under smooth silk . . . and then she would say, "O, don't let's walk any further, Fred! There's a bench down there—"

He cut short his thoughts, disciplining himself. Curse his sensitiveness! It was all his useless education, making him critical of things.

Try counting sheep. One, two, three, four— Don't think. Five, six—

But he was saying to himself: I am an old man and I am lying in a cloth coffin under ruffled curtains and people are slobbering over me. The air is heavy with the odors of musk roses and body perspiration. Someone has sent a floral

pillow with a fighter's image picked out in everlasting flowers. But I am an old sinner, and glad of it, and though the fool of an embalmer has put rouge on my cheeks I am done with artifice . . . gathered to a greater artificer—like hell!

Once he had read a poem by a guy named Housman, called "To an Athlete Dying Young," and he wondered what kind of a poem you could write to a pugilist dying old.

*"Smart lad, to slip betimes away
From fields where glory does not stay—"*

Why hadn't Grandpop died at the height of his career, made a brave gesture of it?

Thinking about the poem had stilled his thoughts. He walked downstairs with hushed tread and out into the night.

He would dazzle Fenton with his superior boxing skill, weaving in and out with lightning speed . . . it would be easy. You flashed a lot of phoney stuff and then let him have it when he didn't expect. One good haymaker, or a stiff right to the jaw.

The street was stretched in stillness. There were more women at the windows now, their faces white in the moonlight. Against the sky were the regular roofs of the brown-stone fronts with their radio antennæ like spectral wash-lines. He always thought a city street seemed unreal at night.

The group of loafers at the cigar-store speak-easy on the corner accosted him with the short, chopped words fellows use when envious.

"Thought your scrap woulda been cut out 'cause of the old man's kicking off."

"Give Fenton one for me, will ya?"

"How's our collegiate scrapper tonight?"

A pasty-faced blond lad called out in a falsetto: "Our hearts are with you, dearie!"

He walked on, thinking to himself: What does it matter whether I beat Fenton or not? What does it matter what I do? Who's going to give a damn?

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At home they didn't care. Home? A dingy brown-stone front, the entrance hall filled with the stale odors of lately consumed pork chops, the seal coats of the relatives from Hackensack hanging like dejected spectres on the rack. A parlor full of credit furniture and chromos of a violently pink pugilist. A trophy belt gathering dust on the mantel next to the sea-shells that had been found on the beach at Rockaway. A hanging fern dish spewing yellow-green tentacles toward the ruffled curtains. A photograph of our little Fred, aged fourteen, a slender white hand on a chair, the other holding a grammar school diploma. . . .

He walked rapidly along the street that led to the club. It was a street of squat garages, push-cart sheds; the entrails of the neighborhood. The club doors were open, there was a bulb in an iron cage hung over the entrance. From within floated wisps of pale blue tobacco smoke. In the gaping, empty windows were dusty cigaret ads and an old Proctor's bill of acts.

He stood for a moment at the curb, listening to the staccato of men's voices that came from the doorway. The tension of expectancy was in those voices, the full, hearty flavor of masculine excitement. Fred felt buoyancy flood through him, felt the cords of his muscles tighten. Hell, he'd show 'em he was game!

As he was about to cross he grew aware of a figure hurrying up to him out of the dark, hurrying with the stiff joints of age. It was an old man. Fred stood motionless with the inertia of sudden horror. Grandpop! The thought lashed through his mind with swift vigor and then depleted itself. He was crazy tonight!

"Gotta match, Buddy?"

Limp fingers extracted a match folder. He passed it over. It shook in the lamplight. A cold hand touched his for a moment.

"Goin' in to the fights?" The thin voice quavered and hurried on, unheeding, "Old Godfrey's grandson's on the card. And the old chap just passed out!" Bleared eyes moistened with reminiscence. "I seen the old boy box once!"

The man started to move off. But Fred put out a taut arm. "He was good, I guess. . . ."

The old figure straightened. "They don't make men like him no more, Buddy!"

There was silence while the old man pondered further. His pipe reddened.

"He could stand up like a man and fight. None of this fancy skippin' about. He'd have stood up against the devil himself and lambasted him. There's something in a man like that that stirs your guts and puts an ache in your throat at the same time!"

Fred's voice was vibrant, "Do you think the Kid's got a chance?"

"Not a cat's! McGuffy told me he was puttin' him on just because he is Godfrey's grandson. He said, 'He's one of these damn sheiky collegiates. No guts—but he'll draw the crowd.' Well, I'm willin' to plunk down my one-fifty for old time's sake."

The old figure crossed the street, scurrying from the approach of a motor truck, disappeared into the yawning doorway.

The derision of McGuffy's words sank into his consciousness as a stone sinks into quicksand. His energy thinned to water.

So that was what they thought of him! Putting him on because he was Max Godfrey's kin. Because of that man who lay now in a silvery-grey casket, knocked out at last by life; the man who had once gripped him by the hand and said, "It's learnin' that'll make you a man, son!" Agony wrenched his throat. Where was that manhood now?

He walked away, though streets had lost all familiarity. Children played about, oblivious to him; someone passed by whistling; a phonograph blared into the night . . . but he did not heed. He did not know where he was going. He was a man who had lost his manhood.

Once he saw a clock. It was ten o'clock. He had to stand still for a moment to be sure just where the hands were.

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Like an automaton he turned in toward the row of brown-stone fronts, walked up the worn steps.

He staggered into the hall, groped for the portieres. But there weren't any portieres. He stood wavering, vaguely puzzled.

A slim figure eased into the hall. "Were you beaten?" a soft voice asked.

"O, God—yes!" he said.

"Poor boy! Come in and let your momma comfort you!"

He followed her into the room.

"The coffin!" he cried. "It's gone!"

"Coffin?" she said. "O, my God! What coffin?"

He looked up through the pink light.

"Rose!"

He sank down on the davenport, his arms about her, his lips on her warm cheek.

"I knew," she said, "that you'd come home to your lovin' momma. You always do!"

AN UNIMPORTANT MAN *

By DOROTHY WEST

I

HE awoke to the dig of his wife's sharp elbow in the tender flesh of his side. He blinked for a moment bewilderedly and eased away from her. He glanced at the clock. It hadn't quite struck nine. He wondered, idly, had he a clean collar to wear to church, and began to question wistfully dared he miss the church service just this once, and, the family having creakingly departed, patter about in his disreputable old bathrobe and slippers in the beautiful peace of aloneness.

He smiled. He was very hot and uncomfortable, but he was happy. He wanted, a little foolishly, to burst out laughing. He ached to express his joy. And for a moment he chortled softly with his head drawn under the sheet. But his wife stirred and groaned in her sleep, and he uncovered his head and lay quite still. He began to pray that she would not awaken to shatter the quiet with her shrill complaints. He sighed. He hated his wife. He rolled over gently and looked at her.

She lay on her back with her knees drawn up and her thick braids covering her narrow breasts. One thin arm hung over the edge of the bed, the other lay across her flat stomach. It struck him suddenly, looking down at her, that the bulge of her eyeballs seemed more prominent when her straight-lashed eyelids covered them. For the first time he noted how homely she looked asleep. Her face was unbelievably narrow. There were heavy bags beneath her

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eyes. The small, straight nose that had once intrigued him seemed pinched and too transparent. And with the increasing years of incompatibility the slender, sensitive curve of her lips had blended to a straight, stern line of bitterness.

She stirred again, and the long ropes of hair fell along her side. Her narrow bosom rose almost imperceptibly. He remembered with shamed surprise how he had told her, in the first, happy week of their marriage, that he would kiss her dry, young breasts to fullness. He remembered, too, the color that had rushed to her cheeks, and the instinctive lifting of her hands as if to ward off his lips.

With his own cheeks hot at the memory of that, he rolled to the edge of the bed. And then, as he lay there, his unseeing eyes blinking at the ceiling, a great swell of passion racked him. He shut his eyes. His flesh tingled. Sweat streamed from his pores, and his body itched with urging. Something was draining him of resistance. Almost he heard a light mocking laugh. Dark flesh sank warmly into his. Hot, thick, sensual lips burned his empty mouth. The phantom woman who lay in the grip of his arms was more terribly real than the passionless woman who lay every night by his side.

But after a moment of that sharp, beautiful agony he opened his eyes. The woman drifted out of his arms, and he drew a deep breath that was like a sigh. He wanted to get up and take a bath, but he hadn't the strength to rise.

He could hear his old mother coming down the narrow hall with her grandchild. They would be quarreling, of course, and the old woman would be shrill in ineffectual threatenings. He was sorry for his mother. These last years of her life were as full of toil and travail as the first. He was her only son, and it came to him, rather bitterly, that he had not been a good one. Bit by bit he had broken her valiant spirit. She who had given so much had received so pitifully little. There was ironic sadness, after the years of her teaching of independence, in her complete and unrewarded subservience.

He heard her voice rise. "Mind now, Essie—"

And his first thought was: "I wish t' God she'd stop picking on that child." But on the instant it formed in his mind, he felt a great surge of pity for his mother. And his lips framed an unexpected prayer: "Oh, dear God, let me make it all up to her."

He had a sudden vision of himself, in an oratorical pose of Darrow, eloquently pleading a black man's cause.

He was happy again. Little waves of joy rolled over him. But he had a panicky moment of doubt. After all of these years—bitter years of despairing failure—had he passed his bar exams at last? Rather sheepishly he pinched himself. It was beautifully true.

Well, by God, he had studied—and hard. He had felt, somehow, that if he failed again, it meant the end. The definite blotting out of the already flickering flame of ambition. He would never have had the courage to try once more.

He read the shingle swaying in the wind: "Zebediah Jenkins, Attorney-at-Law." His tongue rolled the morsel over his lips. Lawyer Jenkins. It stood for achievement. It meant respect. Metaphorically he steadied himself on the first rung of the ladder.

But in that instant he heard again a light, mocking laugh.

Amanda, somewhere in the hot sun, laughing . . . laughing . . . laughing . . . calling him fool for his ambition when her arms were wide with love.

He hadn't, he decided, wanted to be a lawyer. He hadn't, he found with surprise, wanted to be anything. His only childhood ambition had been eventual marriage with Manda. He had never seen beyond a two-room cabin.

He would always remember the night he had cried out his love for Manda. His mother had been doing last-minute things; and he had trailed after her, in hot protest, meanly refusing to help.

For Manda, at dusk, with the wisdom of Eve, had bound him eternally to her with her darkly beautiful body. They had not made any promises. To both of them the North had

seemed so far away they knew with bitter certainty they would never meet again. For Manda it would forever suffice that she had been his first love.

In a rush of scarcely articulate words he had told it all to his mother.

For a long time she had not answered. But presently, her voice very low and gentle, she had laid bare her heart. She had shown him Manda's hot young passion as a sorry thing beside her steadfast devotion. She had not, however, told him that a man must choose his mate but not his mother.

He had not known that he was a sentimentalist. The years of her widowhood were to him a glorious record of sacrifice. He was just beginning to realize the purity of mother love. He knew a sudden sense of shame at his lust for Manda. In a swift moment of refutation he hated her for what he could not then call her honesty. With a rather splendid gesture he offered his mother his future to mould it as she willed.

She was in the bathroom with Esther. He could hear the little girl gargling her throat, and his mother's impatient: "That's 'nough, now. Jus' look at this floor." And then a faint scuffle, and his mother again, "You keep on, now. You jus' spoilin' for a spankin'."

And Esther's bold young voice—and he visioned her, arms akimbo—"Yah, yah, yah! You just try it."

Against his will he was envious of Esther. He couldn't imagine himself at ten talking back to his mother. "Oh, my God!" he thought, and would have laughed if tears hadn't stung his lashes. He wanted passionately, this August morning, to lazily drift down a Southern stream with Manda.

He decided—feeling, however, his betrayal of his mother—that he was proud of Esther's independence. He was glad, rather fiercely glad, that she knew enough to stand up to people. No one would ever—no one must ever—shape the course of Esther's life. He would rather starve in the streets than drag his child back from the stars with his heavy hands on her skirts.

His mother was tapping on the bathroom door that opened

into his bedroom. "Min, y'all up? It's ha' past nine. I done started the coffee boilin'."

Minnie blinked awake and started up on her sharp, pointed elbows. Her voice was thick. "Who? Huh? Oh, that you, Miss Lily? Awright."

She sat up then and hugged her thin knees, her mouth a wide, red cavern of interrupted sleep.

He told her pleasantly, "It's a nice morning, Min."

She regarded it imperturbably. "Yeh," she said.

He flung back the sheet and swung his legs over the side of the bed. He was boyishly eager. "I could eat a house."

"Seems to me," she said with conscious meanness, "you'd be sick and tiahed of the sight of food, cookin' in a white man's kitchen ev'ry day."

All of the sparkle went out of his eyes. "It hasn't been easy, Min."

She felt a certain compunction. "Well, it shouldn't be hard no longer. Things ought to brighten up in no time now, since you passed that bar exam."

He was pathetically grateful. His words poured out eagerly. His nostrils dilated. His moustache quivered a little. He sat there, on the edge of the bed, in a humorous nightshirt that showed his thin legs.

"I guess you're right about that, Min. Guess this old ship's steered clear at last. Guess we'll know a little plain sailing now. I knew my God would answer my prayers."

She snorted a little. "If you'd done more on your own hook 'stead o' waitin' 'round for God to help you, you'd 'a' got on faster. That's the main trouble with all o' you niggers."

He could not quite veil his annoyance, but his tone was very patient. "I don't like to hear you talk like that, Min. I don't like it. *That's* the main trouble with us colored people—trying to act like white folks, mocking God. Let me tell you, Min, these white folks don't know nothin' 'bout slavery, and prejudice, and causeless hate. They've never had to go down on their knees and cry out to their God for

deliverance. It's all right for them to talk like fools. But for us poor colored folks, it ain't!"

She was pale with vexation, but she had no adequate words to express her grievance. She said with childish irrelevancy, "Why don't you go on an' take your bath? You ain't got your sign painted yet."

He got to his feet and made an unexpected reply. "But I'll have it done pretty soon."

"You better see about gettin' an office," she conceded. "I see a nice place to let down on Tremont Street and I think there's three or four good size rooms in back."

"I'll see about it," he answered, "first thing to-morrow. But I'm not going to stay down on Tremont Street long. I've never wanted nothing but the best."

He entered the bathroom then, his cheeks burning with resolute purpose. Above the running of the water he heard her swift retort, "You'd oughta be content with anything, this late age."

He tried to smile at his suddenly strained reflection in the glass above the bowl. "I'm barely forty," he told it defiantly. "All o' ma's people live to be ninety."

But there was no lessening of the pain in those mild brown eyes.

He turned away dispiritedly and slumped into the tub. And he wasn't ludicrous, somehow, screwing about in the too hot water.

He was hating Minnie and wishing passionately that he had never married her. The long, dark hair of his golden bride was the silken coil that had trapped him.

"If I had to do it again," he thought with rueful humor, "I wouldn't do it."

II

All of the uneventful years prior to his marriage had been almost wholly devoted to an unhappy pursuit of what his mother sternly defined as independence. Even back in the South there had been daily lessons toward this end with

the invalid Marse Jim, who was always faintly amused at the grim determination of his pupil.

He looked, as he squatted on the porch, his brown toes wriggling, as if the last thing in all the world he would have chosen for himself was a career. He should have been swinging down a sunlit road, thought Marse, with a fishing rod over his shoulder and the image of a little black girl bright on his vacuous mind.

However, with praiseworthy courage he had shut one ear against the sensuous blandishments of spring in the South and let old Marse's droning voice pour into the other just sufficient knowledge to enter him in high school.

It was then his mother had got out the old cotton stocking that was heavy in her hand. "The No'th," she had said with something like awe, and her eyes had been like stars.

He was a shy, sullen boy of seventeen when he entered high school. The North had fallen so far short of his dream of it. Boston bewildered him. It was a bustling, unfriendly place where the young Irish hurled "Nigger!" at you on every other corner. He dreaded the classroom, feeling his bigness and his blackness and vaguely resenting them. He thought, after the first few days, he would rather die than rise to his awkward feet and recite, in his hesitant, Southern drawl, in that crowded, hostile room.

Thus he learned to bar it out of his consciousness by continuous and absorbing daydreams.

He spent seven years in that high school.

Zeb helped his mother after school in the house where she worked by the day. There was scarcely a moment, after he flung down his books, when there wasn't something to do. The house thronged with children and careless older people, and Miss Lily and Zeb did the thorough work of a competent staff for the salary of an underpaid cook.

It was funny, watching them both going about that delightful house, knowing their thoughts: "This place ain't nothing to what we'll have some day." They had, poor tragic things, to live in the future.

Zeb graduated when he was twenty-three. Miss Lily went.

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The building, nor the teachers, nor the parents awed her. She thrilled to everything. She thought her heart would burst with happiness. It was the one great moment of her life. She, too, like other negro mothers, God knows why, had lived in the hope of this exalted hour. To her, as to so many others, that stereotyped stretch of paper was, for her son, the passport to a higher life.

She had not learned the pitiable wrongness of living for one's child.

Afterwards there was the long debated question of college. It was that shook Zeb out of his apathy. He had looked down at his little gray mother and been suddenly honest and somewhat ashamed. He had been overwhelmed with a strange sense of failure. He wasn't, he saw with brutal clarity, dependable. His future was too uncertain to risk the slim savings of his mother. For a moment he had a horrid foreboding that he would forever disappoint her. He decided then, dejectedly, to go out and get a job.

But they had compromised. Zeb, too, oddly eager, the fervor of Miss Lily inspiring him. He would work until he had saved enough to pay his own way to college.

He got the none too strenuous job of redcap in South Station.

It was there, two years later, on a Thursday afternoon, he met Minnie Means, a slim, shy girl like a lost white bird in the vastness of the station. Impersonally he had taken her proffered bag and led her to a cab, alone deploring the smallness of the expected tip.

At the door she half-way turned, apologetically slipping a thin dime into his hand. Her face all lovely confusion, she asked in a slow, soft whine, "Look heah, Mister Redcap, could you please be so kin' as to tell me whar Ah could get a room 'round heah with a nice, quiet cullud fam'ly?"

He gave the driver his own address with his heart pounding like a hammer.

In the days that swiftly followed, for the first time in his life, his mother's counsel could not guide him. Past and future were forgotten in the immediate beauty of Minnie.

He would have rejected his hope of salvation for a single moment of complete possession. He was, however, honorable enough about his wooing. Two weeks later they slipped away and were quietly married.

In the blissful month that passed all too quickly, they had a perfectly riotous time on his two years' accumulated savings.

Thus it was four years later he had the small-salaried job of second cook in a self-service lunch room, a little larger flat that his mother helped pay for, and an exemption from overseas service because of a dependent wife and child.

At first he had been glad he had escaped the draft. It was a white man's war. The President had said so. Well, let him fight it unaided by his darker brother. And why, Zeb reasoned, not without logic, should the black man avenge others' wrongs when he, himself, struggled in a maze of them?

And then one day he was caught in a cheering crowd that was watching a negro regiment march by. In the first few moments he was stifled by the embarrassment he always felt at the sight of a concourse of colored people. And he felt a swift indignation that they should be grouped in a separate regiment. Even the war could not reveal them brothers under the skin. They were going, poor fools, ironically enough, to fight for justice.

But suddenly all of his bitterness was swept away in the beauty of a tall, black boy, straight and fine and gloriously eager, marching sternly on because he was free and proud, and he wanted, a little bewilderedly, to do the right thing.

And in that instant Zeb wanted frantically to break into that line. He didn't want to go home to Minnie, and a fretful baby, and a mother whose reproachful eyes spoke her unsatisfied hopes. He wanted, with all of his heart, to redeem himself on the battlefield. To return to a proudly sad family with a Croix de Guerre and a wooden leg.

There was something, he found, watching that boy's splendid back, bigger than one's prejudice, bigger than one's

president, to be fought for. And that, he saw, with his eyes squeezed hard against tears, was the country God saw fit to have one born in.

The next day he sneaked into a recruiting station on the Common and was kindly but firmly rejected because of his flat feet.

In 1919 he was thirty-two. And he didn't want to be. He was afraid of the advancing years. He had done nothing. He had got nowhere. All that remained were unfulfilled dreams.

It was then young Parker drifted into his life. Parker, the kitchen slavey, with his youth, and his courage, and the will to do. He hadn't a tenth the advantages Zeb had had. He was the illegitimate son of an intense dark woman and a worthless black man. But he had vowed, all of his unhappy, struggling years, to outreach their littleness.

In slack hours Zeb taught him the few things he had remembered, and later lent him the few books he had kept. Young Parker's eager brain absorbed like a sponge. In a year and a half he was ready for night high school. In two years he had finished with honors.

That was only the first lap, he told Zeb. And immediately he decided to go again to night school to study law. There were no visions in his eyes. They were bright with reality. He knew, this young Parker, what he wanted. God, alone, could have stood in the way of it.

Miss Lily talked with him, eagerly. Her eyes were wet. Her voice was not quite steady. And instantly Zeb knew.

"Look here," he had said, growing frightfully warm, "say, guess I'll go along with you."

Parker passed his exams at the end of the four-year term. He had known, of course, that he would. With little surprise from either, it had been Parker, during those four years, who was teacher and adviser. However, despite his tutelage, Zeb failed to pass. For the first time in her life, Miss Lily openly cried. For the first time, too, Zeb was sorrier for himself than for his mother.

With her tremulous pleas ringing in his ears, he obediently

repeated the year, and again took his bar exams, feeling only a vague curiosity concerning the outcome. He dared not doubt his passing, but he somehow could not honestly believe he would. Perhaps it was a merciful indifference steeling him. For the second time he failed.

And then there was Miss Lily, bravely undismayed. "Times was hard las' year, son. It was a struggle to make both ends meet. It would sorta have surprised me if you had gone and passed them exams, worryin' an' all like you was. Jus' you try again, son. God will hear my prayers."

Zeb was thirty-nine the third year he repeated. He entered the class with dogged determination. He could not fail again. He knew that he would not. It wasn't egoism. It was only that he could not see beyond his failing. The hour *must* strike for him now. He read his Bible daily and prayed with childlike earnestness.

He had felt only an intense relief the morning the post brought the succinct letter informing him he had passed.

III

The family was at table when he entered the dining room. Miss Lily was pouring his coffee. "Jus' set right down, son."

It was good to be alive on a morning like this.

He said expansively: "You look right bright, ma. . . . How's Essie?"

She screwed up her little eager face. "Good mornin', papa."

He sat down at the head of the table and helped himself liberally to pork chops and hominy.

"You all certainly got a nice breakfast this morning, Min."

But she wasn't pleased by his compliment. "It must be cold now," she told him. "I never in my life saw a man so slow. I bin waitin' 'bout an hour to get in that bathroom. Looks like we never will be on time for church."

She rose, dragging her kimona about her. "Don't you

spill nothin' on that dress now, Essie. Miss Lily, you oughtn't to of let her put it on until jus' time for church. She's a don't-care young one like her father. And, Zeb, no need o' you eatin' slow so's you won't be ready when we start. We're all goin' out o' this house together this mornin'."

She left them visibly breathing sighs of relief.

"I declare," said Miss Lily, finishing her biscuit, "Minnie don't speak one pleasant word from one week to another.

"You kinda fussy, too, gramma," Essie observed.

"Your pa," said Miss Lily, hurt, "never said a thing like that to me in all his life."

She went on with her game of spooning the grounds in her milk-diluted coffee. "Papa was scared of you, wasn't you, papa? I ain't."

He corrected her gently. "Don't say *ain't*, dear. Papa wants you to grow up a lady. You never hear a lady using English like that."

The eyes in her beautiful, little dark face glowed somberly at him. She had all of the youthful loveliness of her mother in brown. She was thin and nervous and passionately eager.

"But I don't want to be a lady, papa—that kind. I don't want to go to college and learn things. It hurts my head, papa, it does. That's why I'm glad," she said with the honesty of children, "you're going to be a lawyer, and buy a big house, and be rich an' ev'rything. Then I won't have to be smart and make money for you and mama and gramma. And I can just be whatever I want. And I guess I'll be a dancer."

The word was anathema to Miss Lily. "Not while they's strength in my body to keep you off the stage. You'll have your own dear mammy to bury if you keep that wil' idea in your head. Both o' our fam'lies is church-going people. None o' 'em's ever done nothin' bad."

"Actresses ain't got the name they used to have, ma," Zeb interposed. "There's good and bad women in all walks

of life. And I don't b'lieve in stifling a child's natural impulse. Sow the seed and let it sprout unaided."

"Choked by rank weeds," said Miss Lily grimly. "They never was a garden yit that didn't need a gardener."

"But you can't force a flower that hangs its head to stare up at the sun, or a plant that lifts its face to the rain to bend toward the earth without," he said coldly, "breaking its stem."

"Then I'd far rather see this chile dead," she said quietly, "than a half-naked dancer on the stage."

"I think, ma," Zeb answered seriously, "the one thing that matters is Essie's happiness."

Miss Lily got to her feet. She stood above her son, this little, stooping, old lady whose hands and lips were trembling. Nervously she smoothed her neat, black gown and patted her soft, crinkly hair, while a torrent of eager words beat against her mouth.

"An' could Essie be happy livin' in sin? Could I say without shame my son's only chile is a dancer? Zeb, listen, son, I don't know how it'll be later on, but to us po' cullud people right now our chillen is all we got. They is our hope, an' our pride, an' our joy. They is our life. We live for them, and oh, son, we gladly die for them. An' all us po', strugglin' niggers want is to send our chillen to school, so's we can tell them white folks we slave for my chile's jus' as good as yours."

She wet her dry lips and blinked her eyes free of tears. Her voice was sharp.

"Essie's a chile. She don't know what she wants. She jus' heard somebody talkin' 'bout dancin'. But *we* know, Zeb, we older ones." Her voice dropped to soft pleading. "Don' she bring in nothin' but ones and twos on her card? She's smart, Zeb. That gal's got a head on her shoulders. She's like me. I want her to do all I might 'a' done if I'd had her eddication. And, Zeb, if you died, or somep'n went wrong, I'd work these old fingers to the bone to sen' that gal to college.

"She's got somep'n in her. I see that. This chile's got

the power to be anything. She don't want to sit down and trade on her looks. They's too many good-looking girls in the gutter. Let you brain work for you, chile, not your face. You got to remember that always."

Essie's eyes were on Miss Lily, wide, and serious, and intent. She was interested but unmoved. Grandmother was an old woman. Old people were fools.

Miss Lily went on. "Do you think I ain't a proud woman today? My son's a lawyer. Miz Bemis' son's a lawyer, too. It means you're his equal. An' I'd tell her so in a minute. But when you was only a cook, you wasn't. You was a white man's servant. And young Fred Bemis was his own boss. Oh, son, nobody knows the anguish I bin through. Nobody knows how I've prayed to my Maker. If it'd taken a thousand years, I would 'a' waited and hoped. They ain't nothin' I've done for you I regret. They ain't a grey hair in my old head, they ain't a line on my old face, they ain't a misery in my old bones that I ain't glad it's there, if it's meant the independence of my chile!"

She fled the room then, with her hand pressed hard against her lips, but both of them heard her sob.

It was Essie who broke the silence. "I hate women, papa," she said dispassionately. "They're sissies."

And before he could frame a shocked reply, she had asked him, off on another tangent, "What is a sin, papa? Isn't it lying and stealing and not helping blind people? Then how is dancing a sin?"

She was bewildering him, but he was suddenly very proud to be a parent. He saw himself at the outset of a "talk" with his daughter, and he was immensely flattered. There had never before been this intimacy between them.

He had meant to answer, "Because good women never go on the stage. And good women never sin." But on the verge of it, he looked at her, and her eyes were too clear and honest and eager for him to put her off with a platitude. He must grope, rather blunderingly, toward her honesty.

"Dancing isn't a sin," he told her, "unless you make it

one. There is no good, there is no evil in the world really. The good and the evil lie within you."

He didn't quite believe that, and he half thought he had read it somewhere, but Essie seemed to understand.

She said quickly, "Like Reverend Dill, huh, papa, winning all that money on the numbers?"

He was just a little annoyed. "You mustn't repeat things, Essie."

But she ignored that. Her voice was confidential. "Gramma doesn't know, does she, papa? Dancin' can be beautiful. Maybe she thinks I mean just jazz, but dancin' can be other things, beautiful things, papa. Like on your toes, and like birds and things. You—you know, papa."

He was beginning to. And he saw, suddenly, that his little daughter was growing up and learning to express the thoughts that had heretofore found chaotic release through symbols on scrap paper.

"When I was younger," he said, "I used to go a lot to theayters, and I've seen some real pretty dancing."

"Like fairies in a wood, huh, papa? Like—like thistle blowing."

He tasted his coffee and found it cold and set it down. He pushed back his plate and folded his napkin.

"Is your heart really set on dancing, dear? Tell you the truth, papa sorta wishes there was something else you wanted more to do. But if there isn't, nothing could induce me to stand in your way."

She smiled at him and stretched her slim fingers across the table to pat his hand.

"You're orful nice, papa, this morning. Honest you are."

He beamed his gratitude. He wanted to kiss that lovely hand, but he hadn't the courage. To him had now come the inevitable realization that his daughter was better than he was. He felt a certain awe of this exquisite child.

She said, "You know why I really want to be a dancer, papa?"

"It's the one thing you can do best," he concluded, trying to help her reason.

"No,"—her eyes were soft—"Nonnie can beat me dancin'. It isn't that, papa. It's—something else."

She was silent for a moment, and he sensed her struggle for expression. Her face was sharp with the pain of it. Her nails were dug in her palms.

"I don't know how to say it, papa. I know it inside of me, but it won't come out. I told gramma dancin' 'cause I didn't know how else to put it. I'd just as lief sing. I'd just as lief do anything—beautiful." She caught her breath on that. "That's what I mean, papa. I—I just want to be something that's beautiful, I don't care what it is."

With a sharp sigh he averted his eyes from the innocent glory of her face. "It's hard," he said gently, "for colored girls to do things that are beautiful, like acting in plays, or singing in op'ra, or dancing in ballets."

She got up then and came around to him, putting one foot on the rung of his chair. She rubbed her chin over his closely cropped head, and her long, dark curls fell over his face.

"Nothin's ever going to be hard for me, papa," she said with conviction. "God didn't make me that way."

They were late for church again. Old Mr. Myrick frowned at them as they entered. But Zeb didn't mind. Miss Lily hurried down the aisle to her accustomed seat in a front pew. Minnie rustled toward the beckoning Lize Jones, with the whispered admonition: "Now don't you let me hear your voice, Essie." Zeb and his daughter sank down gratefully in the back row.

He bent to her ear. "If it makes you nervous, you just tell papa, and we'll sneak out."

She snuggled her hand through his arm. "Nobody's screaming yet."

He leaned back complacently, balancing his straw hat carefully on his knee. He would have liked to come early enough to join in the singing. However, he was glad he had missed the announcements. There might have been some stupid social to which Minnie would have dragged

him. And, too, he had forgotten to stop at the corner store for peppermints to change a bill for collection.

Reverend Dill was exhorting. Zeb remembered what Essie had told him, and he was puzzled by the obvious sincerity of the man. His deep, rich voice was clear and strong. He chanted his words, striding the length of the platform, pounding the little table until the single rose trembled in the vase, one fist stuck in his pocket.

"You that are sinners had better repent. For no man knows the hour when the Son of Man cometh. And there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. O brothers, O sisters, get on board. Drop your burdens at the foot of Jesus. Drink at the fountain of His love."

A woman's shrill wail shattered the echo of his thundering. "Oh, praise God, my Redeemer! I bin washed in the blood of the Lamb!"

There was an answering rumble from Brother Wheelwright. "Glory be to ma God!"

Zeb felt Essie's hot grip on his arm. He looked down at her and smiled reassuringly. "It's all right, dear."

Her sensitive little face was anxious. She snuggled closer to him and furtively peered up into the face of the old lady sitting next her. She hoped she wasn't the sort that carried on. But the old lady's head was nodding vigorously, and her lips were moving. Essie's little heart began to beat rapidly. She wished they could have sat beside an indifferent young man.

Zeb was sorry for Essie. He knew that now she had forgotten the minister and his sermon, and that her whole being was trained toward the slightest sound. She was almost impatiently waiting for some one to sob or scream. He couldn't understand her terror. He had been brought up in the Baptist church, and he honestly thought there was no other faith that could take one to heaven as quickly. Neither his mother nor himself had ever felt the urge to give public vent to their feelings. But he didn't see any wrong in it. He was often deeply moved. There were moments, too, when he wished the Spirit might descend upon him that he

might shout his praise for God in this sympathetic congregation.

Reverend Dill's voice was a wail now. "Listen! Do you hear Jesus knocking at your heart? Open to Him, sinner. Don't let Him stand out there in the dark, fumbling for the latch. Lay your burdens on His breast. Come to Jesus! Oh, great Lord! See Him standing in the seat of Pilate. Come to Jesus! The King of Kings being stripped and scourged. Come to Jesus! The Lord of Heaven with a crown of thorns. Come to Jesus. See Him dragging up a weary road, bearing that heavy cross. Sinner, sinner, He died for you! Come to Jesus!

"They drove a nail in my Lord's hand. Come to Jesus! They drove a nail in my Lord's foot. Come to Jesus! Oh, see my Lord with blood streaming down His side, and His head bowed down with the sins of the world. Oh, hear His lonely cry, 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?' Brothers, sisters, He gave up the ghost and died. Come, come—get ye behind them, Satan!—come to Jesus!"

They were in a religious frenzy, this shouting, stamping congregation. There was a rush of weeping converts. Brother Wheelwright paced the aisle, clapping his hands, crying his praise, the tears streaming down his cheeks. The older women had risen to their feet, and they bent and swayed to a fervent chant. The universal gesture was a flinging up of arms, and then a sudden slump down in the pew, spent. The youngsters nudged each other, pointing out the noisier Christians, giggled. For a long five minutes there was noise and dreadful disorder in this house of God.

The old lady beside Essie had got to her feet, and her continuously outflung arms were perilously near the tip of Essie's nose. She twisted and turned, a little mad with her love for God in this moment. Her words were wild. "Oh, my Redeemer, I bin saved! Shout for joy! Praised be his name. . . ." The odor of sweat was sharp.

And suddenly Zeb, in a quiet exaltation, was swept from the heights by Essie's voice, shrill and choked in his ear.

Only then was he conscious of her vise-like hold on his arm and the nearness of her shaking little body.

"Papa, papa, I wanna go home. I'm gonna be sick," she sobbed.

He gathered her up in his arms and flung out of the nave and raced with her down the stairs.

IV

Later, weak and ill and tearful, she told him, her dark eyes black with bitterness, "I hate good people, papa. I hate ev'rybody who goes to church. I hate ev'rybody who makes me nervous."

He somehow could not find the words to rebuke her.

Young Parker dropped in after dinner. He was on his way to pay a social call in the neighborhood. And since it was the incorrect hour of seven, he had decided to look in on Zeb and congratulate him. Heretofore he had been so busy . . . and that sort of thing . . .

He looked very expensive and prosperous, and he prattled a good deal about a new Marmon he was thinking of buying, and he held the reluctant Essie on his knee and gave her a silver dollar.

They sat in the overcrowded parlor, that was cluttered with Sunday disorder. And Miss Lily and Minnie beamed at young Parker, and smoothed their stiff frocks, and murmured apologies. And Zeb kotowed no less.

It was only Essie, slipping from his knee and going to stand sullenly by the window, who felt no pride in him. She was thinking that there were little beads of grease on his forehead, and his nostrils distended too much when he talked.

"I knew," he was saying, "you'd make it, old timer. The sun do move, you know. And heaven knows, if there's one man who deserves success, that man is you. You've been the most faithful kind of a son and husband all your life."

Miss Lily's eyes filled with grateful tears. "There is a God, and He answered my prayers. I guess," she went on

with quaint pride, "these old hands will have done their las' lick o' work after Zeb gets really settled."

"I sorta think," said Zeb, "I'll take tomorrow mornin' off and go see 'bout that office you spoke of, Min. I'll be getting my certificate any day now. And I've already talked with two or three men who got cases they want me to handle."

"Fine!" Parker was honestly glad. "I say, that's good! And I got quite a few minor cases I'll be glad to switch to you. Anything for old times' sake." He patted Zeb's knee.

Minnie smiled. "You're a good man, Mr. Parker. You're goin' to make a nice girl happy some day."

"I got her picked out," said Parker, expanding. "A real Sheba."

"A Boston young lady?" Miss Lily asked.

Parker made a disparaging gesture. "Go out of the North when you want to get married. She's a little Washington school ma'am."

"I've heard," said Miss Lily, her lips very tight, "'bout them Washington school teachers."

"Good Lord!" said Parker, "she's a society girl. Five years ago she wouldn't have looked at me. Why, I'm getting into the cream of Washington society."

"I wouldn't marry an old teacher," cried Essie hotly. "I wouldn't care who she was."

"All nice colored girls are teachers," Parker said coldly. "They either do that or sit down on their parents. There's nothing else for a real nice girl to do."

"Then I won't be a nice girl," Essie screamed, "and I won't be a crazy old teacher. I'm gonna be naughty all the rest of my life, so I can be a dancer."

Minnie rose excitedly. "I'll break ev'ry bone in your body. Idea you talkin' back to folks. An' talkin' like a fool 'bout dancin'. March right on out o' here an' don't come back. An' I'll take the switch to you later."

Essie crossed to the door and opened it. She stood quite still for a moment, savagely surveying them.

"I wish," she said slowly, "children needn't be born. I

wish a mother hen could hatch them. And then they wouldn't have parents and other people to boss them. And they wouldn't be scolded, and spanked, and put to bed without even any supper. When I have my little baby, I'm gonna give her to the cat."

She slammed the door then, and they heard her run swiftly down the hall.

"Jus' give me time," Minnie called angrily, "to come after you."

Miss Lily rose, too. "Seems a shame that chile's got to break up the Sabbath. Ain't a day goes by she don' need a spankin'. But Minnie's got the right idea. She's breakin' that gal's spirit young. And she'll only grow up to thank her."

"It's too hot," said Parker suddenly, "to spank a child."

"I only hope," answered Miss Lily, going, "Minnie don' have one o' her spells."

"I hope to God," Zeb flung at the closed door, "she does."

There was a long pause. Parker was horribly embarrassed, and Zeb terribly ashamed. He had never wished ill to anyone before. Suddenly he decided, staring hard at a spot on the rug, that he loved his little daughter above everything in the world. He rather wished he had been a better parent.

"It's quarter to," said Parker, rising and pulling out a heavy watch. "I got to be going, Zeb."

"Sorry," said Zeb, and got rather heavily to his feet. "Have a nice time."

"Oh, I guess I will." Parker's tone was easy. "The Blakes are dicties, you know. Real quiet and refined. All of 'em have been to college, even that old grandmother."

"You're pretty swell," Zeb told him, his mind still on Essie.

"No." He was striving for honesty. Zeb was the only middle-class intimate he had. In this moment he wanted definitely to express his thoughts aloud to someone who didn't really matter. And he was fond of Zeb.

"I'm not a swell, really. I'm not sure I want to be. But

I do mean to make a good marriage—for my children's sake. There are too few colored people who realize the importance of good blood. And it tells, Zeb. You can pick out a dicty anywhere, no matter if he's black with woolly hair."

"I know," said Zeb, but he wasn't interested. He had a vision of Essie, dry-eyed and unbending.

"And I'll make a big name for myself some day," Parker went on. "I mean to. I sorta feel that I've got to. Race pride, I guess. I wouldn't change my color to be President. And I want to go up and up and up. I want to go just as high as a white man—and then just a little higher.

"Look here," he said, and shook Zeb by the shoulders, "that's your chief trouble. You dream too much. Man alive! Wake up and get going, old timer. Way down deep in me I sorta like music, but nobody's ever going to know it."

But Zeb didn't answer. He had heard a faint thump as of someone heavily falling, and had suddenly aged ten years.

"Oh, my God," he whispered, "that's Min again. 'Nother spell, I guess. See you later, Parker."

He opened the door and quietly waited until his guest had passed.

V

Minnie lay white and rigid under the sheet, with that weight on her heart, and her eyes that were wide with terror and pain on Zeb. They clung to him because she knew so long as they held to him, they looked on life. And Minnie was afraid to die. She was afraid of God. All of her life she had visioned Him as an immense Person who could rattle your sins off like a flash. And although she knew herself to be a really good woman, she was also well aware that a white sin counted just as much as a black one. She tried to recall an encouraging sermon Reverend Dill had preached a few Sundays past. But all she could hear was her own voice whispering dire threats to Essie for being so fidgety.

Suddenly she felt that she must talk. If death were im-

minent, there were so many things that must be said. For Zeb was a fool about everything.

She gave a sharp sigh and felt her body relax. She stirred and carefully shifted her position until she lay on her right side, staring up at her husband.

"Zeb."

He sat very stiffly on an old dining-room chair at the head of the bed. He looked down at her without emotion. For the last fifteen minutes, with utter calmness, he had been carefully trying to decide whether or not he wished his wife had died during her spell.

"How are you feeling now, Min?"

"A little better," she said, brushing a tangle of hair from her eyes."

"You got to be more careful, Min. You oughtn't to let things make you mad. Essie's a big girl now. She's too old to keep getting spankings."

"That's why I'm afraid to die," she fretted. "God knows how you'd raise my child. Essie's a headstrong young one what needs guidance."

He made a helpless gesture. "Wouldn't love do as well? You two'd get on better if you were more gentle with Essie. It's only natural that she should have her own opinion 'bout things. I've talked a long time with that child."

She flung him a vicious taunt. "I ain't like you. I don't think people's perfect because they's pretty. Upholding that chile in her dancin'. Miss Lily told me. I'll beat it out of her if it kills me."

His eyes were gleaming. "It very nearly did."

"An' I guess," she said, "you would 'a' bin glad. You and Essie. You're 'like as two peas, you two. Don' care nothin' 'bout eddication. Seems like ev'ry mornin' I jus' has to drive that young one to school."

"You're doin' the wrong thing, Zeb Jenkins, when you encourage that chile. Neither you all's got common sense 'nough to fill a keyhole. What could she ever make out o' her dancin'? Some rotten man would ruin her before she got out of the chorus."

"Zeb," her voice was sharp with pain, "you think I don't love my baby? Why, she's mine! How can you judge a mother's heart? I'd cut off my hand in a moment if I thought it would do her any good."

She was sobbing weakly. Tears welled out of her eyes and ran obliquely into the damp tendrils of her hair. She seemed pitifully helpless.

"You bin to high school, Zeb. You got a lot of book-learnin'. I went as far as the third grade and then had to stop to take care of my mother's baby. Nobody but them what knows can realize what it means to be so ignorant. You bring them books and magazines here, and all I can understand is the pictures. When we go to plays, I don't know nothin' people is sayin'. I just like to sit and sleep in the movies. And when I hear those big bands playin' real high-tone music, it don't sound like nothin' to me but a whole lot of noise."

She was whiter than the sheet in this moment of terrible honesty. Zeb was more moved than he had ever been before. For the second time that day he felt absolutely unworthy before these two who were so utterly unlike—his wife and his child.

Her voice was thin and high. "I'd rather my chile died right now than grow up an ignorant woman like me. Listen, Zeb, dancin' ain't bad. Nothin' is bad. Sin is what you make it. If you was makin' a big lot o' money, I wouldn't min' Essie takin' up dancin'. I'd know no matter what came of it, her future would be secure.

"But, Zeb, we got to be honest. You ain't a young man. And, Zeb, you ain't a smart man. The only thing really 'bout your bein' a lawyer is it takes you out o' a white man's kitchen. I don't expect you to mak' hardly more than it takes to eddicate Essie.

"Zeb," she raised herself on her elbow, her eyes burned into his, "you got to promise that whether I live or die, you'll sen' my chile to college."

But in that instant, very clearly, he heard Essie's voice,

shrill and sharp in his ear: "I don't want to go to college and learn things. It hurts my head, papa. It does."

"Min," he said miserably, "I can't. Honest to God, I can't."

She fell back on the bed, and her hand fluttered to her heart.

"You might as well kill me, Zeb, as tell me that."

He got to his feet and crossed to the window. He stared up at a cheerfully winking star. He wanted to cry.

"Zeb," Minnie's weak voice beat upon him, "you didn't mean that, Zeb. Oh! no, Zeb."

"Essie's got a right to decide her own future," he cried jealously. "I'd bin a better man today if my mother had let me live my own life."

"You might 'a' bin slavin' in a cotton field. You might 'a' bin swingin' from a tree. And then, God knows, you would 'a' blamed your mother."

He did not answer. He had no words to combat her truth. He stood quite still in this silent room, torn between his evident duty to his wife and his given promise to his child.

And standing there, sick in spirit, he remembered the years of his childhood, and his boyish, unshakable faith in God. So it was then, haltingly, he repeated an almost forgotten prayer.

"Oh, dear God, if it's right for Essie to go to college, by tomorrow please give me a sign. I humbly ask it in Jesus' name. Amen."

He turned and came back to Minnie, and knelt by the bed.

"I sorta want to think it over, Min. I trust God to help me decide what's right. Sometime tomorrow I'll tell you sure. You go on to sleep now. You already sorta brought me 'round to your way o' thinking."

She smiled, a tired valiant smile that, oddly, lit her whole face, that transfigured her, for a glowing moment, with the hope of unselfish triumph.

"I trust God, too. I can rest easy, Zeb. I ain't worryin'."

For the first time in a great many years he kissed her on her mouth.

A few minutes later he fell asleep with a half-smile on his lips.

He started awake at the postman's familiar ring. He had slept a good deal longer than he had meant to. But it was nice of Minnie not to have waked him. He guessed that she had long been up, pressing his one good business suit, baking hot biscuits for his breakfast.

He stretched luxuriously. He had slept soundly throughout the night, waking only once to listen contentedly to Minnie's regular breathing. But his dream had been a queer jumble. And on recalling it, he felt a vague alarm, a confused dread of the inexplicable.

He had fallen asleep presently to dream that Minnie had died, and his mother had laid her out, in her old kitchen dress, on the new plush sofa in the parlor. And he had taken Essie by the hand, and they had run out and away; but always, no matter how far they ran, they had found themselves back in that dreadful room. And then there was Essie, with her head neatly bandaged, sitting on old Marse's wide verandah, recklessly turning the leaves of a ponderous volume. While it seemed to him, helplessly watching her, the incessant rustle of the pages would drive him mad.

And last, he had stood in a courtroom, with a sheaf of paper in his hand, trying to prove to Parker, stern and unbelieving in the judge's seat, that he was a dicty. And in a swift moment it wasn't Parker sitting there but Manda, with the little yellow dog they had buried long ago. And Manda was crying because it was dead, though it lay on her lap joyously licking her hand. And suddenly it seemed to him that there were a million steps between them. And no matter how many he mounted, she forever remained inaccessible.

VI

He heard Essie's sharp rap on the door. "Papa, you wake? Can I come in? You got a letter this mornin'."

"Stick it under the door," he commanded. "I ain't dressed."

He got out of bed and shambled across the floor, a bit grotesquely comic in his shuffle toward fate.

As he bent to pick up the letter, he had the thought: "This may be a kinda sign like I wanted."

He opened it with fingers that trembled.

The words leaped out at him and burned upon his brain. "Bar Committee . . . Dear Sir . . . regret to inform you . . . fraud discovered . . . all of the innocent with the guilty one . . . examinations must be retaken . . . unfortunate ('Oh, my God!'). . . ."

He was never to remember how long he stood there, staring down at the open letter. He suffered every torture of the damned. Later he would have sworn he did not even breathe. He thought that he had died and gone to hell.

And it might have been a minute later, or an hour, that he found himself by the window, and presently heard his own horrified whisper, "No, no, I can't. Oh, my God, I can't. Colored people don't do such things."

He went and sat down on the edge of the bed and buried his stricken face in his hands.

He thought calmly, "I better look like getting to work. You can't fool with these white folks."

But rage swept down upon him. His throat was choked with hatred of himself.

"You fool!" he cried. "You G—d—cook! You failure!"

He shook with the terrible fury of self-revilement.

Slowly, then, his eyes filled with tears. He was horribly racked by violent sobs, that presently left him washed clean of despair, knowing a certain, sad peace.

Thus he thought, absolutely without reproach, "That was the sign I wanted."

He understood now. He had been shocked to self-revelment. He must save Essie from the terrible fate that had all but crushed his spirit. And if she fought bitterly for release, God give him strength to hold her. She was too much like him, too much the idle dreamer. And he had wrongly encouraged her. It had taken this brutal awakening to show him. Well, he would spare Essie this moment. Sup-

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pose—oh, dear God—suppose that Essie had flung herself out of that window. All of the loveliness of Esther in a crumpled, blood-soaked heap.

Essie was fond of him. Essie trusted him. He would straightly guide her toward the goal of independence his mother had vainly desired for him. After all, she had really no definite ambition. Except being something beautiful. Well, there was beauty in everything, and in nothing unless you found it.

He was proud of his child. She was so brilliant. Why, she was already a grade beyond her age, and leading her class. It would be, of course, an unpardonable sin to indulge her childish whim and neglect that glorious brain of hers that could sweep her to the stars.

Essie owed it to herself. Essie owed it to her mother. Above all, Essie owed it to her race. That was it. He saw it now: the inevitable truth that Essie must face and brand upon her heart.

The race was too young, its achievements too few, for whimsical indulgence. It must not matter whom you loved; it must not matter what you desired; it must not matter that it broke your heart, if sacrifice meant a forward step toward the freedom of our people.

He went down on his knees by the side of the bed. "Oh, dear God," he prayed, "keep me well and strong, to work for my child and send her to college. Guide Essie's footsteps. Show her the truth. Help me teach her to love her race above ev'rything. Let me live to see her shine like a star. I humbly ask it in Jesus' name. Amen."

The room was filled with the echo of sadly mocking laughter.

A VIOLIN GENIUS OF TEN *

By DORON K. ANTRIM

CARNEGIE HALL, New York, has written many important chapters in the musical history of America. But seldom has the venerable old edifice bestirred itself to such a high pitch of excitement as it did on the evening of December 12, 1927. The casual observer, noticing the long line of limousines out front, the clamoring mob containing an unusual number of boys and girls, which seethed in the lobby and refused to disperse even though a harried attendant kept shouting "No more standing room," observing all this, he might have remarked "Must be a Kreisler night." And he might even have continued in this belief had he heard but not seen the performer.

Were you fortunate enough to possess a ticket for this gala occasion you would push your way (not without much difficulty) through the milling throng on the outside and about the doors and aisles and then to your seat, more or less disheveled for your experience. You would hear a mighty wave of applause surge up as a chubby little golden-haired boy with short pants and bare knees threaded his way through the maze of auditors on the stage toward the footlights. He would be accompanied by his teacher and accompanist who tuned the violin which the boy carried while the latter contemplated the vast sea of faces with embarrassment and eager friendliness intermingled. You would see the lad take the fiddle, adjust it with an air of confidence and soon be negotiating with ease the diabolical difficulties of the *Devil's Trill* sonata. You would perceive queer smiles appear on the

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faces of seasoned concert goers who had heard practically every noted violinist play the number. The audience would be incredulous for a moment and then enchanted. And so would you.

Then you would hear the unaccompanied *Chaconne* of Bach, that "supreme test of any violinist," delivered with a calm authority, round fullness of tone and understanding which amazed the audience still more. And thus through a program which would have taxed the endurance of an Ysaye the boy played with apparently undiminished vigor and enthusiasm.

There is an irresistible appeal about youth, particularly youth coupled with achievement. One somehow feels in the presence of a force superior to mundane, mortal things. On this evening the audience felt a thrill somewhat similar to the one which the nation received when Lindbergh conquered the Atlantic Ocean. Here was a lad of ten who had subjugated violin masterpieces upon which some violinists expend a lifetime of devotion. He responded to five encores while the audience on the stage almost mobbed him, climbing over chairs trying to touch him, to kiss him, and finally pulling to bits for souvenirs his baskets of flowers received after the Mozart *Concerto*. After finally shaking himself free from his admirers when the last encore was played, he went swiftly to his family and friends waiting in the artist's room and, boy fashion, registered a strong desire to partake of an ice-cream soda.

The public is given to much speculation regarding the musical prodigy. It is often held that such a one does not live a normal life, that his time is wholly taken up with music, that he is pampered and fails to mature, etc. It might be interesting, therefore, to have a look into the brief life of this boy, who is hailed as one of the really great talents of the age, in an effort to find out what his life and training have been, and this information was secured from Louis Persinger, the boy's teacher, who stated that he was glad of the opportunity to give a true account of the boy's develop-

ment especially since there had been some inevitable misrepresentation in the press.

Yehudi Menuhin was born in New York City, where his father had attended City College, but shortly thereafter the family moved to San Francisco, where the father was appointed superintendent of the Hebrew Schools. Both of Yehudi's parents are fond of music but neither of them professes unusual talent or instrumental attainments. They rarely missed a symphony concert, however, if it was possible to attend, so when Yehudi was a little over a year old he was taken regularly to the concerts of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Many babies would fuss and cry when kept awake for a symphony program, but not baby Yehudi. He soon evidenced a keen delight in such serious fare as Brahms, Beethoven and "even" Bach. When he grew a little older he began to recognize various members of the orchestra, the first of whom was the genial conductor, Alfred Hertz, who must have looked a trifle formidable to young Menuhin, with his heavy black beard and shining bald head. There was one other member of the orchestra he soon grew to know and look for and that was the concert-master, Louis Persinger, a fact which had most to do with his later development.

Of course Yehudi's repeated demands for a little violin could not long be denied, so at about five years of age he was allowed to begin to study, in a modest way.

One day Cantor Rinder in San Francisco told Mr. Persinger he knew a seemingly very gifted boy, one of a remarkable little family, whom he should hear play. But Mr. Persinger had heard such things before, since to a child's parents or friends the child is invariably remarkable. So being a busy man he forgot about the incident. But the cantor was persistent, and after two or three later refusals told Mr. Persinger that he simply *must* hear the child. So he decided to have done with it, and a meeting was arranged.

"I was impressed with just two things about his playing," said Mr. Persinger. "He played for me a piece of De Beriot, demonstrating a quite strong feeling for rhythm and the firm

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grip of his little chubby chin on the violin while his owl-like earnestness amused me considerably! Although I had certain misgivings over the boy's tender years, never having had the experience of instructing any one that young before, I finally decided to take charge of his musical development and see what I could make of the young man."

As a matter of fact Yehudi, who had shown a mind of his own from the first, had himself "chosen" Mr. Persinger as his teacher. He had acquired an instinctive liking for the violinist from seeing him on the stage at symphony concerts and chamber music programs; he liked his quiet restrained manner, his pleasant smile, and admired his playing above all. So he told his mother he wanted to take lessons of "that man," which request later resulted in the cantor's solicitation. This feeling has since ripened into one of real affection of pupil for teacher as well as teacher for pupil.

"The boy seemed to absorb everything I taught him as a sponge absorbs water," continued Mr. Persinger. "His progress, both as to the musical and technical side, was very rapid. We began our study of a new work, after its general character was made clear to him, by going over it phrase by phrase, I playing a phrase, he imitating it as exactly as possible, and the manner in which he grasped things as we went along was a constant source of joy and surprise to me. Of course the *musical* side of our work has always come first, but the gradual technical development marched along side by side with the other through the study of standard works and exercises of my own invention. Yehudi's reasoning powers were extraordinary, quite aside from his musical gifts, and to correct a fault you needed only to draw attention to it once or twice, as a rule. Sometimes when a point was a trifle elusive I would appeal to his sense of humor with which he is fortunately blessed, and get it over to him in that way. I sometimes turn from the piano when I am illustrating the musical structure of a new work for him and am startled to see the intense look in the boy's eyes. He has very beautiful, expressive eyes, anyway, and sometimes in

their quest of the beautiful, they seem to be looking far and above the earth to some distant land.

"Yehudi acquired things so quickly and memorized so rapidly that one of the chief problems was that of restraint. He showed a tendency at times to 'run away' with passage-work, to hasten over a slow movement without plumbing its depths, which after all was most natural! Other difficulties have been that his fingers are liable to 'kick in' on the vibrato—at first he had a funny little wiggle which passed as such—and that his bow is much too long for his arm. He now uses a full-sized violin and bow. But the only occasion on which I ever showed impatience was when he was playing the slow movement in the Mozart *E flat Concerto* evidently without thinking of its true significance. I slammed the music shut and told him to go home, to use his 'good mathematical head' to figure out the exact rhythms, and not to return until he had thought out every note of the movement, could play it slowly and bring out its real beauty. He was quite startled at this unexpected outburst and slunk from the studio with his head down. How badly I felt I need not say! The next day he came in rather timidly since he probably thought me still 'enraged,' made right for the piano without saying a word and opened the score at the slow movement. We began to play without preliminaries. There was great improvement, the beginnings of real feeling for the work, and I 'thawed' out. Yehudi was very sweet, and happy relations were once more established. But we continued to work on this adagio with great care and introspection. Shortly afterwards Mr. Gabrilowitsch came to hear the boy play and we played this *Concerto*. The slow movement in particular was done with such beauty and understanding that Mr. Gabrilowitsch was moved to tears. So my show of 'temper' had its effect after all and I won my point, although inside I felt like a brute.

"When the Persinger String Quartet came east in the fall of 1925, Mrs. Menuhin and the children came to New York so that Yehudi might continue his lessons. In January, 1926, he made his first New York appearance, at the

Manhattan Opera House, which was followed by a number of sensational offers for further concerts, all of which were promptly refused. Shortly thereafter we were back in San Francisco, resuming the regular routine of work. In March of that year he appeared with the San Francisco Orchestra, myself conducting, playing the *Spanish Symphony*, Lalo. This was the boy's first appearance with orchestra, although he had already studied his concertos with the orchestral scores and we had gone over them sufficiently for him to become familiar with the orchestral parts as well as his own. In November he played the Tschaikowsky *Concerto* with the same orchestra, in the Auditorium, with Mr. Hertz conducting.

"Recently in New York in order to accustom him to outside distractions I rehearsed him on the stage when workmen were shouting to each other, hammering and otherwise raising a regular bedlam. I thought if he could play and remain calm in the face of such confusion an appearance before three or four thousand critics in Carnegie Hall would be a simple matter!

"We worked much in the same manner before his very first orchestral appearance in San Francisco; I warned him to keep cool, and pretended to be the conductor, shouting at various miscreants in the orchestra! And at his first rehearsal he played with all the apparent ease of a veteran!

"A year previous to his appearance with the San Francisco Orchestra, Yehudi had been clamoring for the Beethoven *Concerto*. I had put him off as long as I could, but finally I could stand him off no longer. So I told him we would take the Mozart *E flat Concerto* first, to get away somewhat from the spirit of Wieniawski and Paganini, and would then study the Beethoven. This information was received with unfeigned glee and we began work at once on the Mozart. I spent about an hour and a half carefully showing him how to practice it. That was Wednesday afternoon and he did not play any more that day, being out enjoying the freedom of the beach with his two little sisters. On Thursday and Friday he practiced about three and a half

hours each day and on Saturday he came to me with the entire concerto memorized! But his eagerness to get to the Beethoven no doubt accounted for the inconsiderate playing of the slow movement, some long notes which became short ones and measures of rests which ceased to exist at all! But this will give you some idea of the speed with which he learns. Invariably he will do more than the lesson I assign. I will tell him to practice some arpeggios and scales in thirds in certain keys; he will proceed to play them at the lesson and half a dozen others, as well. The day following the New York recital I gave him the first movement of the Vivaldi *Concerto* in C major to practice; he came the next day with the two outside movements practically committed to memory.

"But, to return to the Beethoven, since he had learned the Mozart *Concerto* as required, even though we came to some grief over it, there was nothing else for me to do but give him the Beethoven *Concerto*. 'We' agreed to study it very slowly, however, and he, remembering his erstwhile experience, was more than willing to work in that way."

On his recent visit to New York, Yehudi played this concerto with the New York Symphony Orchestra conducted by Mr. Busch. There was some discussion about the Beethoven *Concerto* before it was programmed. It was held that the work was too "big" for an "immature" boy to perform. Mr. Busch tried to persuade Yehudi to play something else. "But" said the child, "I have waited all this time to play it." And so it was played, with a maturity and nobility of conception which astonished everyone present.

On more sober thought the idea of Yehudi waiting "all this time" to play the Beethoven *Concerto* may not seem so strange. The boy now possesses the mentality and outlook of a man of thirty. He is not only phenomenal musically, but intellectually also. When he was eight and a half years old he was examined by school authorities of San Francisco and pronounced ready for high school. And yet he never attended school, his parents looking after his entire education. His parents, by the way, are both exceedingly

cultured and mentally alert, gifted with a rare appreciation of beauty and a sense of balance which keeps their vision of the boy's possibilities on a high pedestal. Yehudi can now speak and read three languages; recently he read Hugo's *Les Miserables* in the original. Shakespeare is one of his favorite authors and he has read most of his plays, having been introduced to Shakespeare through the Lamb tales. He is well versed in the Talmud and reads it with insight. Mathematics amuse him greatly and he shows extraordinary skill in this subject. Some two or three years ago Mr. Persinger showed him the rudiments of chess; just recently they took up the game again and Yehudi remembered every opening that had been shown him. The boy's thirst for knowledge of any sort seems inexhaustible. In teaching him Mr. Persinger has never resorted to the baby words which you might expect to be addressed to a child. He will say, for example, "Play that with more attention to tonal values, more contrast." What thought would this convey to the average child of eight or ten? To keep abreast of the world's thought he reads *The Nation*. His father wrote to the editor of that magazine in a letter dated December, 1926, as follows:

"A few days ago, while on a hike with his best friend . . . I overheard their heated debate about Debs. His friend told him that the high school teacher had called Debs 'a down-right law-breaker,' to which Yehudi answered that 'on the contrary Debs was not only a lover of humanity but also a lover of human individuals!'"

The Menuhin household is conducted on schedule since it is in a sense a school as well as a home, with the parents as the principal teachers. Yehudi has two sisters younger than himself who "go to school" with him. He rarely associates with boys his own age; they would not understand him. There is a time for history, for language study, for music practice (although here Yehudi has gradually been permitted more leeway), for recreation and exercise. Yehudi does not play to the extent as do some children of his age; he is not over interested in childish games. But music is

such a vital and buoyant thing to him that he is probably happier than the child who spends hours in the playground or on the streets.

One of the chief concerns of Yehudi's parents is to keep him the sweet, unspoiled person he is and not to allow his early success to go to his head. Consequently anything he reads about himself is carefully censored and all superlatives deleted. People who see him are warned beforehand not to praise him. Slips do occur however. An impetuous admirer rushed up to him after one of his New York appearances and said "Why, you played that as well as Kreisler." This person was promptly banished from the room by an irate mother, who said afterward, "Yehudi, you did not play that like Kreisler, you played it like a street musician."

Were Yehudi "exploited" now there would be grave danger of his whole musical growth being stunted and his nature becoming spoiled. But he has been withdrawn from public gaze for a year of quiet study with Mr. Persinger, in California, after which he will be permitted a few more appearances—and then back to work again. After his New York concert in December, 1927, his parents were besieged with offers which would have netted them a small fortune. Wealthy patrons of music tried to engage him for private musicals, offering as high as \$5,000 an appearance. Offers from managerial offices have poured in naming fabulous figures. They have all been refused, although the family could well use the money. Everything is being done to bring his phenomenal gifts to fruition.

Considering the present attainments of Yehudi, one wonders what outlook on life he will have at twenty or at thirty. Will he be like the rich man's son who, having every material want so easily gratified, loses further interest in life? Or will there still be realms to conquer; still goals to be attained? I asked Mr. Persinger about this and found him emphatic in his hope for Yehudi's continuous artistic growth. He said to me, "The youngster realizes perfectly well that there *are* further fields to conquer, with an ever-distant goal ahead, and that no such word as 'perfection' should be found in an

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artist's dictionary! And although Yehudi has studied many standard works of the repertoire there still remains a great treasure-house of musical literature which we have barely touched. So with his parents endeavoring to keep the boy from every unnecessary strain, guided by high and unusual ideals for his future, and far from wishing to commercialize his superb gifts it should be a long time before Yehudi Menuhin has the opportunity of becoming musically blasé."

SINS OF THE FATHERS *

By FRANCES BRADLEY

BABIES had become such an old story in Po Patterson's cabin that it had caused slight comment on the mountain to hear that Saludy Ann was expecting again. Neither did the dawning news arouse any excitement in the family. Ruthie and the other children would help their mother with the same unconcern as on previous occasions, whether she were bearing a baby, setting a hen, or caring for a cow that was calving. In fact the coming of a colt would be a far more thrilling event. There would be the breaking and training, riding, and the later satisfaction of having a regular horse to the plow instead of poor old sway-backed Sadie who had surely earned a respite in the pasture.

Saludy Ann caused the first commotion of her life therefore when, at break of the tenth day of childbed fever, she asked for a drink of water, whispered to her husband, "Wall, Po, I reckon I'm goin'," turned her face to the wall and died.

Stunned, aggrieved, Po exclaimed, "Why Saludy Ann, you're not a-goin' to leave me this a way. What kin I do with this passel of chillen?" gazing in dismay at the herd of tousled, uncombed, unwashed youngsters who scrambled from their beds and gathered round their father and mother at this unwonted termination of childbirth.

The news traveled as if by wireless. Before noon friends, relatives, strangers from far and near, mainly far because Po's nearest neighbors lived ten and seventeen miles respectively, came, some afoot, others a-horseback, and a wagon

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load of his brother Clum's folks came prepared to stay "till arter the funeral."

Tied to trees in front of the cabin the horses, pestered by aggravating flies, restlessly shifted from hip to hip and switched their tails. They rubbed noses and wondered what it was all about. Surely this was not the mill, nor the meeting house, their rendezvous on every third Sunday. Anyway it was better than hauling timber down the rough mountain trail or plowing stubbly fields, and their long yellow teeth champed tender tips of sassafras and persimmon overhanging the zigzag fence.

One by one, men, women and children walked circumspectly into the cabin, laid back the quilt and looked at the sallow, serene face of Saludy Ann. She was at rest for the first time since she and Po had married. Her high cheek bones and thin straight lips were little paler than in life, but her hair was brushed neatly back, and the fronts of the calico dress in which she had died were closed with a bar pin—little Ruthie's effort to make her mother presentable for this final appearance before her friends.

In deference to the dead, guests stepped to the door and disposed of certain impediments to dignified speech before condoling with the bereaved husband. One remarked, "Wall, Po, hit seems hard to onderstand, but I reckon hit's the Lord's will." Po stood dejected at the foot of the bed, ran bony fingers through his stringy locks, and protested, "I don't see how Saludy Ann could a done sech a thing. Of co'se I knowed in reason she was po'ly, but jes last night I made a ooze of tansy to ease her mis'ry, and told her take a good drenching of golden seal tea, but I was that busy in the fodder. I don't know if she did or no."

"Leastways she's gone now and hit's not for the likes of you and me to question the ways of the Almighty. Hit's as much as we 'uns kin do to run this end of the line and not bother with His'n," and Mrs. Coggins reached for the wailing baby lying on a folded quilt between the mother's bed and the wall.

Other women busied themselves about the cabin. One

steadied a pot of water over the smouldering logs; another tidied up the room; others, with the help of the children, hunted a change of clothing for their mother. The men gathered on the porch and agreed among themselves to dig the grave; secure suitable lumber for a coffin; and if possible to locate the preacher who followed the saw mill for a living but divided his ministerial duties between adjoining charges.

The parson had gone to the next county, and it was impossible at this time of year to delay the interment. They decided therefore to hold the burial the following morning and postpone the funeral until after the pending death of granny Patterson who lay ill of "pneumony fever." The women had grave doubts also of the baby's chances. He looked to Mrs. Coggins like a blue baby in which case he was not long for this world, and it would seem fitting for Saludy Ann's funeral and her baby's to be preached at the same time even if they might not be buried together.

Saludy Ann's friends gathered about the open grave and testified to her virtue, steadfastness, and loyalty to her lights as she had seen them. They added a word of sympathy to the sorrowing husband and children, and their quavering voices whined, "Oh Where Can Rest Be Found?" With the quiet and decorum that had marked her life they laid the woman away, shoveling the dull-red clay and shaping up the grave at the foot of a lone rose of Sharon with its purplish-pink blossoms.

After the burial all went their way except Clum's family who returned to the little cabin in the cove. Mrs. Clum silently rolled up her sleeves and started a kettle of peas and white belly to boil while she made a mess of corn bread for dinner. Po and Ruthie turned their attention to the crying baby who rooted with his little pinched face seeking, seeking the unattainable. Ruthie restored to his eager lips the lost sugar tit of sugar, bacon grease, and bread tied in a bit of soft old cloth, while she prepared a more welcome cup of weak coffee which made him smack his lips for more.

The other children, though hushed and solemn, began

slipping back to the kitchen safe for a cold sweet potato or piece of bread. The pile of fat, yellow biscuit left from breakfast rapidly disappeared, and the children became insistent in their demands upon their sister. Po tried to keep them quiet but the little Po's and Saludies were more impressed by internal clamorings than by external remonstrances. Also it must be admitted that as a disciplinarian the original Napoleon outstripped his modern namesake, who watched his chance and escaped to the back yard.

Here he and Clum watered the horses, loosened their halters and brought them each an armful of unhusked corn from the crib. They wandered out to look at a pile of "pins" Po was cutting from a recently discovered thicket of locust; they strolled to yon side of the spur where Po had a small "mikey pit," furnishing desultory occupation for a rainy day, splitting and grading it 'gainst the coming of the purchasing agent of the stove, automobile or electric company. He showed Clum how the sun was ruining his "sang," and threatened once more to repair the dilapidated trellis which failed to give the required shade. In one way or another they whiled away the time until they were called to dinner.

Ruthie and her aunt stood on opposite sides of the table and "waited on" the men and children, giving to each a generous portion of peas, fat meat, corn pone, and filling their heavy cups with strong black coffee. Ruthie kept a firm hand on the can of condensed milk lest its contents be surreptitiously tilted into the cup of a venturesome child. Few words passed, and soon one after another passed a sleeve over a greasy mouth, slid from the table and disappeared. The women, for Ruthie might no longer be classed as one of the children, ate their dinner in silence, washed the dishes, and dried them on an old flour poke. They stretched a flimsy piece of mosquito netting over the table, and joined the men on the porch. Here, with chairs tilted against the house, they chewed and talked, talking being a side issue.

Mrs. Clum was of a direct turn of mind, and proceeded at once to settle the affairs of the baby. She did not agree

with sister Coggins that he was a blue baby "for," she declared, "he is pidied right now and wheezes like he was phthisiscy; or," she reflected, "he may have bold hives," in which case he must be cupped two or three times a week, and Ruthie was too young and inexperienced to undertake such a procedure. As for herself she would be glad to do for Saludy Ann's baby as she believed Saludy Ann would have done for her'n, but she lived too far to be traveling to and fro, and the chances were that Granny would not last longer than the change of the moon. Just now however the old lady was the only one of the family having a bed to herself, and "somehow hit'd be onseemly to sleep a little new baby with a ole dyin' woman."

Ruthie arose in the dignity of her new responsibility and declared that she herself was going to raise this baby. She had holped her mother when Jodie was down with the flux, and had practically raised the twins when her mother had been po'ly. She knew how to feed him, how to wash his clothes and, as for cupping, she had plenty of little gourds saved for seed and her aunt could show her how to apply them to the baby's back and how much blood to draw.

But Ruthie was mistaken. She could not raise the baby. He died, which was perhaps a mercy, for before many weeks Po was brought home by a gang of choppers with whom he had been working, paralyzed from the waist down by a falling tree. For weeks, yes months he lingered, losing steadily in strength and temper. From sun-up the children shunned the cabin, and at sun-down they crept in the back way, got a bite of something to eat, and slipped silently to bed. They were never hungry or cold. People on the mountain saw to that. Corn, sweet potatoes, white meat, sugar, coffee, kerosene and, at butcherin' sausage and fresh ham were the offerings of friends. There was wood in plenty, and it is probable that Saludy Ann's children had never been so comfortably and adequately clothed.

For all that, it was a relief to everybody concerned when word went around the mountain that Po had been gathered to his fathers. Late on a winter's day he was laid beside

Saludy Ann and the baby, and as his friends beat the mound into shape, husks fell from the lone rose of Sharon where pale purplish-pink blossoms had been.

Ruthie was dismayed. She found it impossible to hold her family together. Hardly realizing yet her own freedom of thought and action, she felt keenly the responsibility of her younger brothers and sisters. They resented her reluctance, "meddlin'" they called it, in their acceptance of welcome, new-found homes. As she could offer no alternative, however, the little household went to pieces and with many misgivings she saw Jodie go to a distant brother of Po's. Clum and his wife took the twins, and the rest of the children swelled the families of relatives and friends.

Ruthie herself had been invited to make her home with the family of Jem Hanson, old friends of her parents. They had left the mountains for a cotton mill town when Ruthie was quite a small child, though she remembered her father's affectionate regard for Jem, or "Quack" Hanson as he called him, for it was claimed that his toes were webbed like those of a duck. Occasionally Mrs. Hanson had written a labored letter to Saludy Ann urging that she and Po follow their example and seek the comfort and prosperity of the village. But Po and his wife were not to be tempted. By the combined efforts of the family a reply was concocted explaining that they were still inclined to let well enough alone. They reckoned they would live and die under old Bald.

These friends now offered Ruthie a home and to help her get a job in the mill or, if she preferred, she might go to school for a while then take a business course and, eventually, marry anybody she chose—a dazzling vision for the young mountain girl to whom matrimony was the traditional aim of life.

Ruthie wrestled with herself. She knew quite well the unqualified disapproval of her parents for the ways of the wicked world, meaning any place other than their own secluded mountains. She knew also that such a change meant virtually cutting herself off from all past associations and relinquishing her responsibility as an older sister. Her con-

science was troubled and she could feel the condemnation of Po and Saludy Ann. But the urge of youth was insistent. Yielding to an alluring if devastating fate, she packed her few belongings in a telescope borrowed from the teacher and started out alone, fearing yet craving adventure.

The Hansons met her at the train and made her welcome to their home. It was a simple cottage like those to the right and left, and near enough for the women to visit from porch to porch. This was a novel sight to Ruthie, but she also noted that this nearness of neighbors precluded the possibility of garden, grass or trees. Especially she missed the stately oaks, chestnuts and hemlocks towering silent but friendly over the little cabin in the cove. And she craved the great hickory logs crackling, flaming blue, green, orange in the generous fireplace, instead of this shallow grate with its handful of sooty coal. They drank water from an iron pipe while she thirsted for a draft from a clear, bubbling spring.

There was however a tiny parlor with imposing plush furniture and lace curtains the like of which Ruthie had never seen. There were garish pictures on the wall, especially in the girls' room, and she looked again and again to be sure if the brazen hussies were really naked or what seemed worse, in their scant, suggestive drapery. The rooms were small and crowded, Ruthie sharing a bed with one of the younger children while the two older girls had a bed in the opposite corner.

Ruthie hardly recognized the bobbed-haired, red-lipped, rosy-cheeked Hanson girls with legs that made you blink to make sure they were not bare, as the solemn-faced children who used to sit next her in Mount Zion Sunday School; or who climbed the mountain with their parents to spend the day with her family while the men snaked bark or timber down the trail.

When she recalled these instances or delivered messages from old-time friends, they seemed not in the least interested, and tossed their heads thankful, they said, to let bygones be

bygones. They seemed openly amused at Ruthie's lapses, but noted with perplexed annoyance that, even with none of their acquired artifices, their young visitor was sought by all the village sports whom they had considered their own special following. "Little vamp," they called her.

Mr. and Mrs. Hanson had changed less, and Ruthie clung to them as the only connecting link between herself and the past which seemed slipping from her. To be sure Mrs. Hanson was very unlike Ruthie's mother. She wore corsets, at least when she went out, and her thin, stringy locks made sorry puffs over her flaring ears. Also she had a wonderful display of glistening teeth in place of the straggling roots Ruthie remembered.

Mr. Hanson walked with the same stoop. He seemed restless-like and uneasy when the girls were around. Under their eternal vigilance he might no longer cool his coffee in his saucer, nor eat with his knife. Ruthie found him going from the table to the back porch ostensibly to get a drink of water, though in reality to pick his teeth in peace. He seemed more interested than the rest of the family in hearing of old friends. He wanted to know how the Gainseys and McDougalls got around the stock law; if old Doc Hanrahan was still hitting the booze; and if the revenue officers had succeeded yet in running down Jake Caulkins. In his opinion Jake was too slick a customer for them.

Mr. Hanson had overcome much of the original reserve of the mountain-bred man. He emphasized his jokes with Ruthie by a pat on the shoulder, or matched her firm, muscular arm with the skinny or the soft, flabby arms of his own daughters. He insisted that Ruthie was one of his girls and that she was to come to him for anything she wanted. Above all she must see the sights, which consisted of an occasional picnic, dance, or box supper, and movies twice a week.

Ordinarily the family would do the dishes and go all together, but if perchance Theda Bara or Clara Kimball Young was being screened, the girls might sneak out, leaving their mother and Ruthie to do the work, themselves sitting through

both performances and slipping off later with the boys for a joy ride. This meant that Mr. Hanson would spend the evening in the porch swing beside Ruthie, while Mrs. Hanson dozed in her easy chair until, more asleep than awake, she would go off to bed leaving them to wait for the girls. Ruthie often wished she had gone with the young folks though in a way that seemed even more hazardous. In either case she was perplexed by experiences she knew not how to meet.

This was a new life for the unsophisticated country girl. She had been the only child for so short a time, the next one coming so soon and the next and the next, that she never remembered the love and attention lavished by the mountain family on "the baby one." In fact tenderness and solicitude shown by an adult to any but an infant is, in the lexicon of the mountain home, an unfailing sign of weakness. It simply isn't done. And at school and Sunday School she had been thrown with girls and boys of her own age so seldom and so casually that, adolescent as she was, the whole matter of physical attraction and sex stimulation lay dormant within her. Life to Ruthie meant cooking, sewing, washing, ironing; planting, hoeing, foddering; and caring for mother's children, the quality and quantity keeping always a little ahead of her broadening shoulders.

It was a revelation therefore to find this live, vibrant world. Unawake, unconscious as yet of her own possibilities, she saw with the keen, calculating eye of the mountaineer that girls here dressed very unlike girls of Bald Knob; that they behaved very differently with boys and men than with those of their own kind. She would also have been blind had she failed to register their first questioning appraisal as it mellowed into desire and effort to secure her favor.

With all the wholesome eagerness of youth to enter this entrancing life, Ruthie was yet too stable and well-poised to swerve from her determination to see what a town school was like, before committing herself to the cotton mill as the Hanson girls had done. Mr. Hanson commended her decision, and offered to fit her out with the necessary equip-

SINS OF THE FATHERS

ment, agreeing finally to her insistence on considering it a loan. Not satisfied with furnishing her books and board, her host prevailed upon her to purchase more up-to-date furbelows; wanted her to bob her hair and wear flesh-colored hose, "like the rest of the flappers," he laughed. But Ruthie persistently, almost pettishly, refused, and appealed to Mrs. Hanson's protection from a further and unnecessary increase in her obligations to her benefactor.

To the great amusement of their crowd, Ruthie began school, sharing the desk and grade of children half her age. But she was there for a purpose, and forged ahead. Saturday and Sunday she played with the bunch but during the week she applied herself with such diligence and success that the teacher informed Mr. Hanson she would be ready for a business course the following year.

The solution of each problem, the accomplishment of each task gave her added poise and pride in the possession of her new-found power. She became a valued member of the household, a support to the girls in their efforts to polish their forbears, an aid to the parents in their struggle to maintain discipline, and to the children she was a God-send, averting and smoothing over many an embarrassing situation. The latter intervention gave her special satisfaction and reconciled her somewhat to the apparent desertion of her own brothers and sisters. Her love and loyalty to Jodie, the twins, and all the rest found their best expression in service to the Hanson children.

The entire family therefore was concerned, distressed, when Ruthie, heretofore strong and sturdy, seemed ailing. Never sick in her life before, she resented their solicitude and refused to see a doctor. One day however she fainted in school and was brought home by the mill physician who insisted that close application to school work had been too much for her, and that mill work would be much better. He left a tonic which seemed absurd to one of Ruthie's robustness.

After a few weeks the girl announced she was going back to Bald Knob. There was consternation in the household

and Mrs. Hanson, after a heart to heart talk, seemed greatly upset, declared Ruthie to be stubborn, close-mouthed, ungrateful. The girl was undoubtedly ill; there was no doctor near her old home, and none of the cabins round about would be likely to welcome or fitted to care for a sick person. Nor would Ruthie be content again in the narrow, restricted life she had left behind. Mrs. Hanson was quite outdone with the child of her old friends.

The cause of the trouble could no longer be withheld. Ruthie was with child. The girls, enraged, were all for turning her out, the little vamp. She ought to have known better than to let such a thing happen and bring disgrace upon them after all they had done for her.

Mr. Hanson saw their side of it, but for once he was obdurate. As her father's friend he could not desert "Po's po' little gal." They must stand by her. Perhaps she ought to go to the hospital. As for returning to the Knob, that was out of the question. If Ruthie left their home it would be for the river or the dogs. Maybe if he would go in and talk with her, pray with her in the good old-fashioned way, she might confide in him the name of her betrayer, the scoundrel.

Mrs. Hanson gave him a level look but said nothing. Ruthie refused peremptorily to see him or in fact any one except Mrs. Hanson to whom she clung like a child. This non-committal woman was still mountaineer enough to realize that two were responsible for this situation, and relentless enough to determine that two should pay the price. Ruthie was not going to a hospital, but would stay with her and, putting a cot in the hall for her husband, she moved the silent, lonely figure to her own room.

Here one night before any one dreamed of such a possibility, the doctor was hurriedly called, and before morning the little mountain girl was delivered of a still-born child. One man and one woman knew that his toes were webbed like those of a duck.

THE FIRST "BOILED" SURGEON *

By EDYTHE HELEN BROWNE

SIR JOSEPH LISTER, eminent English surgeon, the hundredth anniversary of whose birth occurred April 5, 1927, can fitly be called "the first 'boiled' surgeon" because by introducing white-winged, surgical cleanliness he routed the "good, old surgical stink" in hospitals. He changed the order for soap from guest size to a charwoman's chunk; at an operation he used a pyramid of clean towels instead of the allotted "one"; he goaded the infirmity plumber to renovate the water pipes so the faucets gave pure, cleansing gushes of water instead of cloudy trickles. This much and more Lister did in the name of ordinary, plain cleanness. But to insure aseptic cleanliness, to fortify tattered flesh and mangled bone against infection he applied the sentry chemical, carbolic acid, used heretofore only as a scavenger for Carlisle sewers.

"Why not use it for human sewers of decay?" asked Lister. Affirmative answers rise from every hospital bed to-day.

I recently visited a sick friend in a hospital, a physician who, by the way, was fledged under the mighty wing of Lister. As I was escorted along a spotless corridor by the pinkest, most freshly laundered nurse I ever saw, I felt like crying out with the lepers in *Ben Hur*, "Unclean! Unclean!" Hospital cleanliness, with its odor of carbolic and scrubbed wood, made me feel positively dirty. I wanted to apologize to the nurse for coming at all. I never realized that such an abstract conception as surgical cleanliness could be so embarrassingly concrete. Lister's long right arm had

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stretched across the years to safeguard surgery in this very hospital and in thousands of others.

European hospitals have spotty pasts. First, overcrowding led to complications in disease. In Lister's day infirmaries with broken limbs and running sores, were tumbled together, sometimes two and more in one bed like discarded parts of machinery. A dying man with a gangrene stump clutched in death agony at his convalescent bedfellow, and an erysipelas victim with fever shared the same pillow with a fractured skull damp in bloody bandage. In the ironically named Hotel Dieu in Paris, 1,200 beds accommodated (?) 3,000 patients. The cholera epidemic in 1849 and the butchering Crimean War covered all available floor-space with lumpy mattresses. So the dreaded "hospital gangrene," or Gray Death, as it was called from the cancerous gray lace fluted around a decaying wound, stalked through the wards, smiting by contagion.

For the accident case the public gutter was better than the hospital ward.

To corruptive overcrowding was added filthy, unsanitary, septic contacts. A nurse might raise a window a few inches to shake out a duster; but otherwise windows were dangerous portholes through which fresh air might slip. Consequently the patient sniffed sewery, poisoned air stirring from a hundred cavities of putrefying flesh. John Howard, a philanthropist, writing in 1789, said: "Wards were often so offensive as to create the necessity of perfuming them . . . the physician in going his rounds, was obliged to keep his handkerchief to his nose. While house-surgeon at Glasgow Infirmary, Lister traced a fetid odor to a cholera catacomb, a dead city of loaded coffins under the buildings."

During the first week in April, when wards underwent spring cleanings, families of germs that had tenanted infirmaries fifty-one weeks of the year formed a grand departing caravan along the superintendent's broom. It was Lister's specially sterilized ward of which one superintendent said, "there was nothing dirty in its appearance so it seemed unnecessary to disturb it." In Glasgow Infirmary hot water

was precious; floor mops and soap never got very far beyond the imposing vestibule. Only those hospitals brushed by the immaculate skirt of Florence Nightingale were "fairly clean." The operating room or "theater" in the University College Hospital, where Lister studied, was a stuffy cabin with a wooden table, a greasy gas jet, and one small, shallow basin.

Surgical instruments were kept no cleaner than household scissors. The surgeon dashed his lance in soapsuds, thrust it into a crummy pocket while preparing the patient, and then proceeded to slit an abscess. One probe explored the old-woman's ulcer, the tuberculous wrist of a laborer, the raw wound of a tetanus sufferer. The surgeon's wife made sure the buttons on her husband's operating jacket were secure—for during an operation they were the pegs upon which hung the silk threads used for stitches. The surgeon himself used his teeth to hold the operating knife, pirate fashion, during a lull. He wore a landscaped coat variegated with pus stains and blood spatters. It was a freak garment with grime-encrusted borders, seams and cuffs, standing it up stiffly on the floor. As every stain attested to the wearer's advance in surgery the coat covered proud shoulders.

The eminent surgeon, Sir Astley Cooper, attending George IV for a wen on the scalp, wondered why his sovereign regarded him with a frown. The fastidious king probably suffered more from Sir Astley's soiled surgical jacket than from the operation.

The modern hospital rises on a foundation of scrubbing brushes. Walls and ceilings and corridors gleam with purifying whiteness; beds are skeleton clean between crevices; stone stairways are almost blistered from frequent irrigation with scalding water; doors open and close without creating dusty draughts. The operating "theater" is so situated that a bleaching north light intensifies the general aseptic cleanliness. Corners are rounded and walls are bare to keep out lurking dirt. Forceps, tweezers, scalpels and all other steel fingers that are to repair the human body are immersed in sterilizing solution. Ligatures and bandages

keep pure in airtight bottles. Towels are plucked from a chest with tongs.

The operator is brought up on a surgical conscience. Attired, in the words of Dr. G. T. Wrench, "like a mummer at a carnival," the surgeon is "boiled" into scientific cleanliness. His arms and hands are tinglingly clean after a timed session with a boiled brush, yet his hands are not surgically clean until he has donned sterilized rubber gloves. His white overalls, mackintosh and skullcap have perspired and thrown off all possible germs in a steaming closet. The human breath may be a pathway for germs, so the operator sometimes guards his mouth with an antiseptic mask. Likewise, nurses, assistants and dressers are stuccoed in stiff, spotless linen.

Permeating the entire hospital, like incense rising in tribute to the great Lister, floats the stinging fume of carbolic acid.

Lister might be called a clinical theologist. Disease, especially wound disease, pulpy with suppuration and mortification, was the scarlet sin in hospitals of his time. He believed the sin was the seat of disease, the wound itself; but he also believed in occasions of sin or occasions of disease. Lister said, be content with haphazard cleanliness, be a disciple of carelessness and you create disease.

Lister began by clarifying the wards of Glasgow Infirmary with fresh air and to make sure demurring nurses would keep the windows open he insisted on fires in sweating July. He fumigated lavishly with Condyl's deodorant. He trained his nurses and assistants to wash their hands thoroughly and often, not mere tidal marking at the wrists but up to the elbow with plenty of lather and a final dip in carbolic solution. He ordered layers and layers of clean towels until he was accused by the lay committee of the hospital of "extravagant cleanliness." Sponges floated in bowls of carbolic acid. Shiny instruments lay like water snakes in the bottom of a reservoir of one-in-twenty lotion of carbolic acid. Surgeons' fingers became like sticks of chalk, with continual spraying with carbolic acid. Catgut used for

ligatures turned into a pus-proof bracelet soaked in carbolic acid. This germ-scourging chemical, appropriated by Lister after he realized some agent was needed to kill microbes breeding putrefaction in a wound—(Pasteur had discovered that air was the swimming continent inhabited by microbes)—finally became the universally accepted surgical cleanser.

Lister himself, preparing to operate, did little more than pin a towel before him, roll up his sleeves, wash his hands first in soap and water and then in carbolic solution and proceeded with deft fingers and an anchored faith in the comprehensive properties of carbolic.

Lister's efforts at the seat of disease, at the crater of "hospital gangrene," for instance, were expedient applications of variously proportioned carbolic. The poisonous area about a wound, resulting from pus and collective uncleanness, and spreading from bed to bed like a diseased counterpane, recovered under the caustic action of the restorative acid. Gray Death subsided; during Lister's first eighteen months' experience with carbolic as an antiseptic wound buffer only two cases out of thirteen died. Heretofore the patient with compound fracture and broken skin, "the portal of death" through which bacteria marched like invisible undertakers to claim the victim, resigned himself to hospital fate. Lister and his simple swab of carbolized lint with which he sponged the sore now set the patient on the little-traveled highway to recovery.

Ever solicitous for his patients' comfort, Lister blunted the needly effect of carbolic on a wound by securing a converted form from the English chemist, Calvert of Manchester, that dissolved in 20 parts of water. The famous "antiseptic scab," formed by the coagulation of carbolic and blood sucked from the wound by the acid, became a protective lid against infection.

In this reformed era of Listerine, listerated tooth-paste, listerated cough-drops and listerated chewing-gum, the great English surgeon is the shadowy salesman behind the counter in the corner drug-store.

INTELLIGENCE TESTS FOR ALIENS *

By HAROLD FIELDS

PERHAPS the title of this article should have been, "Ask Me Another." For what answers would you give to these questions?

How many feathers has a goose?

How long is a rope?

What would you call a boy who has eaten his mother and father?

These queries are by no means hypothetical; they are three of a series which forms the basis of a type of intelligence test especially designed to determine the mental fitness of immigrants who seek to come to this country. Evidently, if questions such as those quoted above are answered correctly, the immigrant is mentally fit, despite the fact that these very questions establish a doubt as to the mental competence of the examiners who ask them.

How many feathers has a goose? Not that any intelligent answer could be expected of any one. Yet the immigrant must make a serious reply because the question is part of a test that the medical representatives of the United States Government are now giving to immigrants abroad. The purpose is to save them, if they are found to be inadmissible, the expenses involved and the unhappy experiences of a voyage to this country.

One must admit that this plan of examining the aliens near their own homes is decidedly humane and considerate. At present, it is being carried out in Great Britain, the Irish Free State, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Sweden, Germany,

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Belgium, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Italy and Poland, reaching approximately eighty-eight percent of our quota immigrants in this manner. As far as we can see from results, this overseas examination has already reduced to a negligible figure the number of exclusions in the United States of immigrants coming from those countries in which the examinations are conducted. The general theory and application of the plan are wholesome, for it is manifestly futile and stupid for a man who is afflicted with a loathsome or contagious disease to set sail for the United States. It is inevitable that he will be deported, and it is far better that he should be denied admission before starting.

But the evil of the plan, as it is being carried out today, lies in the fact that the same doctor who examines the alien physically, tests him also for mental deficiencies. Now, all physicians agree that a general practitioner is not equipped by his regular studies to make psychiatric tests; such tests require long, involved and arduous study of this particular branch of specialized medicine. Moreover, the entire scope of the subject of psychiatry is somewhat in the experimental stage and its field is still one of sharp disagreements. Fully three to five years of postgraduate application to specialized study and clinical work are the barest minimum that can be recognized. Yet, according to the statement of the Surgeon General, every officer of the Public Health Service has only had from two to fifteen years of actual experience, and, he adds, the doctors are not sent to Europe until after they have been given special courses of training in neuropsychiatry and psychology! But regular doctors must be unfit for making these mental examinations, who have had but two years' experience for they have not had, of a certainty, enough study and practice. As for those who have spent fifteen years in the service—they are practicing a form of mental examination that is being ridiculed on all sides.

Among the host of questions put to applicants, some that here follow have come to me through personal correspondence from aliens or their relatives, some from field workers and newspaper writers, while others were compiled

by the editor of the *Jewish Day* after long and intensive work.
I submit them as Exhibit A:

How many feathers has a goose?

How long is a rope?

How many stars are in the sky?

How many teeth has a crow?

What is the difference between an automobile and a train?

Which is heavier: a pound of corn or a pound of feathers?

Which flies more quickly; a bird or a fly?

How does a rabbit run?

What happens if you lay an egg under a stone?

When a cat runs around the street at 2 A.M. and all the houses are closed where does she run in to?

How many shores has the ocean?

How many feet has an American cat?

Can you make a house out of butter?

If I lost a pocket book with money in a garden that is round, from what side would I start to look for the pocket book?

If I went into the street and bumped into a cat what would I do?

How much is 7 times 16, and 12 times 9, and 15, and 13, and 20?

Repeat the figures of the above question forward and backward.

When a ship burns and the passengers fall into the water, on what do they live?

What is the difference between coal and wood? (Many of these aliens have never seen or used coal.)

What is the difference between silver and iron?

What is the difference between a stone and an egg?

What kind of umbrella does the King of England carry on a rainy day?

What would you call a son who has eaten his mother and father?

There has been a railroad accident and forty-four persons have been killed. What should be done with them? (The answer of "Bury Them" was ruled as wrong.)

What happens to a goat after it is seven years of age?

I should like to know how a rabbit does run. Perhaps some of these aliens never saw a rabbit. And, pray, how

many shores has the ocean? And how can one bump into a cat? But why continue? These are foolish "catch" questions put to nervous, excitable men and women who are often over-anxious to come here to join their families. These questions are put to applicants for *visas* in most of the countries mentioned and very often to women whose husbands, as American citizens, have petitioned the Government to admit them as non-quota aliens.

In rating the answers, little or no attention is paid to those important factors that are taken into consideration by our alienists and psychiatrists here: the question whether the subject be of the emotional type, whether the varying reactions to stated moods or circumstances have definite backgrounds, what the inherited traits and the histories of the applicants are.

There was the case of poor Mrs. K., whose story is to be found in my file and whom I can visualize sitting on the edge of the chair at the consular office, waiting to be questioned. Her husband left her years ago to come to America to earn enough to provide her and their daughter with a home. He left them tear-eyed, apprehensive, nervous, hopeful. They saw him falter a dozen times, anxious to retrace his steps and not leave them alone. They stood in the doorway and watched him disappear in the distance, beyond which lay America. . . . And the years passed. They were years of lonesomeness, of struggle, of hope, of fear, for the mother and daughter. But at last he was able to send for them. It seemed as though an eternity had passed since the wife had held the husband in her arms, the daughter her father. But though they were apprehensive of the quota barrier, they were heartened by the fact that he was now a citizen. The husband wrote them that Washington had approved and forwarded the applications, that he was rushing along the affidavits and instructed Mrs. K. to report to the consulate with her daughter—to be ready to embark.

Then she learned that her path was not yet cleared. She was told that she would have to undergo certain necessary formalities. Among them, she and her daughter had to prove

that they were physically and mentally fit. And there came the turnstile past which Mrs. K. could not go. In a sense she was illiterate, nervous, anxious—and with that background she was asked these fatuous questions:

What is the difference between a stone and an egg?
What happens to a goat after it is seven years of age?
How many shores has the ocean?

She stared at the questioner. What sort of questions were these? "Was this a time for joking?" she wrote her husband in a letter, relating the incident. Upon what basis should she begin to reply to such questions? They were without sense, without meaning. And so she failed, of course. Now she is to remain abroad for the rest of her days, separated from her husband. She still has, however, the company of her daughter who, though she was told she could come in, nobly preferred to stay by her mother's side. Physically the mother was found fit, her husband could support her, she was admissible outside the quota and in every other requirement she fulfilled the demands for admission. But she could not answer these particular questions. Therein lay her Waterloo. She was mentally unfit.

Innumerable cases like this have come before me. The foremost anthropologist in this country, Prof. Franz Boaz, stated that he had grave doubts of these intelligence tests whose value was greatly exaggerated in his opinion, even when they were carefully administered. He characterized the questions as being supremely ridiculous and showing the utter incompetence of the questioners; and, if any judgment as to the mental characteristics of the person examined should be based on this type of question, it would seem entirely unjust. Professor Edward L. Thorndike of Columbia University, the eminent psychologist, said that the use of such questions in an examination for intelligence was undesirable, even if the general behavior of the candidate upon hearing the question, rather than his answer to it, was used. The late Dr. Max Schlapp, one of the leading alienists in New

York, characterized the entire situation as unworthy of a scientific judgment and distinctly offensive to those who appreciate the technique of this particular profession. These tests are considered by all students and authorities as tommyrot, carrying no determining value at all.

Perhaps the best illustration of the valuelessness of these questions is the case of a woman who was asked to state the difference between coal and wood. In the hinterland where she dwelt, coal had never been seen or heard of; wood and peat were used for heating. Nevertheless, her inability to answer was interpreted as an index of mental inferiority. Had she been able to read, her contacts with the printed word would have taught her the meaning of the term. But ignorance of any accepted formal language had put such an understanding beyond her. Furthermore, the very fact that a verbal intelligence test was given this illiterate woman was only another indication that these tests were grossly unscientific.

I know of no text on the subject of psychiatric examinations that prescribes any but the form test to illiterate people. Not the worded difference between two terms expressed in a halting manner, but the applicant's ability to put separated parts of a wooden block or a design together, or to imitate a series of physical movements or to escape from a maze most quickly—these are the proper determinants. Yet, despite these accepted dogmas and tests, these medical men abroad persist in continuing with the verbal test for illiterates—a test made up of foolish questions.

Without knowledge of the immigrant's background, we can hardly hope to understand the fears and hopes of the alien we are examining. His whole psychosis is to us a void, a blank. In the case of the woman immigrant—and she forms about forty percent of our new arrivals—the examiner ought to know that her history is still one of struggle and disappointment and his tests should be adjusted to her case. She is still poor, though she knows that a home and a competence have been arranged for her long before her arrival,

and she prepares to come here with fear and trepidation. She has suffered for years under circumstances that were harsh and pitiful. Her days and her nights have been filled with unhappiness; for her there has been no recourse to books as an outlet for her miserable condition. Rigorous, economic limitations have left her with embittered feelings and have made her look forward eagerly to the day when she would be united once more with her husband and family. It is in this frame of mind—happy but nervous, hopeful but apprehensive, determined but timorous—that she presents herself for her examination.

One of the chief officials in the Bureau of Public Health Service at Washington, D. C., under whose supervision all of this work is carried on, recently wrote me:

Questions of the general type as those contained in the list (reproduced above in this article) are usually asked of those aliens who are selected for intensive mental examination. All aliens are not subjected to such an intensive examination. Only those are so subjected who are suspected of being mentally defective and the propounding of questions of this type is a part of their psychiatric examination. Considered as identities, these questions are manifestly ridiculous and readily recognized as such by people of normal intelligence. The psychiatric interest in propounding such questions principally attaches to the reaction that the question produces in the alien's mind, with due regard as to its actual absurdity. The literal meaning of such questions is entirely overshadowed by the mental reaction that they are designed to produce. The propounding of questions of this type constitutes but a minor one of many phases of psychiatric investigation necessary to the proper determination of mental stability or lack of stability. Taken alone, they are of very slight import but, considered as part of a whole in psychiatric work, they fulfill a certain requirement.

The various psychiatric examiners propound questions of this general type, varying the questions among themselves from day to day. There are no such definitely worded questions prescribed by law or regulation, but the use of questions of this general type is prescribed as a part of special mental examinations applied to aliens suspected of being mentally defective.

I quote this letter at length because it constitutes an official verification of the questions asked—a fitting rebuke to those who have refused to believe that such questions are actually asked. Washington itself, through its Public Health Service, seeks to vindicate the worth of these questions.

Professor John Dewey of the Department of Philosophy at Columbia University, who is deeply interested in educational standards and tests, stated that he was sure he himself would be rejected as mentally unfit for admission to this country on the basis of this type of questions. He said, "The questions . . . are so absurd as to be incredible if they were not well authenticated . . . I do not wish to be extreme, but in my mind they throw doubt on the 'mental fitness' of the persons who ask such questions, at least, for occupying such responsible positions." And Dr. M. S. Gregory, who is reputed to be the foremost alienist in this country rated the test by saying, "The questions . . . are obviously inadequate; some of them are . . . absurd." In such fashion are these tests evaluated by greater authorities than these doctors abroad.

Very frequently the response to foolish questions is foolish answers. Particularly is that the natural reaction where, as in these instances, the alien is in a nervous state and skeptical as to the purpose of the question—and yet anxious to please. It is not conducive to logical reasoning to assume that the manner or tone of reply is an index of the mental development, arrested or otherwise, of the subject. Pure reactions are hardly accepted, generally or scientifically, as a norm of intelligence. The emotions play too emphatic and vacillating a part to let them be accepted as an absolute measurement of the alien's mental value. Innate intelligence as well as latent abilities and capacities—of the kind our own forefathers possessed and these newcomers now have—is hardly determinable by questions admittedly "ridiculous" at their very source.

The results of these tests are clearly confounding and in that connection allow me to quote the results of mental tests

on the people of one race, the Hebrews, made by the *Jewish Day*.

In 1913, of 101,330 immigrant Hebrews, only 44 were sent back as mentally deficient.

In 1914, of 138,051 immigrants, only 82 were not admitted as mentally abnormal.

In 1924, of 49,989 immigrants, 24 were rejected for that reason.

In 1925, of 10,292 immigrants, 4 were found not desirable on that score.

In 1926, of 10,267 immigrants, 8 were found not mentally developed.

But in 1927 more than 400 were found to be mentally deficient! And this number represented only those Jews who applied at Warsaw and who were examined there.

These four hundred rejections were made from not more than two thousand cases examined. (Only workers in the immigration field can appreciate how extremely exaggerated is my estimate here.) Note, then, the sudden disproportionate and absolute increase! In one year the number found to be mentally unfit in a single racial group jumped five thousand percent! Here is sufficient proof of the valuelessness of these tests—unless we are to contend that the psychiatric examinations that had been given in the United States in 1926 and the years before were grossly inefficient.

Rumor has it that the American consuls do not wholly approve of this method of discrimination. A newspaper writer recently said to me: "The consuls seem unanimously to agree that the questions asked are unfair." These consuls have seen some of the aliens who have been declared mentally unfit and others who have been found mentally fit, and occasionally the comparisons are odious. For, as is stated elsewhere, the test is not made in all cases. The "psychiatrist" claims to be able to tell at a glance in some instances what kind of a reply a given individual will make to a foolish question (another tribute to the wonderful ability of these "specialists").

In addition to petitions to Washington to eliminate these

tests, innumerable efforts have been made to appeal from the results of these examinations. In Warsaw, the test is responsible for the rejection of approximately twenty-five percent of all applicants. Either the doctors at other consulates who do not reach this figure must be radically inefficient or the doctors stationed at this consulate must be morbidly efficient.

But appeals generally are without avail. They are treated much in the same manner as the alien, who was about to emigrate to America with his family of six children, an account of whose story Miss Kate Claghorn recently related to me. Upon examination the doctor stated that one of the boys was suffering from hernia and could therefore, not be certified for a *visa*. The father took his son to other physicians for treatment but in each case no symptoms of hernia could be found. As a last resort the boy was brought back to the doctor associated with the consulate to ask on which side the hernia was to be found, as an aid to the diagnosis and treatment. The doctor replied that he had given his decision and refused to consider the case any further. In similar manner, there does not seem to be much attention paid to the requests for reconsideration of "mental fitness" cases.

One of the members of Congress has tried to influence the State Department to adopt the suggestion that some recognized organization be empowered to have rejected cases examined by alienists of standing and recognition and that, if disagreement be found, a second examination be made by the "psychiatrist." Nothing has come of this suggestion. Medical decisions seem to be without review.

While I fail to see how any one can logically attack the principle of restriction of immigration, I fail equally to see how any one can defend this obviously faulty and flagrant method. There is too great a discrepancy between the proportion of mentally unfit in this and past years, too sharp a delineation between the methods of testing adopted by these civil service doctors and those recommended and practiced by trained scientists, too significant an attitude of harsh-

ness and unfairness, to make us believe that this is an unbiased means of discrimination, elimination and limitation for those who seek to join their families here. The story is a sad commentary on the administration of this phase of the immigration law—sadder because it is outside the purview of the Bureau of Immigration itself. It falls down of its own weight because: (1) It is not approved by the leading authorities in that field; (2) Those who give it are ill-prepared; (3) It is contrary to accepted tests for an alien subject; and (4) Its results have been its severest critic. Such causes should be full justification for its recall.

Some steps have been taken to minimize the value assigned to these tests. Favorable results are slowly appearing. Not so many complaints are being made—but the tests are still being given. Until they are more scientific, they constitute a basis for ridiculing our scientific attitude in medicine, which is entirely unwarranted and unjust. At the present time, our government authorities are reluctantly but seriously considering the possible elimination of these tests. This is the only hopeful star on the horizon.

JAPAN ON THE DIAMOND *

By HARRY KINGMAN

IT was not until I acquainted myself with Japanese baseball that I began really to understand the Japanese. The playing fields of Japan cannot, alone, lay bare the essentials of the Japanese temperament, but for the Westerner they at least throw light on many a mystery.

If modern games do not provide expression for Japanese habits and impulses and conversely if these habits and impulses are not well adapted to modern games, why is it that Japanese athletes are forging to the front on so many of the sport fields of the world? Why is it that in the recent Davis Cup matches a Japanese player, by sensational play, won a set from the Rene La Coste who twice in the course of the same fortnight decisively defeated William T. Tilden? Why has Japan just won the Far Eastern championship games from China and the Philippines? Why is it that a billiard player named Kinrey Matsuyama now holds the junior billiard championship of the United States? Why is it that John McGraw, manager of the New York Giants, after his trip to Japan in 1920, could write that the best Japanese teams, if strengthened in three or four positions, would hold their own with the best American professional outfits? That within a single generation the Japanese have been able so effectively to make modern games their own, provides a basis, at least, for the hypothesis that something innate in Japanese biological and social endowments finds an outlet in modern sport.

Of all western sports it is baseball that has peculiarly gripped the imagination of the Japanese. It has taken its

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place as Japan's national game. It has succeeded to the position of *sumo*, or wrestling, a sport that for at least eight hundred years held the center of the stage. I do not mean that wrestling has been discontinued in Japan. It has not. Neither have *jujutsu*, fencing, archery, symbolic dancing, been eliminated. These old play activities still afford expression for the fighting and gregarious instincts, the love of the heroic and the beautiful, the high ethical concepts of the *samurai*, and they are consequently still practiced. But baseball, tennis, track and field, swimming, basket-ball, billiards and football are gradually pushing the ancient games into the background. The new games seem to belong to the new Japan as the old games do not.

Baseball looms big in Japan today. I sat last May in the modern steel-and-concrete stadium at Koshien, between Osaka and Kobe. The eight best high school nines in Japan had been assembled there for an elimination series that should decide national honors. In addition to the distinction of winning the championship banner, an added incentive to success had been introduced—the *Mainichi*, the great newspaper under whose auspices the series was being held, had chosen to provide a trip to the United States for the winning team.

By nine o'clock on the morning of the opening day the stadium, built to seat 70,000, was jammed tight with a crowd of 85,000 men, women and children. The thought came to me that I was witnessing the greatest baseball turnout in history. For the Yankee Stadium, which is the most capacious of American baseball plants, has never accommodated such a throng as this. Sunrise found several thousands in their seats, and, when I arrived, other thousands were being turned away at the gates. In far center field, in the tops of some pine trees outside the arena, scores of superenthusiasts had climbed to a precarious perch. "We didn't expect such an audience on the first day," one of the promoters said to me. "There is no longer any doubt of baseball's firm hold upon us. This is the biggest thing we've seen yet."

With two score other sport writers, men representing all

the leading newspapers of the nation, I sat in the press box back of home plate; for I had been commissioned to cover the three-day series for the Osaka *Mainichi*. I was making a brief stay in Japan, chiefly in order to do a little coaching at Japanese schools and universities, on my way back from China to the United States. For years, as a member of the Shanghai American baseball club, I had been competing against Japan's baseball teams, but never before had I attended one of the championship series within Japan which year by year have been growing in interest and in glamour for the sport-loving Japanese.

The opening of the day's activities reminded me of nothing so much as a world championship series in an American city. A band dispensed martial music. Telephone bells jangled—play-by-play reports had to be sent to bulletin-boards throughout the nation. A foul ball landed among the fans on the first base side. A scramble ensued, and a young fellow in a light-brown kimono pounced on it. But instead of slipping it into his sleeve he chucked it back on the diamond. Noting my interest in this un-American practice, a Japanese graduate of Columbia who was sitting next to me smilingly remarked, "I imagine that, if any one threw back a ball at the Polo Grounds, the surprise would cause several deaths from heart failure." Old Keio and Waseda varsity stars began making their appearance in the press-box. Thereafter, throughout the day, sporting and theatrical people kept dropping in and appropriating chairs intended for the hard-working scribes.

A powerful siren shrieked. The advertised moment had arrived. Editor-in-chief Shingoro Takaishi of the *Mainichi* walked to the pitcher's box. A strikingly handsome and self-possessed gentleman of about forty-five, attired in western style, he took the ball, slowly wound up and threw to the catcher. The crowd clapped politely as the delivery cut a corner of the plate. "He is an old Keio star," remarked a fellow reporter.

Then the game was on. The first batter fouled off the second pitch, and the ball landed in a box, knocking over

a cup of tea which an old gentleman had just placed on the railing. Every one laughed good-naturedly.

The crowd took my interest again. It had broken into rhythmic hand-clapping—one, two; one, two, three. Americans who played in Japan years ago have said that Japanese baseball crowds used to sit in complete silence except for some dignified hand-clapping at the conclusion of the game. But these Koshien fans were a bit more demonstrative. At no time were they guilty of any rowdyism. They never booed an umpire's decision nor sought to disturb the team that they hoped would lose. But they made considerable noise. Enthusiastic hand-clapping followed every unusual or exciting play. One section of the stand followed a cheerleader in some organized school yells. The audience, even toward the end of the eight hours—there were four games in succession that day—was still alert and responsive to all that went on before it.

At intervals of two or three minutes a *Mainichi* reporter loosed a carrier-pigeon. The bird would dart out across the diamond, circle the stadium once and then head for the sporting office, bearing the news that "Babe" Tajima had fanned or that "Shorty" Yamashiro had snagged a high throw. A dejected-looking man was pointed out to me. "See that fellow. That's the man who owns the sandwich, peanut and soda-pop concessions—the Harry Stevens of Japan. He prayed for good weather and a big crowd today, but now the sun is shining so brightly and the crowd is so huge that he is very unhappy. The aisles and entrances are so tightly packed that his boys can't get their supplies to the consumer."

"There are comparatively few women in the stands," I remarked to a friend. "Why so?"

He slowly scanned the faces of the crowd. "That's true; there aren't a great number here today," he replied. "We have a general feeling still that the woman's place is at home." His eyes remained fixed on two women who were sitting directly behind us. Indicating the one on the right, he smilingly asked, "Even if the number of our woman

fans is small in quantity, what do you think of the quality?" I looked and then looked again. For what a little beauty she was!

A batter slashed a hit down the right-field foul-line and drew up safely at third. "*Banzai, banzai!*" shouted thousands of voices. "A squeeze play next," predicted Dr. Kinoshita, whom I had met in Shanghai several years before, when he had brought his famous *Daimai* club over to play the Shanghai Americans. As head of the *Mainichi* sporting department—with its budget in 1927 of something like 100,000 *yen*—this gray-haired, benevolent, courteous newspaper man shares heavily in the responsibility for having created the present nation-wide interest in baseball. Sure enough the next play turned out to be a "squeeze." The runner on third base started for home as the pitcher began his delivery to the plate. The batter laid down a bunt, on which the runner easily scored. "*Banzai, banzai!*"

When the final put-out of the first of the day's four games was made, the players of both teams trotted to the home plate. Lining up on opposite sides of the plate, the two nines bowed, first to each other and then to the umpires. For, in baseball, as in the ancient sports, the participants never leave the field without extending formal courtesy to opponents and officials.

During the second game of the morning there were several close decisions by the umpires, decisions invariably received, by players and fans alike, without a murmur. The arbiters were dressed in dark, western suits similar to those worn by our professional umpires in the United States. Americans who have done any umpiring may not believe me when I say that no Japanese umpire ever asks or receives any financial remuneration. But it is true. His services are voluntary. In America an official in professional or semi-professional ball is never entirely sure that he will not be the target of fist-throwing athletes or bottle-throwing bleacherites; so he naturally declines to work for nothing. The Japanese umpire, however, seems content to accept his

pay in the respect and courtesy that are almost always shown him.

A runner hook-slid into second base. Getting up, he carefully brushed off the dust. Like everything else in Japan, baseball uniforms are kept scrupulously clean. Moving-picture camera-men dodged about on the sidelines seeking to film the important spectacles. And they snapped some interesting scenes. The players were only high school lads, but they were furnishing a class of ball that one would not expect to see in a high school series in the United States, where the students do not work at baseball the year round. On the field were players whose names are known throughout the land.

On a line-hit over short-stop, the left-fielder came plunging in and, by a final dive, succeeded in making a "shoe-string catch" that brought the crowd to its feet. The lad walked to the dugout with a face that gave no outward sign of his elation.

It was only about thirty-six years ago that baseball was first played in Japan. Some Japanese engineers who had learned to play while studying in the United States, organized a contest among the employees of the Shimbashi Railway in Tokyo, for which they were working. A Keio University student saw the exhibition and, grasping its essentials, began promoting the game at Keio. Then students in other schools heard about the new sport and sought instructors who could teach it. A group of high school enthusiasts translated a Spalding rule-book into Japanese.

From the start a certain Waseda University professor threw himself into the plan to make baseball a leading sport among Tokyo schools. As a result of his work Iso Abe, head of the Department of Sociology at Waseda, is called "The Father of Japanese Baseball." It is rumored that, because of his extended leadership of right-wing labor in Japan, he will no longer be called upon to conduct the invasions of the United States by Waseda baseballers. But his baseball service has been well done and will endure.

By 1898 baseball was being spasmodically played in the

capital. The first game between Japanese and American players took place in that year, as the result of a challenge sent by a college in Tokyo to the American business men of that city. Intense excitement and enthusiasm resulted when the school unexpectedly won the victory. Largely as a result of Professor Abe's endeavor, supplemented by that of several American missionaries and some Japanese returned students from America, baseball now began to take its place as a major sport in Tokyo. Also, schools in Osaka and Kobe were turning to the game. Frequent contests were held in Kobe, Yokohama and Tokyo between school teams and the local American aggregations. The foreigners as a rule proved themselves superior, but the students persevered. Today, though American business teams in Japan far outclass those of thirty years ago, they meet with little or no success against the best of the Japanese outfits. The American naval teams, too, which formerly found it nearly impossible to lose a game in Japan, now consider it an event meriting celebration when they put over an occasional victory.

In 1905 foreign teams in Japan were no longer a match for Waseda or Keio; so it seemed desirable that an attempt should be made to carry the battle into the enemy's territory. Professor Abe therefore set forth for American shores with his Waseda Varsity. The Japanese collegians tackled the best American school teams throughout the country. Because they carried only one experienced pitcher, they were unable to win a majority of their games, but they displayed a brand of baseball that made a first-class impression.

By reason of the meager data available, any account of early baseball in Japan is necessarily sketchy. Apparently the first foreign group to make the journey to Japan for baseball was a Honolulu team composed of alumni of Saint Louis College. The trip was made at the invitation of Keio University. Some misgivings had been felt concerning the willingness of Japanese fans to meet the heavy expenses entailed in importing a club from a distance, but,

when these forebodings were proved groundless by the initial venture, Keio and Waseda established the precedent of alternating in bringing an American team yearly to the Far East. Most of the intercollegiate series played to date have demonstrated that Japanese college teams are on a par with those of the United States, although in 1915 the crack outfit from the University of Chicago dampened Japanese baseball ardor by making a clean sweep of all its contests.

In 1920 American big leaguers—the New York Giants and the Chicago White Sox under the direction of John McGraw and Charles Comiskey—visited Japan for the first time. Japanese enthusiasts who, as a result of numerous victories over non-professional American teams, had begun to think that Japanese ball was fast approaching the standards of the best American play were now forced to admit their mistake. They were overwhelmed with awe at the unbelievable hitting ability of the American professionals. Such sluggers as Sam Crawford of the Detroit Tigers, who had been drafted for the trip, made the Japanese parks appear the size of hat-boxes. Several of the big leaguers happened to be especially imposing in size. Jim Thorpe, the great Indian athlete, who was a member of the Giants, ventured out one day in a rickshaw only to have it collapse under his huge bulk.

By 1920 baseball was being played in the cities and in the villages as well, and not only by the students but by all classes. Highest society placed the stamp of approval upon the game when the present Emperor, who was then Prince Regent, attended a game and donated a cup to be played for in the Tokyo collegiate championships. The two great newspapers, the *Mainichi* and the *Asahi*, with huge circulations covering every corner of the empire, devoted themselves more than ever to arousing enthusiasm for the new national game. Significantly enough, even the wrestlers, whose topknots proclaim them one of the most conservative groups in Japan, although conscious that baseball was challenging their own prestige, formed nines. Professional religious workers likewise succumbed to the baseball fever.

Adachi Kinnosuke writes of the challenge sent to a Christian mission school by the representatives of a Buddhist monastery and of a hot two-to-one game, which was finally copped by the Christians when His Holiness the Abbott, playing short for the Buddhists, booted one in the last of the ninth that allowed the winning run to trickle across.

In Japan today the streets are full of youngsters, many of them not long past the toddling stage, who, equipped with miniature gloves, bats and balls, are learning the big game. Sporting-goods stores flourish in every block, carrying Japanese-made athletic supplies, whose manufacture has become an important industry. Autographed bats and gloves carry not the names of Cobb of the Athletics, Ruth of the Yanks or Hornsby of the Giants but Kiri-hara of the Daimais, Nagai of the Diamonds, Yamashita of Keio.

Baseball has, it seems to me, become the national game of Japan because it allows for an expression of Japanese emotions and capacity and because it trains Japanese youth along lines which to the Japanese seem desirable. In modernizing their nation the Japanese have come to appreciate the value of team-work. Perhaps it is here, in this matter of providing a coöperative task, a social undertaking, that baseball—as compared with ancient Japanese games—makes a distinctive contribution. The invigorating effect of the game on the health of the players has been a further consideration. But undoubtedly the chief appeal that baseball has for many in Japan is that it furnishes an outlet for the qualities instilled by *bushido*, the age-old code of the samurai, which Henry Norman calls “the strictest, loftiest and most punctilious code of honor that man has ever devised.”

Japan owes a great debt to its samurai traditions, the traditions of the warrior class. And the games of Japan have always been a means of perpetuating samurai ethics. Throughout the history of wrestling, for instance, all semblance of unfair play was avoided and even the average competitor developed, while in the ring at least, a keen sense of honor. Scrupulous politeness was maintained toward opponent and umpire. So that now, with the samurai code

meeting enemies in modern life which actually threaten its existence, Japanese educators have turned to baseball as one of the possible factors in keeping the spirit of fair play, courage, thoughtfulness for others, self-control and loyalty alive in Japanese society.

And on the baseball field the code of the samurai actually functions. In my six years of competition against Japanese teams I have frequently had occasion to marvel at the sportsmanship of Japanese player and fan. The American prides himself on his sportsmanship, but in several international series in Shanghai I have seen the visitors from Osaka and Tokyo take the honors. I have seen them quietly accept adverse and questionable decisions from an American umpire which Americans would not have taken from any one, were he Japanese, American or of the angelic host. I have seen impressive displays of forbearance after exciting victory. In playing technique the Japanese baseballer still has far to go before the highest American standards have been reached, but in sportsmanship he clearly leads. I do not mean that his sportsmanship is flawless. For years the athletic relationship between Waseda and Keio universities had to be discontinued because of constant friction. In the Far Eastern championship games in Manila in 1925 the Japanese track and field team withdrew from the field because its members became convinced that some of the decisions were too unfair to be submitted to. What I mean is that Japanese sportsmanship on the playing field is the best I have seen.

In saying that on the baseball field the Japanese actually practice a high ethical code I am not saying, I wish to point out, that baseball is in any very significant sense really creating, or implanting more deeply, moral codes that function in *all* departments of life. The more I see of the product of American sport life, of men who on the playing field have lived up to the sporting code and still would do so on the field, but who perpetrate crooked or unsocial acts in ordinary life, the more I come to believe that I have in the past overestimated the importance of the ethical contri-

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bution play can make. Altogether too frequently, sportsmanship seems to flourish under the favorable conditions of the playing field but not as a general principle for all living. There is no more assurance that the ethical code Japan displays in her sport life will function in her dealings with China than that the sportsmanship of England's or America's playing fields will hold good as a general principle in the dealings of those nations with India and Nicaragua. Some shift of ethical habits there may be from one aspect of life to another, but it is easy to exaggerate its amount.

At all events, in baseball Japan has found a game in which her ancient ethical code really operates. I have given examples of its presence; I think of others. For example, I have seen pitcher Michimaro Ono of the Daimai club pitch thirteen innings in a heart-breaking championship contest in which his team-mates could not contribute a single run. In the last of the thirteenth an opponent got a hit that brought in the winning run. A frantic but hopeless throw to home was calmly headed off by the big pitcher. Deliberately he put the ball in his pocket and walked off the diamond without the slightest sign on his face of the seething unrest inside. He was displaying the same stoicism which the Japanese constantly display in the face of earthquakes and other calamities that would throw another race into despair.

Or consider another exhibition of the Japanese code. On the center-field fence at Koshien, 375 feet from the plate, there is to be seen a round painted circle. Under it is a date in April, 1927, and the name "Dixon." A negro outfielder, of the Philadelphia Royal Giants, who played at Koshien in April, had smashed a Ruthian drive against the fence at the spot commemorated. A proud people, intensely ambitious to show the way themselves, the Japanese nevertheless paid dramatic tribute to the enemy. Stifling the false pride which would have prompted not advertisement but concealment of the superiority of an alien, they put up the reminder that in baseball, the Japanese national game, negro Americans were supermen.

A *cul-de-sac* in which I found myself in some coaching work illustrates still another outcropping of samurai ethics in Japanese baseball. In the course of my instruction to the players at Kansai University I suggested that they "talk it up" while in the field. In America, of course, a team that is not continually yapping and shouting in the field is popularly supposed to be half-hearted and pepless. Noticing that my suggestions on the matter were not followed, I made some inquiries and learned that this habit of yapping, which is universal among American players, is rather frowned upon in Japan. It does not fit in well with the tradition of suppressing self-assertiveness nor that of maintaining a courteous attitude toward the opponent. When the Wisconsin University players who went to Japan in 1909 first took the field and started their chatter, the spectators began to hiss. Of course, as soon as the Japanese began to understand that the practice did not carry the significance they had supposed, they merely laughed at it. But for the most part Japanese players have not yet got the habit of transforming themselves into chattering, quarrelsome monkeys when they take the field.

Brief though it was, my experience in coaching teams in Japan—two weeks with Kansai University at Osaka, a few days with Doshisha University at Kyoto and two days in Wakayama with the high school outfit there—gave me an excellent opportunity to size up the present generation of Japanese players. As captain of the Shanghai American team and as coach of the Chinese Far Eastern championship team I had for years been meeting Japanese teams. Several times I had been invited to stop off in Japan, for a bit of coaching, when the time should come for my return to the United States; so, on arriving in Osaka, I notified my friend Shinji Kirihara, great little short-stop of the Osaka *Mainichi's* Daimai team, that I was on hand. He took me under his management and kept me so busy coaching, writing and accompanying the Daimais on their trips that I had little time for anything else.

The day after my arrival, Professor Uichi Iwasaki of

Kansai University, who was supervisor of athletics there, arranged to have me work with his players. He told me that Kansai already had the nucleus of a good ball team; that the chairman of the board of directors had promised the team a trip to the United States as soon as it won the intercollegiate championship of Japan; that I could do a very real service.

For a fortnight I spent several afternoons a week at Kansai. Since my Japanese speech was limited to *So des ka?*—"Is that so?" and *Sayonara*—"Good-by," I needed an interpreter. I don't know what sacrifice he made to do it, but Professor Iwasaki, a graduate of Columbia, spent those twenty-five or thirty hours putting my words of wisdom about "hit and run," "blocked ball," "wrist-snap," into the Japanese tongue. My first day's visit gave me an indication of the spirit in which the players were going at their task. We practiced from two-thirty until six. "That's all for today," I announced and started for the clubhouse. I went alone and dressed alone, however; for, when I left the campus at six forty-five, the lads were still rehearsing the plays that I had given them.

The fact that the best Japanese teams have already proved themselves the equal of the best American college teams goes to prove that the Japanese have the qualifications that baseball demands. Their slight physique is, so far as I can discover, the only noteworthy handicap which the Japanese must offset if they seriously attempt to bring their play up to equal terms with the best in the United States. They are fast on their feet, alert, resourceful. Already their fielding and throwing are excellent and their knowledge of the game is, I think, superior to that of the average American college player. After a series with Keio in 1920, John McGraw wrote in the *New York Times*: "The Japanese are fast and they think well, always being in the game and taking chances. Once they caught as smart a ball player as Tris Speaker napping in as pretty a double play as you could see in the big leagues. Their one weakness is at bat. The Keio team could be strengthened in three or four posi-

tions and developed into a club that would be hard for any team to beat."

My coaching experience would lead me to agree that in everything but batting the Japanese may expect to take their place with the best. But at the bat we meet the real handicap in the small size of the Japanese. The average height of the adult male in Japan is five feet, three inches. Sixteen per cent of Japanese men are under five feet. To be sure there are big men in Japan; one well-known wrestler from northern Japan, for example, weighs three hundred and ninety-six pounds at twenty-three years of age. Such ball players as Watanabe and Ono of the Daimai club are good-sized men. But in any international series the average size of the Japanese team may be expected to be far below that of its opponent. One day, when coaching in Wakayama, I walked on the field with Shinji Kirihara. Both of us were in baseball uniform. As we appeared in deep left field, a great buzz of amused conversation arose from the stands. The reason for it was quite apparent. Although I am no giant, as Americans go, I loomed twelve inches above my companion. No doubt we doubled for Mutt and Jeff to perfection. The crowd made up for having laughed by clapping for us on the entire march from the left-field gate to home plate.

The big question is whether, despite the physical handicap, the Japanese can close the present wide gulf between their batting power and that of the Americans. I am inclined to think that to a great extent the gap can be closed. In my coaching I laid stress on three points. First of all, the smallness of size is, from one way of looking at it, an advantage: it markedly increases the likelihood of a base on balls. I found that the players of the three teams with which I worked were not accustomed to seeking a free passage to first. I sought to change tactics at this point. In the second place, in an attempt to offset the shortness of body and arms, I taught the desirability of an increased employment of wrist action. In big-league history such batsmen as Frank Schulte and Duffy Lewis, although not large men,

used to outhit most of the bigger fellows with whom they played. They did it by means of their wrist-snap. The third thing which I stressed was the importance of starting the swing of the bat as far back as possible. This is based on the principle that the bat, in describing a longer arc, may be expected to attain added momentum before meeting the ball. How essentially such devices as these may be expected to increase the effectiveness of Japanese batting I cannot say.

Of course, even if quite effective, Japanese batting would still remain below the standards of the best in America as long as one nation had developed the game professionally and the other had not. For without the professional game in Japan, players turn in their suits before reaching baseball maturity. Few remain in the game after their graduation from college. Some alumni clubs are now playing a game a week, but Michimaro Ono of the Daimais is, so far as I know, the only well-known player who has reached his thirties. He is one year over the thirty mark and intends, so he told me, to stay at the game for another ten years. But he is an exception. Since first-class batting skill rarely comes except as a result of long years of experience, this failure of Japanese players to stay in the game is a serious one so far as efficiency in baseball is concerned. As one thinks over the names of batting leaders in American big-league ball, it becomes apparent how large a percentage of the time they have been men of maturity in the sport. There is no likelihood of there being any Japanese Ruths, Heilmans, Hornsbys, Cobbs or Crawfords until the day of professional ball arrives.

Leaving American professionals out of the comparison, I think that the technique of baseball is more highly developed in Japan than in America. Since the game is a twelve months' affair in Japan, this is only natural. I think, too, that the Japanese are still making steady progress. In the Koshien series I gained the impression that Japan now possesses the most skilful and most promising crop of youngsters that it has ever had. The fielding was good as usual, but

the batting was exceptional. The outfielders were being constantly forced to chase long drives to the fences. An old-timer, I think it was Mr. Ikeda, editor of the *Mainichi* English edition, informed me that in his opinion the present generation of high school players is doing the best hitting anywhere in Japan.

The Daimai club, which is made up of men from the editorial staff of the Osaka *Mainichi*, probably plays better ball than any other Japanese team. Its members take time off from their duties for two or three games a week. Among the Daimai players are several of the finest that Japanese baseball has produced, men who are nationally known. Walking along the streets with Ono, I often saw him pointed out by the hero-worshippers among the passers-by. Shinji Kiri-hara, whose father was one of the founders of the *Mainichi*, used to amaze Shanghai with his short-stopping, when the team came over to China to play.

Will the development of baseball in Japan follow the course it has taken in the United States, where the professional team occupies the center of the stage? Few Japanese with whom I discussed the matter felt that it would. They pointed to the greater interest which the Japanese public takes in high school games in comparison with those of older players as proof of its preference for contests in which the participants play with their whole hearts, solely from love of the game. They emphasized the fact that the only professional team in Japan draws but little support.

This team is subsidized by a railway company at a resort called Takarazuka, a half-hour's ride out of Kobe. Its members are young fellows who draw the equivalent of twenty-five or thirty dollars a month. They play two or three games a week. As a result of the clever coaching and managing of an old Waseda pitcher, Kuno—the pitcher who did most of the twirling on Waseda's 1905 invasion of the United States—the Takarazuka club ranks with the best in the country. But, though the Takarazuka team plays good ball, it wins little patronage. The resort has but a small permanent population, and there are few to care whether its

baseball club wins or loses. I am not sure, however, that, because the one professional team in Japan is not making money, a promoter is not coming along one of these days who will make a huge success of professional ball. It seems quite possible that, were a league formed which included teams representing Tokyo, Yokohama, Osaka, Kobe and Kyoto, the citizens of these cities would, in the course of a few years, be getting just as excited over the chances of their representatives on the field as the citizens of Chicago were, last August, over theirs.

Consider, for example, the case of Wakayama, a small industrial city south of Osaka. At the time of the championship series, all the citizens who could not accompany their team to Koshien to see the play at first hand stood in front of a score-board that gave the play-by-play result. When the Wakayama nine, largely because of the pitching of Ogawa, a big southpaw, won the honors, the home town went nearly crazy. On the night that the players returned, the railway-station was so thronged with assembled townsmen that it took the athletes from ten o'clock until after midnight to make their way out of the jam. The mayor waited to give the official welcome at the City Hall, but, losing his patience, he finally went to the station, where in turn he nearly lost his life.

I was told as a matter of serious fact that no man can hope to win the mayoralty of Wakayama who does not know baseball from start to finish. I was introduced to one of the city's leading citizens, a member of the City Council. "What's his business?" I queried. "Formerly he was some sort of steel man," an Osaka friend replied, "but now"—a chuckle—"his baseball enthusiasm allows him little time for business." I asked the councilman whether or not he intended to accompany the Wakayama team on its trip to the United States. "Of course," was the reply.

On the first of the two days I spent in coaching at Wakayama, when I arrived at the field with Kiri-hara and Ono, who had come down with me, I found that two thousand people had assembled in the stands. "What's up? Is there

a game today?" I questioned in surprise. "No," replied Genji Oku, the superintendent of schools, who, I learned was thoroughly familiar with the ins and outs of baseball; "these are just a few fans who have come to watch the practice." On the following day I was scheduled to give a baseball lecture to the players, but several hundred loyal citizens, as well, insisted on making themselves part of the audience. I left Wakayama loaded with presents, in the shape of lacquer trays, and convinced that the town was sold on baseball. Also I had the feeling that, through common loyalty to a baseball team, a city of conflicting interests—as are all cities—had been very desirably unified.

If Wakayama can become so wildly enthusiastic over a high school team—turning out two thousand strong to watch a practice, or standing in front of score-boards all day and waiting around railway-stations most of the night—I have the idea that, after the matter had been properly ballyhooed, it would do the same thing about a Wakayama professional team. If the newspapers went to work on the project, and the Chamber of Commerce and Rotary Club sponsored the move, if the citizenry were properly urged to turn out to watch its loyal representatives wipe up the earth with the representatives of a rival city that had been padding its census returns, if the players were made public characters and their batting- and fielding-averages played up as of great importance to the nation, I imagine that, as in America, the people would fall for it. Transportation expenses would prove far less formidable in Japan than in the United States; the longest jumps would be completed overnight. Playing fields that could be used are, in some cases, already in existence. Salaries, at the outset, would not need to be large in order to attract the needed players. I believe that professional baseball in Japan merely awaits the right promoter.

At Koshien the profits were not great, since most of the seats were free. But that big money is to be taken in at the gate in Japan, is indicated by the fact that this past summer no less than three teams from the United States

journeyed to Japan and managed to gather in enough coin to pay the tremendous transportation outlay. The negro team, the Philadelphia Royal Giants, made a long stay; they were treated so well that Japan must have seemed like heaven. They won consistently from the best teams. A second crack barn-storming outfit was that from Fresno, California, composed of Americans of Japanese parentage. These oriental Americans went undefeated until they crossed bats with the black Americans from Philadelphia. I understand that they went home with considerable money in their pockets. The third team to furnish data for the argument that Japanese fans will pay money to see baseball was from the University of California. This club also did well financially, although it won only four games out of a dozen played.

Not that because of all this I advocate the introduction of professional baseball into Japan. The professionalization of the game in America has proved no unmixed blessing. More and more it is blighting amateur ball. It seems considerably more important that large numbers of Japanese shall participate in the game, even if it be a less efficient game, than that they shall sit in the stands and watch a select group play a flashy article of ball. And it may be that, with the introduction of the motive of profit, the ethical concomitants of the game as played in Japan at present would be largely lost.

Of one thing I am certain: baseball helps Japanese and Americans to understand each other. It constitutes one of the strongest links in the chain of friendly relations between the United States and Japan. In 1920, at the time when, because of anti-Japanese agitation in California, feeling against America was high in Japan, it was the coming of the big leaguers that changed the atmosphere overnight. A Japanese writer states that students in Tokyo left anti-American meetings in order to greet the invading ball players enthusiastically. As a Japanese diplomat remarked not long ago in Washington, disputes between Japan and the United States can now be settled by a new form of bat-

tery—not the battery of powder and shell but the battery of pitcher and catcher. It seems fortunate for all concerned that Japan has found in baseball a game fitting her needs, and has made it—the only great oriental nation that has done so or is likely to do so—her national game. It will be a real world championship series indeed, some day far in the future, when only one of the teams on the field will be composed of Americans and the other will be manned by stocky, alert, hard-fighting, sporting sons of Nippon.

CHILD DRAMA *

By ANNIE WEBSTER NOEL

I

CHILD drama differs from adult drama in having no audience. Everyone who is not allowed to take part immediately goes away. This is expected, and is provided for in the nature of the drama. If, for instance, several children want to stage a play, but are at the same time supposed to take care of the baby, a part is invented for the baby. An extra robin, or, if preferred, an elephant can always be introduced. A squirrel is always a welcome addition. A squirrel is so beloved that he is not felt to be out of place in any play. If the baby is bothering everyone, the rôle of a squirrel is assigned him, and he just runs around in the play, without any other connection with the plot. But he must be a squirrel, and not a baby, and anyone bumping into him must say, "Excuse me, Squirrel." A robin can be introduced into almost any play if someone comes along unexpectedly. A robin who just stands around and hops or sings occasionally is an addition to any plot, even if not originally indicated.

A dancing part is always available. Dancing is a help in any situation. "What shall I do while the baby is being buried?" I heard a sorrowing but restless mother of six ask the manager, who had just announced the death of the last child in the family, from scarlet fever. "You can dance," was the reply. Anyone coming in after the play has started may dance. And he can often simply duplicate a part. If, for instance, there is a villain who is a really good villain,

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why not two? Or, if there are already five children in the family, surely one more would only improve the situation. There are a great many group parts in child drama. Additional firemen; rescues from sinking ships; dying children or parents; multitudes of fairies; unexpected but always welcome babies, who can be fed, spanked, and put to bed handily, whenever the plot lags a bit—all these parts help to make an audience entirely superfluous, and whoever does not like the play goes away. If someone in a leading part, such as Father, Mother, or Fairy Godmother, has to go home, or gets hungry all of a sudden and leaves, this does not disturb the plot, for the person who has been taking the part, say, of Mother, simply says: "Now I'm the Fairy Godmother for a while, and Lucy can be the Mother."

A great help in this adjustment of the cast to the plot is the usual lack of costuming. Children, when left to their own dramatic instincts, need no material aids. "This," I heard one small girl say impressively to another, as she pointed toward an empty space on the porch, "is your rocking-chair. Sit down on it and hold the Baby, while I go and get Tommy, to be run over by an automobile. It's the only thing he'll do. Here's the Baby. Now don't drop her, and don't sing too loud." And for fully ten minutes the patient mother sat on a perfectly imaginary chair, with her arms around nothing at all, singing softly. "The Baby's grown up while you were away," she announced to the manager of the play, at last returning with the starring Tommy. "She's two years old now and she wants an apple." "All right," agreed the manager and author, glad of any assistance,—for one other difference between child drama and adult drama is that the former is always made up as it goes along,—and she made a gesture through the air, as of one handing out an apple.

And here the play went to pieces—or it would have done so without adult intervention. For at the age of seven the one inflexible rule of the drama is that a thing to eat must be something to eat. It need not be the thing mentioned in the play, but it must be something that can be eaten.

The author of this essay herself rescued this particular production from failure. She appeared suddenly, silently laid three cookies on the table, and with a profoundly dramatic wave of her apron disappeared. So the play went on. "This is cake and ice cream," remarked the author and producer, arranging the cookies, "and since the Baby is two it must be her birthday."

"And I'm the Baby's Brother," announced Bill, putting down his saw and coming over to the stage end of the porch at the sight of the three cookies.

II

No arduous analysis of child drama is needed to show that action, rather than speech, is its instinctive quality. Gesture is everywhere present. The Robin hops, and his hopping is far more important in the characterization than his speech, for it is his hopping rather than what he says which distinguishes him from the Squirrel, who quite evidently does not hop. What the Robin says might quite well be said by any Squirrel, or even by an Elephant, or by a Fairy Godmother. Gesture supplies the call for stage properties of any kind except something to eat. In a child dramatization of Cinderella, overheard by the writer, Cinderella was changed from a distinctly dowdy person in ashes to a radiant princess in cloth-of-gold with silver slippers by a few simple gestures of the hands of another seven-year-old; and, as she stood flushing with joy under the admiring eyes of her playmates, another of the cast stepped up to her, and saying, "Now there is a great, big, lovely red rose in your hair," with the touch of a forefinger added this last charm. It could not have been done without the gesture. Gesture will distinguish a rocking-chair from a plain chair, as it is quite evident that, if the person in it is rocking back and forth, the chair must be a rocking-chair. Gesture and position, far more than speech, will distinguish the Engine from the Baggage Car, although here, to be sure, the size of the actors plays a part, the smallest usually having to take the rôle of Baggage Car.

Speech is, of course, used in indicating stage properties. "You must put that back," the writer was assured earnestly one day, as she presumed to take a pillow from the living-room sofa for her own use on the porch. "That's the Baby." As she hesitated, some vague reminiscence of talks on discipline wandering over her consciousness, another of the cast stepped firmly up to her. "You'd better put the Baby back quickly. She's got ammonia and you might catch it." But gesture triumphed here, in the end, for presently one of the cast came out on the porch with the pillow. "You can have it now," said the actor. "When it came to dying, Susie said she'd be the Baby. Don't you want to see her?" Susie lay stretched out on the floor, a triumphant smile on her face, her eyes tightly closed and her two small arms held rigidly in the air, while her fellow actors, converted by sheer force of her genius into spectators, stood around in awed silence.

Gesture helps out in the interchangeability of the rôles, which is so necessary a feature in a drama that is constantly being interfered with. There is a certain simplicity about it, compared with the speaking parts of adult drama. If, for instance, the baby, who has been running around the stage in the purely companionable rôle of Squirrel, suddenly goes to sleep, he becomes merely a sleeping baby, and the play goes on. If Percival Junior has to go home to a ridiculously early supper, a gesture will change the sex of Susie, and, by clothing her in the appropriate garments, enable her to take the rôle of Father, and the play goes on. Speech is, of course, also used in indicating rôles, but generally in its simplest form, as, "Now, Mary, you have to be the Maid a minute, and let me be the Mother"; or, "You needn't think you can be Fairy Godmother in this play all the time. Everyone is going to have a turn."

It will be seen that speech here takes the part of suggestion outside the play, rather than the true dramatic characterization of gesture within the play, in the profoundly necessary differentiation of rôles. The real proof, however, of the instinctive necessity of gesture lies in the different use of singing and dancing. Singing, although almost a reflex

action, has nevertheless the association of spoken words and can be employed only under certain circumstances. Dancing, a pure gesture, on the other hand, may be introduced anywhere. Plays open with dancing, and plays as appropriately close with dancing. Any actor who has nothing to do for a while can be held to the cast by permitting him to dance while waiting. This does not interfere in any way with the movement of the play, and indeed the actor, if merely sitting still, drifts out of the drama altogether, and sometimes cannot be found when needed. It is only recently that adult art has discovered the real need of dancing, but in child drama dancing may always accompany the expression of emotion, and is often added to what would otherwise appear scanty expression, as, "Yes, Mother" (the child dances round and round while speaking), or, "I'll do it, Mother" (the child here dances also). "If you can't think of anything to say, dance!" is the oft-heard direction of irritable stage managers, desirous of maintaining as large a cast as possible.

As the bird flies, as the squirrel runs, and as, without these characteristic movements, no speech on their part seems complete, so the child accompanies his speech with dancing.

Occasionally there will be someone present who, though determined to take part, will not dance and doesn't know "anything to say." It is almost superfluous to indicate that this person is usually of the "opposite" sex. He can, of course, be run over by something—a very important rôle in which only the most primitive forms of speech—like groans and yells—are needed. Nevertheless in the ever-present drama of family life a place must be made for him. Again the need of plenty of movement helps out. "You can spank the Baby," announced a small mother of seven, with ten children on her hands and, so far, no father in the cast. It was a difficult rôle, as it turned out. There were long intervals when the play went on without him. He had to spank the Baby enough and yet not too much. But some kind of father seemed needed. He was retained only by far more than his share of the seeded raisins with which the drama had been temporarily endowed.

Although spanking is primarily a gesture, and hence in itself important in the drama, it is a highly sophisticated action. The question of who is to be spanked arises, and it must be solved or the play cannot proceed. The person above mentioned was not really gifted for his rôle, or he would not have had to be detained by means of frequent refreshment. As a matter of fact, although the youngest and smallest of the cast is obliged, by very reason of his size, to be the person spanked, a profound sense of justice—and the fact that, though small, he can, even at that, run away—often assigns the larger part of whatever there may be to eat to the person who is spanked. "We'll give you a whole little cake if you'll be naughty and let us spank you," I once heard a whole cast telling an obdurate three-year-old, who was insisting on being good.

I wish to say here that, although corporal punishment is fast being discredited in adult reality, its hold on child drama is unshaken. To anyone who objects to spanking in the drama, I can reply only by leaving it to his own imagination to find an adequate substitute, and get it accepted by the actors. I have observed many remarkable instances of its use. I have seen a Mother spank a day-old Baby three times in ten minutes. I have seen a Father Kitty spank all his children, one after another, for apparently no reason at all. Spanking is one of the gestures of that rarest of persons in the child world, the actor with a sense of comedy. I was witness of a play of school life, enacted again and again and again in what was supposed to be the profound secrecy of a stage under the apple tree, whose whole charm lay in the sudden spanking of a grade teacher by the principal. Spanking in the drama has no basis in cruelty. One very sweet and earnest little girl, after a long summer afternoon spent in the profound recreation of dramatic production, went home and implored her mother to get a baby. "Then I can take care of him," she added, "and spank him." And this although spanking was unknown in any branch of the family.

I believe, myself, that the popularity of corporal punishment in the drama is due to a profound and troubling doubt

in the heart of the average person of seven as to his or her place in the world. To be able, even in the drama, to inflict even imaginary punishment on someone else is reassuring, just as, at the age of six, one of the profoundest pleasures of life is looking back on one's childhood. The introduction of a Baby into a play—a Baby doing all sorts of excessively foolish things, an absurd person, a helpless person; one who cannot speak (imagine it!) or walk—establishes definitely in the hearts of the rest of the cast the fact (otherwise somewhat clouded) that six and eight and ten are big—truly big. And only a large and strong and, above all else, an important person can inflict punishment on another. To anyone observing child drama this becomes evident in many ways. One small boy of four, with a very aggressive personality, was lured into taking the part of the spanked by the sight of a large cupcake with chocolate frosting. Having eaten the cake in the early part of the play, he began to make his rôle so unusual and interesting by the introduction of new grimaces and an entirely new vocalization of the conventional yells let out by the person spanked that the entire cast stood around him, carried away by admiration, and the person spanking threw away her ruler and, as manager of the play and owner of all the refreshments, demanded the part for herself.

III

Child drama needs no material aids. One adult mother, preparing at top speed for company, and hindered at every step by her two youngsters, finally locked them for an hour in an entirely empty room in the third story. Carried away by her own work, she forgot them completely for far more than the allotted time, and rushed repentantly to the stairs, calling to them. "We'll be down as soon as we can," called back a little voice, sweetly, "but the Baby's got a terrible cold. You might let us know," added the voice anxiously, "when it stops snowing downstairs." It was a lovely June day. Although only two children had been locked in, there were apparently at least three persons in the cast. The whole

thing had the air of being highly imaginative. Yet when one comes to analyze child drama it will be found that its distinction from adult drama lies not so much in imaginative power as in the power to accept known facts and experiences in an unusual juxtaposition. This is brought about by an unconscious but simple and unvarying trick of technique. The experiences and facts of the drama are those of life, but the transitions known to the adult world are all omitted. The Baby is born, grows up, has a birthday, is married and has a Baby of her own. The Mother is poor; the children have no breakfast; they go to school, and on coming home they find a thousand dollar bill on the front porch. How simple, how natural! And then if, on going out with the thousand dollars to get something to eat for dinner, you get run over by an automobile, this too is one of the things that are constantly happening; and you are fortunate in having the thousand dollars along to give half of it to a poor old man who is standing on the street corner as you come out of the hospital, after having had ten bones set; and when you get home, why, there is a new Baby sitting in the high chair by the table, eating apple sauce.

To anyone who could object, we can only retort by a counter-question. Babies do sit in high chairs, don't they? They do eat apple sauce, don't they? Well?

The material of child drama is highly realistic. Children in their plays use all the simple material of the lives they see around them. The marrying and giving in marriage; the sicknesses, and accidents, and bereavements; the going to business, riding in trains and trolleys and automobiles; the cooking, and sweeping, and entertaining, within the walls of the home—all these are the material of drama. But the child who is one day to be grown-up does not fail to divine something behind the facts of life. Unhesitatingly he transfers it to his play. "Why, this is cake now!" ejaculates the Father in the play, on whom his daily office trip is palling. "It was bread a minute ago." And no actor is so dull that he or she cannot take the cue. "Yes," is the simple reply, "the Fairy was here and turned all our bread to cake." In

every play the Fairy comes and goes whenever needed. The Fairy leaves a million dollars on the top step of the porch of the Poor Woman, so that she finds it when she comes out to sweep. How exactly what one would expect from a Fairy!

This is one of the most desired of rôles, not only because of the Fairy's social position, but because of the simple directness and ease of all her gestures. She speaks little or not at all. She never stays long. The essence of her character is in the act of her appearance. The proof of her worth and her reality is that she goes. But she leaves a Baby in the empty crib. Of course. Any Fairy would. Where else would she put it? She waves her wand, and the four walls within which the children play, and which are just beginning to get tiresome, part and let them into deep, winding, underground caves, where they can most delightfully shudder; or out upon the deck of a ship, plunging through most dangerous waves. Then she disappears. "Here comes your mother," I heard an annoyed voice say once as, with the best of intentions, I approached the stage under the apple tree, with a plate of sandwiches in my hand. Silently I set the refreshments down, and quickly I withdrew. "She's a Fairy," I heard judgment pronounced as I disappeared; and I drew a breath of relief, for I had work of my own to do. From certain noises among the cast I knew they were getting hungry, and I wanted the play to go on a while longer. It was the most successful rôle that I have ever played on this stage called life; but once having played it,—having, as it were, committed myself,—I had to concede the one unvarying rule of child drama.

Even the smallest and the weakest, even the ones that play the part of being spanked and of being the Baggage Car, cannot be disqualified from playing the rôle of Fairy. "He's been bad all morning," I heard one little girl defend her small brother from injustice. "Now he ought to be the Fairy."

Child drama admits of no spectators. Everyone must get in on the cast or go away. But if you are gardening in the

neighborhood of the stage under the apple tree, or if you are deeply absorbed in your sewing at the porch window, who can prevent your overhearing something? And what is the harm of overhearing children? They will never tell you anything directly. You are supposed to know. To them you are a child, grown tall and strong and strangely in the possession of authority. They do not know that manhood and womanhood mean the death of childhood—a strange and sorrowful death, hidden in the heart of each “grown” person. They do not know that we do not know. They know we teach them; they know we study them; they know we sorrow over them. They do not know that to overhear them, as we work, is to us what the Fairy in their play is to them.

THE BUSINESS WOMAN CONSIDERS THE CHURCH *

AND ANALYZING IT, WONDERS WHAT SHE CAN DO FOR IT

By EUGENIA WALLACE

YEARS ago I stood on the balcony of one of New York's sky-scrapers and looked north over the city. One of our group pointed out the many church-spires that even in the financial district, towered above the "temples of trade." The cathedral city, we called it. But to-day! One could stand on that same balcony and look in vain for the spires. They are still there and still pointing to the heavens but they are completely over-shadowed. They have not kept pace with the growth of their own generation.

This comes back to me because of a startling question I was asked not long ago—"Why are business women leaving the church?" The question was put by an officer in one of our great Christian organizations. It came as a shock for I had never, until then, thought of business women as distinctly out of the church. I have thought of it a great deal since. Very few of the leading business and professional women, I find, go regularly to church. Some do not go at all. This is equally true of the business men, so I began to ask, as my questioner had asked, *why* are very busy women—and busy men—leaving the church?

There was a wide range of answers. Some said quite frankly that they had "outgrown" the church. Others that they hear exactly the same hymns and prayers and sermons they have heard all their lives, and that, as one expressed it, "gives a sense of slipping back when everything else in

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life is a challenge to go forward." The more thoughtful say that the church does not solve the real problems of life or give the help that can be had from books. (This last statement is particularly interesting in view of a study made two years ago by the New York Public Library, which showed that the lowest number of non-fiction books loaned out were on religion and the highest on sociology.) But by far the greatest number, of men and women both, say in effect, "Sunday is the only free day I have. If I go to church there is so little time left."

Yet the fact remains that they go somewhere—to visit friends or play golf; to the museums, the parks and the woods. Thousands now go to the Sunday moving pictures, while other thousands, more Puritanical, or possibly more cultured, flock to lectures and concerts; so the plea that the church takes too much of Sunday is not as genuine as it seems to be.

Is it not that the church is failing to meet the spiritual and intellectual needs of these practical men and women? It is certainly not growing as fast as the problems of business or of nations. It is not towering above the discoveries of science. Those of us who love it would have it the leaping flame at which all these others could kindle their fires. Instead it does not even shine over into Monday—the "blue Monday" of the business world, when personal records, for instance, show their highest peak in sickness and absence and a general atmosphere of recovery takes the place of the uplift that an inspired Sunday, or in other words an inspired church, should give.

What is this "uplift" that is so much needed by busy men and women? What can the church—and by this I mean the orthodox churches—give that will enable them to meet their daily problems not only with courage, but with success? Isn't it first a way of life and, second, a larger concept of God?

Now the church claims that it always has given a way of life and the only true concept of God. If this is the case

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we are forced to conclude that it is not giving them in terms of to-day. It is not even keeping pace with the spiritual and scientific discoveries of a lay world that is studying nature and the scriptures as never before, in efforts to fathom the laws of God and ease the lot of humanity.

It may be said that the church, unlike science, economics and the arts, is a fixed and eternal thing and cannot make experiments or change either doctrine or precept. But let us think. Is that not the very argument that Jesus met—so worshipped our fathers, so must we? *His* answer was clear enough—seek, always seek, and find. His church was not an institution but a constant outreaching. His methods were always flexible and always far-reaching in their results. Why then, the lay world asks, should the church no longer use those methods? Why must thinkers who do use them explore outside the church instead of using its vast resources—its authority, its prestige, its hold on the hearts of the people? The answer is clear enough. It falls under two headings—organization and belief; and strange though it may seem, organization is the greater problem to-day because, in the local church bodies, it is organization that is blocking the normal development of opinion and belief.

To understand this let us for a moment consider the position of the clergy. Young men who enter the fields of medicine, biology, psychology, education, look forward constantly to enlarged vision and thought-provoking discoveries. They are bound by no promises to go thus far and no further—in fact, they are encouraged to experiment and study for the benefit of humanity—and therefore the glory of God.

The young theologians are not so fortunate. At the very outset they must declare, not only their creed but their intention of holding it to the end, no matter how much experience and later study may broaden their understanding. Those who have had the courage to refute outgrown ideas have usually been asked to leave the church. Some have even been tried by church boards, though almost invariably their broader views are accepted within their own generation.

Nobody, of course, questions the *right* of a board to sit

in judgment on those who serve it. The *ability* to pass judgment can be seriously questioned. Very few church boards are made up of mystics or spiritual seekers. Some cannot even boast Bible students or theological experts among their numbers, so the clergyman not only stands alone as a seeker of spiritual things, but is in the very difficult position of having to interpret his findings to those who do not even speak his language. The young scientists, on the other hand, work in coöperation with like-minded men—master physicians, biologists, psychologists, educators—men who are in a position to sit in judgment or to encourage and lead on. Since the young theologians have no such advantage it is small wonder that the theological seminaries are deploring the fact that more and more, those who are intellectually and spiritually competent are side-stepping the ministry and going into other fields.

But not all. Great men still choose the ministry in spite of its handicaps and carry high inspiration to their work. It is not until they are well in that work that the crippling organization of the separate or local church bodies is encountered.

Now organization is something that business women can understand. They know that a business badly organized loses out unless it analyzes its difficulties and strengthens, or even changes, its form of organization. They also know that after responsibilities are defined the right men must be selected to shoulder them.

Every business has three distinct functions. They are production, sales and accounting. Each is in charge of a man trained for or born to his particular work. The more advanced organizations have a fourth division, now generally known as personnel. The heads of all these departments are responsible to the president, who in turn is responsible to the board of directors, the real governing power.

Now let us see how closely the organization of the church resembles that of the business house, even though at first the comparison may seem far-fetched. There is the board—

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the elders, deacons or vestrymen—and their minister or president. There is or should be, research and meditation, corresponding with production. Preaching is “selling” the faith, the learning and the ideas of the minister. There is always finance, of course, and in the modern church personnel—choir, clubs, social workers and others. At first glance this organization may seem as logical for the church as for the business house, but we must also consider the efficiency with which it is carried out and the vastly different purposes of the two organizations.

The business house exists to make money. It produces, sells and renders service to that one end. Not so the church. Its purpose is to “magnify the Lord” as humanity progresses through the ages, and to discover and interpret His laws. So much for purpose.

Now for efficiency. A company organized to make money is governed by men whose abilities lie along that line, men who are known to be good financiers. This is sound organization, just as government by men of spiritual gifts would be sound organization for a church with its spiritual objectives. That church boards are rarely made up of such men the clergy know only too well. That the raising of money is not the secondary matter it should be they also know too well; and therefore we have, throughout the church world, thousands of disappointed men, doing so much less than they were trained to do and are capable of doing because of the faulty organization under which they must work.

Few things in the history of the modern church have done as much to quench the courage and vitality of its clergy as the constant need to raise money and more money and therefore to put the church in the hands of the “safe” or “substantial” men who have the gift of raising money. To the business mind it would be far better organization to have them function as a finance committee which, instead of being the governors or employers of the clergyman should be his loyal assistants, or, better still, work independently of, him. This change in organization is taking place in many

social service bodies whose able executive secretaries, finding that money raising consumes too much of their time and their constructive energy, now undertake responsibility only on condition that the board, or finance committee, relieve them of financial cares as well as financial duties. If only this one change could be made in church organization, if its spiritual head could be rid of money preoccupations and control and could stand out free, the church would begin at once to regain its vitality.

But under present church government the minister is not free. If he ever has doubts as to that he has only to denounce secular evils that his board chooses to ignore, or wage war that touches their interests, to know. Many an ardent young crusader, starting out to do God's work as he sees it, is soon given to understand that a chief executive must be loyal to his board. Translated in terms of the church this means "preach abstract virtue all you will but let specific evils alone." Because of all this the clergy is neither free nor fearless, and because it should be the freest and most fearless body in the world the first grave charge of inefficiency is brought against church organization—the personnel and crippling power of its governing boards.

The other charge is lack of job analysis and failure to fit the man to the job—or is it the job to the man? Just as the corporation, organized to make money, looks for a financial executive, not a salesman or statistician, to head up its many activities, the church, organized for spiritual purposes, should look for a spiritual leader, and not an executive, an organizer or a money-raiser.

If in addition to its religious work, the church also carries a heavy load of social and philanthropic activities it should have a paid personnel executive, or a well-organized personnel committee, to head up such activities and take entire responsibility for them. This is done in a few large churches but for the most part our clergy are harassed by all the petty duties of church visitor, club leader, speaker, financier—no minister knows the eight-hour day!—and then are expected

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to find God and interpret His laws to thinking men and women.

To get an idea of the impossibility of this we must try to imagine—and there is no irreverence in the suggestion—Buddha, Moses, St. John, even such later thinkers as Calvin and Martin Luther, leading boys' clubs, organizing day nurseries, raising building funds and selling memorial windows. Yet all this and more is put upon our clergy to-day. Is it any wonder that the drawing apart, and the meditation, that Jesus considered so necessary for Himself and enjoined upon those who would follow, has small place in their lives? Is it any wonder they have so little that is new and inspiring to give that busy men and women conclude that going to church seems hardly worth sacrificing precious Sundays for? Instead they turn for inspiration to things that have grown out of long spaces of quiet—such things as books, art and the beauties of nature. It is because of this that the second charge of inefficiency is brought against church organization—too many departments in the hands of one man, who cannot possibly have the time, even if he has the ability, to handle them all and still attend to what should be his main job—seeking and teaching.

A word about the philanthropic activities of the church. In themselves they are all worthy. They all do good. It is true that some think they should be delegated to existing social service organizations while others defend their place in the church. Where they are carried on—within or without the church—is not the important thing. It is how. Is the work being done with vision? Is it preventive work? Will it destroy those many unchristian practices that lie at the root of poverty and suffering and crime? Business women know well enough what those practices are. They know that no remedial measures, no legal enactments of any kind, can really avail until enough people have enough religion—character if you will—to let them go.

Charity of course we must have, and philanthropies of all kinds, until we have found a way of life that will free

us from ignorance and sickness, from poverty and swollen fortunes and all the other preventable evils that we are coming dimly to recognize as sin. From the very beginning of his ministry Jesus was constantly seeking this way of life. As Harry Elmer Barnes reminds us "Jesus had profound secular interests and was greatly concerned about increasing human happiness and efficiency on this earth." What is equally significant, He not only did increase them but commanded us to prove our faith by doing even greater things.

To very practical people that seems to point the duty as well as the opportunity of the church to-day—continuing that search for greater things and continuing it with all the aids that the servants of religion—science, philosophy and metaphysics—can give. Jesus used all these aids. He discovered new powers in man. He listened to voices that we rarely hear. He opened the door upon worlds that lie beyond the world of the five senses. Slowly, haltingly, science is beginning to perceive these powers and to hear these voices, yet science gets little or no coöperation from the church, though we turn to it wistfully and call for more.

What is the result of this lack of coöperation? Scientists are gaining so enlarged a concept of the universe and its laws that the church no longer holds them. In fact it is so often said that the scientist, or rather science, is at war with religion that not only church bodies but whole communities, fear it and fight it back. This leads to a second grave consequence. Forward-looking people who believe that everything should be brought into the open and discussed, are leaving the church. As a result the church is losing its authority and especially its hold upon the young. If business women are neglecting the church, youth certainly is. A glance at any congregation shows few under thirty and almost no boys and girls of adolescent age. In the rural districts less than six per cent of the churches, according to a recent investigation of the Institute for Social and Religious Research, have any organizations of boys and girls; while thinking youth in the colleges are asking questions that the church does not answer. As for young men of the under-

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privileged classes, they are slipping so rapidly into crime that every court and truant officer and every crime commission is seeking for causes. The cause most often given is the lessening hold of religion on their homes and their lives.

We all want more religion in our lives, more of God, more of love. Science concerns itself chiefly with the mind and the material world. It looks down through the ages and up into the heavens and gives us facts—facts so stupendous, so revealing, that old beliefs, or rather old conceptions, go down before them. The only thing that can save religious faith is a church that will search out the spiritual truths of which those facts are symbols—the spiritual laws that guide and overrule the material.

Here we run up against the claim that all spiritual truths have been revealed. Then let us say interpretation. Truth is eternal, of course, but it must be interpreted to each generation in its own language and in its own measure. Science is being so interpreted, yet what is science but "tested fact," as Professor Bernard tells us. That is what we want in the church—tested truth, step by step proof that if the conditions of religion are met the promises of religion will be fulfilled. Without it our civilization, in spite of all its advances, may prove an empty and sterile thing.

Obviously there can be no such church until the clergy are free to give their chief thought to study, meditation and preaching, and until they have the coöperation of governing boards made up of men whose aspirations and natural abilities fit them for research and spiritual work. For there must be research if the church is to walk step by step with science and interpret seeming conflicts to logical and thinking minds. An encouraging tendency in this direction was shown by the action of the Education Association of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the South, which went on record as opposed to any legislation that would interfere with the teaching of science, and made this significant statement: "Studying the results of scientific research will do no harm, for wherever you go, in either science or theology, you'll find Christ. Truth is as eternal as God."

Light is breaking on other church problems. At conference after conference the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America have ratified the far-reaching capital and labor program known as the "Social Ideals of the Churches." The first world conference of Protestant denominations has just taken place in Switzerland and will undoubtedly result in far greater church unity and strength. New York's radio services, now being broadcast to millions of people, are the result of joint action by its Federation of Churches. In the small towns the Interchurch World Movement plan for union has proved so popular that nearly a thousand towns and villages have united their several congregations in one community church, with such satisfying results that the idea is spreading rapidly.

All of these progressive movements are significant, not so much of the broadening attitude of the individual churches as of the fact that it is to the councils, or conferences, that we must still look for vision and fearless action. Many of the men who take these forward steps are no longer holding parish positions. That means that they are no longer responsible to any one congregation or group of vestrymen for their actions and not dependent on them for support. Their strength lies in their comparative independence and in association with other forward-looking men.

It is this independence and this association that are so much needed in all the local churches. Before it can come there must of necessity be fewer churches, for there are not enough men qualified to serve on all the existing boards. There is urgent need for consolidation in the cities also, where costly buildings are to be found within a few blocks of any given point, most of them closed throughout the working week and half the day on Sunday. Fewer churches would also mean fewer clergymen, but under a better organization it would mean greater clergymen, for men of the finest character and mentality would not only seek the church as a field of endeavor but would find it the richest of all fields for usefulness. Furthermore it should be possible to call men from any walk in life to the service of the church. It

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should be as great an honor to be called to the ministry as to an ambassadorship or the presidency of a university, and almost an equal honor to serve on the board. When the church has such men it will draw to itself those hosts of over-busy men and women who are now drifting away, because the church will then mean spiritual awakening and a challenge to thought.

That better day seems worth every effort of the clergy and the church fathers, but I am afraid that very few of us lay people, realize how much it rests with us. If we plead for new wine we must undoubtedly supply new bottles. It would certainly be a momentous experiment to see what the thinking, intelligent women of to-day could do for the church and its governing boards, if they prepared themselves for it and knocked hard and long at the door. I do not mean the women who seek the church as a social center or a place for intermittent volunteer work. I refer to women who succeed at whatever they undertake because they believe in the undertaking and its value to society. Such women have proved their altruism and their worth in suffrage work, business, government and social service of all kinds, but so far they have done little for the church—in fact, except in a few isolated cases, women have never yet had any real partnership in the orthodox churches.

Possibly that is the needed first step in reorganization—church mothers as well as church fathers, and more spiritual food for the questing young, who hold the future in their hands. After that, fewer and larger churches, open day and night, with personnel directors to care for their activities and finance committees to shoulder responsibility for temporal affairs, leaving the clergy and the boards free to reach such spiritual heights that the church will tower above all the powerful and all the bewildering forces of the day.

ASPIRATION *

By GERTRUDE RYDER BENNETT

HER dreams she folded, smoothed, and packed with care,
Then closed the lid and turned the heavy key.

Her fingers lingered wistfully, while she
Said half aloud, "Some day and I shall dare
To turn this lock again. Then I shall wear
These dreams of mine—but now it cannot be,
And I must wait. How he would laugh at me.
And at my dreams! No one will find them there."

Upon the chest the idle years shed dust,
And over it fat spiders plied their trade.
One day she climbed the stair. From near her heart
She drew the key. The hinges groaned with rust.
She took her dreams, now bold and unafraid;
But at her touch they crumbled all apart.

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GIFTS *

By MARY EDGAR COMSTOCK

DEAR God, I stand with empty hands
To have them filled.
The other gifts thou gavest me
I long have spilled,

And some I broke upon these stones,
And some are bled
Until they died, because my thoughts
To strangeness wed.

Dear God, I would have other gifts
Within my hands.
Seal them upon me in thy wrath
With golden bands;

That I may never lose again
A love, but free
My heart, in deepening loneliness,
To ecstasy.

CRICKETS *

By RUDOLPH GILBERT

SERENE musicians visiting grass and flowers,
Reaping the realms of silence with your wings,
Lulling our senses in forgetfulness
On wavering, frail songs;
Yours is the balm of slumbering earth,
Where countless things grow unaware
Of winter's desolation after your singing ends.
You weave a melancholy spell all day
From the nude loveliness of clouds,
Until in quiet, moon-chilled nights
We hear among your prolonged interludes
Footsteps of autumn's scented gloom
Stealing upon the fleeting, sunlit hours.

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DESERT SONG—NIGHT *

By PRINCESS DOROTHY KARAGEORGEVITCH

OUT in the cool blue night hangs a moon;—
Walk softly—speak low—
Witchery vanishes far too soon.
Soft through the desert the dark wind sings:
Walk softly—speak low—
Thrill with the odor of sage it brings.
Magic that binds me—and sets me free;
Limitless spaces for company
Full of enchantment and mystery—
Walk softly—speak low.

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PERENNIAL *

By CECILIA MALONEY

THERE is no change. This quaint and quiet close
Remains as when you left. Here drowsing hours
Drift down the dial unnoticed to repose
Amid the prisméd languor of the flowers.
Pale mignonette and feathery maidenhair
Blend with the proud blue larkspur ; rue and thyme,
Fennel and tansy, thread the golden air
With healing fragrance of an older time.
All is the same. There is no sign of loss ;
Though your dear hand that pressed the soil is gone.
Death has no claim on gardens—long days toss
Warm sunshine into twilight, then to dawn.
Constant through constant years . . . I had forgot
That withered row of dead forget-me-not.

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SILVER BIRCH *

By ANNE BLACKWELL PAYNE

HOW can this birch tree profit by the spring?
No green or lustrous garment it can wear,
Will recompense the loss of silver boughs
That are so lovely bare.

Clean as the moon without a wisp of cloud;
White as a goddess carved upon a frieze;
Its pale distinction, shining and aloof
Beside more somber trees.

Oh, April sunlight, do not hector it;
And, warm winds, let it be; insistent spring,
Stand by abashed; how can you dare to touch,
So beautiful a thing?

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LOVE IS ENOUGH *

By ALICE P. REYNOLDS

CHARACTERS

LIEUTENANT HARRY PRICE, U. S. N.

ELIZABETH BONNEY

NELLIE, *maid in the home of the Kenyons*

JIMMIE KENYON, *an American novelist*

DORIS KENYON, *wife of Jimmie Kenyon*

WILES MERTON, *an English novelist*

BARBARA MERTON, *his wife*

PETER BONNEY, *a well-to-do shipbuilder*

MRS. BONNEY, *wife of Peter Bonney*

CHIEF PETTY OFFICER BOYLE, U. S. N.

*The action takes place in the home of the Kenyons at New
London, Conn., in June, 1928*

ACT I. *Late afternoon*

ACT II. *Ten minutes later*

ACT III. *The following morning*

ACT I

The living room in the summer home of JIMMIE KENYON at New London, Connecticut. The house has leanings to Spanish architecture. At the back are two wide arches, one in the middle and one on the right, equipped with French windows which lead to the garden. To the left of these arches a narrow stairway with an iron rail runs up against the back wall to a narrow gallery. On this gallery is an archway leading to JIMMIE KENYON'S study. At the back on the right is another open archway leading to the hall. Toward the front, on the right, is a fireplace with a long upholstered bench in front of it and tea table with tea things close by. Opposite on the left, is a piano and bench. A comfortable padded armchair stands near the center of the room. There are several other chairs, small tables, etc. A small telephone desk is at the back between two of the arches.

When the curtain rises ELIZABETH BONNEY is arranging some American Beauty roses in a vase. A large box and tissue paper lie on the table, indicating the roses have just been removed from it. Their vivid coloring matches the coloring in ELIZABETH'S cheeks, for she is a dark, vital-looking girl.

LIEUTENANT HARRY PRICE, a young naval officer, is watching her absorbedly.

ELIZABETH

It was dear of you to bring them, Harry.

HARRY

I always think of flowers when I think of you. I could not resist getting them, although it's bringing coals to Newcastle.

ELIZABETH

Oh no! (*Arranging a rose*) There! Aren't they beautiful?

HARRY (*ardently, moving a step nearer*)

You are beautiful!

ELIZABETH

You Southerners!

HARRY (*protesting*)

But I don't say it because I am a Southerner! You always throw that up at me!

ELIZABETH (*carelessly*)

I've always heard, and (*drawing provocatively*) experience rather strengthens my belief that you Southerners are perfect lovers—

HARRY (*taking a step forward and laughing, half amused but also in earnest*)

Try me and see!

ELIZABETH (*holding her hand up and smiling teasingly*)

You make perfect lovers—I've heard—to every girl you meet.

HARRY (*taking another step toward ELIZABETH*)

And you No'theners, I always heard tell,—and experience strengthens my belief—are cold as ice.

ELIZABETH (*in quick self-defense*)

Try me and— (*she stops hastily, takes a half step backward*) No, no! I didn't mean—

(*But HARRY, with one swift rush, embraces her.*)

ELIZABETH (*laughing and half pushing him away*)

I didn't mean you to take me *literally*! (*more earnestly*)

Harry, let me go! (*He kisses her.*) Harry! (*She yields to him after a moment.*) But Harry, I didn't mean this to happen at all! I'm sorry. It was my fault.

LOVE IS ENOUGH

HARRY (*ruefully*)

I didn't mean it to happen either. (*With energy*) But I am not one bit sorry. And neither are you. (*He kisses her again. Speaking more gently and earnestly*) Elizabeth, this is a bigger thing than either of us. Something we cannot dodge or arrange in a pretty pattern. It's got us.

ELIZABETH (*extricating herself from his arms; leaning back against the table*)

You are in earnest.

HARRY

Rather, my dear.

ELIZABETH (*sighing*)

Then we shall have to talk seriously.

HARRY

Just what I want to do.

ELIZABETH (*plaintively*)

You see, I mean to marry a rich man.

HARRY (*masterfully*)

Meant, darling.

(*Takes a place beside her, leaning against the table. Both facing the front. He looks sidewise at ELIZABETH. She looks down at her clasped hands. He takes her face between his hands and gently turns it to his.*)

You meant to marry a rich man. But that's all in the past now, isn't it?

(*She does not answer. He kisses her. She clings to him for a minute, then releases him.*)

ELIZABETH

Have it your way, then. Only . . . I do think I ought to warn you that you are being very, very foolish. . . .

HARRY

I know I am.

ELIZABETH (*piqued*)

Oh, you do!

HARRY

But it is worth being foolish about.

ELIZABETH

Oh. But you know, I really am extravagant, selfish, self-willed, spoiled—

HARRY (*not taking her very seriously*)

Are you all those things, beloved?

ELIZABETH (*ceasing to try to be reasonable for the moment*)

Harry! When you say—beloved—like that—I feel I could do anything—scrub floors for you!

HARRY

It will not be necessary to go quite that far, but . . . (*he speaks with the sublime self-confidence of a man in love*)

I shall make you happier than any old rich man ever could!

ELIZABETH

Or—*young* rich man?

HARRY

Don't speak like that! I don't like you that way!

ELIZABETH (*with the upward inflection of a spoiled girl sure of his liking*)

No-o?

HARRY

I—mean, it is not the *real* you. It sounds—trivial.

ELIZABETH

Darling, I *am* a very flip person.

HARRY (*fondly*)

Not the *real* you!

ELIZABETH (*thoughtfully*)

The “real” me . . . I wonder which one that is.

LOVE IS ENOUGH

HARRY

The one that loves me, of course. You see, I understand just how you feel, because *I* tried, too, to fight against loving *you*.

ELIZABETH (*not used to men "fighting" her attraction for them*)

You—did!

HARRY

Yes.

ELIZABETH

But why?

HARRY

I felt I had no right to marry yet. And, darling, I assure you if I had not known that this thing which has hit us—this *love*—is the most important thing—I would never have spoken.

ELIZABETH (*bewildered*)

But why, why? Because dad is so vulgarly wealthy, do you mean?

HARRY (*grandly*)

Oh no. Money after all isn't the main thing.

ELIZABETH (*to whom this is a new viewpoint*)

N-no-o. But why else would you feel you had no right to speak?

HARRY (*absorbed in himself, speaking simply*)

You see, an early marriage is not always a good thing for a Navy man's career.

ELIZABETH (*limply*)

Marriage is not always—uh—oh.

HARRY (*interested in his theme*)

Of course, *our* case is different. But sometimes officers' wives try to fight the whole Navy.

ELIZABETH

But what on earth *for*?

HARRY

Oh, they don't like bein' moved around, or they don't like their husbands havin' to spend so much time drillin' the men or they don't like them to be studyin' evenin's. They get fool notions in their heads.

ELIZABETH (*thoughtfully*)

I see-ee. I had not thought of Naval officers as so busy.

HARRY (*reasonably*)

No. No one ever does. But I would not want to have you marry me blind, darling. It sounds sorta mean to say right on top of our engagement, but there will be times when we shall have to put love aside and think only of the Navy. There are too many men in the Navy now who just regard it as a job. But to me, Elizabeth—bein' an officer is owin' a sorta debt of honor to the Government. *Bigness*, you know, is not the only thing. It's havin' every last detail built up to a shinin' perfection. This is awful dull talk for you, darling, but I *do* want you to understand.

ELIZABETH

I think you are a dear to care so much.

HARRY

D-do you r-really, Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH

Yes. It sounds much more thrilling than business.

HARRY

I'm glad to hear you say that.

ELIZABETH

But of course you *will* be stationed at Providence all next year, won't you?

HARRY

Yes. I think we can count on that. Of course, if anything happened—

LOVE IS ENOUGH

ELIZABETH

But nothing *will* happen, you old goose; there are no signs of war *now*.

HARRY

No. Sometimes, though, you get unexpected orders without there being a war.

ELIZABETH

But not *usually*?

HARRY

No-o. Not usually. . . . I am glad you think the Navy more thrilling than business.

ELIZABETH

The only difficulty is—I am afraid my dear dad won't look at it that way.

HARRY

Well, we've only to stick it out. Love *is* enough, isn't it?

ELIZABETH (*humming first words of song*)

"Love is Enough." You know, there was a rather amusing song of that name in the play, "Engaged." It was at the Comedy Theatre last winter. Ever hear it?

HARRY

No, we were down around South America, then.

ELIZABETH

Oh yes, you told me. I think we have the words. I'll sing it for you.

(*Elizabeth rises and goes in music room on the left back. HARRY still in the living room leans on the piano while she sings*)

ELIZABETH (*coming in again*)

Amusing, isn't it?

HARRY

Sorta cynical.

ELIZABETH

Yes. It does not live up to what you mean by "Love is Enough."

HARRY

What *we* mean!

(*He pulls her to him and puts his arms around her, kissing her*)

There! That is to take the taste of that song from your lips.

(*JIMMIE KENYON comes in from the hall. He is a slender rather pale man in his early thirties, handsome, though with slightly too large dreamy blue eyes and a strained harassed manner*)

JIMMIE

Hul-lo.

HARRY (*coolly*)

Hull-lo.

JIMMIE

Don't mind me.

ELIZABETH

We shan't.

HARRY (*grinning*)

But won't you give us your blessing?

JIMMIE

You mean that you two—

HARRY

I'm hoping to be your brother-in-law if the Gods are kind

JIMMIE

Good. I thought it was just flaming Youth.

HARRY

Flaming Youth be blowed!

LOVE IS ENOUGH

JIMMIE (*laughing*)

You see, I am always looking for copy for my stories. But if it is only an old-fashioned engagement, I'm afraid I can't use you. However, good luck.

HARRY

Thanks.

JIMMIE

Be happy. You will be—if—you don't let Elizabeth get the upper hand.

ELIZABETH (*reproachfully*)

Why, Jimmie!

JIMMIE

Well, you know, you and Doris have a way with you!

HARRY (*with Southern chivalry*)

The women we love *always* have a way with them, haven't they?

JIMMIE

Mmmm. Yes. But, I warn you, the Bonney sisters' way is a mighty high-handed way.

HARRY

Who wants a girl without spirit!

(ELIZABETH *makes a triumphant moué* at JIMMIE *who shrugs and starts up the staircase to the study.*)

JIMMIE

Don't say I didn't warn you, Lieutenant!

ELIZABETH

Aren't you going to stay and get better acquainted with your future brother-in-law?

JIMMIE

Child, I just can't. I haven't done a stroke of writing today.

ELIZABETH

Poor Jimmie! You ought to have some place nobody knew of where you could go and write.

JIMMIE

God! I wish I could. (*Drooping*) But Doris would find some reason to come there! Oh well, it's all in a lifetime. (*He goes into the study.*)

ELIZABETH

Poor Jimmie!

HARRY

I thought he and your sister were—well, sorta an ideal pair of lovers.

ELIZABETH (*wrinkling her forehead*) Oh they *are*! It's because Doris is so *fond* of Jimmie really, and wants him always with her. . . .

HARRY

Why doesn't he put his foot down?

ELIZABETH

I suppose you would put your foot down?

HARRY

Yes, I should. It's quite simple. If people love each other, they don't hinder each other.

ELIZABETH

Don't they?

(*Doris is heard from upstairs calling down the hall stairs.*)

DORIS

Jimmee!

ELIZABETH

There's Doris now!

(*ELIZABETH leaves table and runs to the mirror. Pats hair frantically.*)

If Doris sees me looking like this, Harry, she will guess!

LOVE IS ENOUGH

HARRY

Let her guess.

DORIS (*on the stairs, nearer*)

Jim-mee! Are you there, Jimmie?

ELIZABETH (*rapidly, pulling HARRY to the French windows as she talks*)

No, no! She must not know until I've seen father. She would queer everything! You don't understand, but Doris is very worldly. I'll go up the back way and fix my hair—and mend my face! You stay in the garden until I come down! Go on!

(*They barely get out through the French windows as DORIS KENYON comes in. DORIS is a slender, graceful blonde of about thirty. She is dressed exquisitely in some pastel shade. She flutters to the tea table, then crosses with marked grace to the staircase, stopping long enough to glance in the mirror as she passes by. She gives her hair one of those indefinable little touches that women hold so necessary. JIMMIE'S typewriter can now be heard. She listens to it for a moment, then goes up the stairs and knocks. No answer. The typewriter continues more furiously. She knocks again more sharply but with the same result. Impulsively she opens the door, revealing JIMMIE typewriting.*)

DORIS

Jimmie!

(*The typewriter stops abruptly.*)

JIMMIE (*calling over his shoulder*)

Knock, knock! Why don't you knock?

DORIS (*sweetly and perfectly unruffled*)

I *did* knock, darling, but you did not answer.

JIMMIE (*jumping up. Upsetting his chair. Muttering. Picking up the chair and replacing it with a thump. Coming to the door. Passing a worried hand across his face as though to clear his mind of its preoccupation*)
Awful busy, Doris.

DORIS (*in a soft voice which drips sympathy but has an underlying note of determination*)

I know you are, dear; but I want to talk to you before the others come in for tea.

JIMMIE (*coming outside the door*)

What is it, Doris? Need some money? Really, I ought not stop just now—

(DORIS places a soothing hand on his arm and leads him out onto the gallery.)

DORIS

I know. But I want your advice.

JIMMIE

Not money?

DORIS

No, darling; it isn't *always* money.

JIMMIE

Forgive me. But I'm all nerves today.

DORIS

I understand. But you know, Jimmie, it *is* lucky you have a wife who understands how to treat you.

JIMMIE

And *how* should I be treated?

DORIS

Oh—kind—but firm!

(*She smiles provocatively at him.*)

JIMMIE

Um—I see.

(*He takes hold of the doorknob. Gently she removes his hand. Then puts both her arms around his neck and pulls his head down. He kisses her and pets her for a moment. Then he turns to the door and half opens it again. She takes firm hold of his ears and turns his head toward her again.*)

JIMMIE

Uh?

DORIS

Please, Jimmie, give me your whole attention for just one minute! Come on downstairs where you can't see your manuscript.

(She takes his hand and leads him reluctantly down and as he goes step by step he says)

JIMMIE *(half ashamedly, half petulantly)*

It always starts out to be just one minute, you know.

DORIS *(provoked, releasing him and turning half away, speaking over her shoulder)*

You would not treat a—a—an insurance agent more rudely than you treat—me!

JIMMIE

Oh come, Doris, I don't usually kiss insurance agents, now do I?

DORIS

I believe you would, if you thought you would get rid of them any quicker that way!

JIMMIE *(repentantly)*

I know it is beastly for you to have a writer for a husband. What did you want, Doris?

DORIS *(smiling rewardingly at him)*

You know, we are giving Wiles this dinner tomorrow evening?

JIMMIE *(suspiciously)*

Yes. But don't fuss over it.

DORIS

How like a man! I have *got* to fuss if it is to be a success. It isn't *much* I want you to do.

JIMMIE *(resignedly)*

Well, what *is* it?

DORIS (*patting his coat; very beguilingly*)

Do you remember those frightfully clever verses you did for your Writers Club last winter? I want you to do something like that.

JIMMIE

Oh, Doris! I have no time for such nonsense now. I am putting the finishing touches on the last section of my new book.

DORIS (*off-hand*)

I know. But this won't take you long.

JIMMIE

I have got to stick to the book. And then there is this cursed lecture tour. I haven't even planned what I am to say. And I leave in a week.

DORIS

But I thought you *wanted* to get the lecture engagement.

JIMMIE

I did in a way.

DORIS

You said it would be so profitable!

JIMMIE (*ruefully*)

Yes. I did want it, from *that* point of view.

(*He picks up a paper knife and balances it on his hand nervously.*)

DORIS (*who has walked to the back and is examining her reflection, giving her hair a little deft pat and speaking over her shoulder*)

You're rather perverse this morning, darling. What other point of view *is* there?

JIMMIE (*in a low intense voice*)

There *is* the point of view of my writing.

LOVE IS ENOUGH

DORIS (*casually*)

You know, you always get nervous when you are finishing a book; and (*she comes over and takes hold of his lapels, looking up at him confidently*) they are *always* a success.

JIMMIE

But there comes a time with every writer when he has to go on—or go back. And I am not going on.

DORIS (*a trifle impatient*)

You will feel better, darling, after you drink your tea. (*She goes over to the tea table and serves out JIMMIE's tea.*)

JIMMIE (*taking cup and holding but not drinking it*)

Wiles says— (*DORIS offers him bread and butter sandwiches*) No, thanks. Wiles says—

DORIS (*holding up a plate of cakes*)

Cake?

JIMMIE (*peevish, anxious to go on with his tale*)

You know I *hate* sweet things. And I never eat while I am writing.

DORIS (*putting down plate and fixing her own tea*)

Sorry, darling.

JIMMIE

Wiles says—

DORIS (*raising her hand in a restraining gesture*)

Please! Do *not* quote Wiles to me! I will *not* listen to what he says.

JIMMIE

But Doris! Wiles is trying to help me—

DORIS

Help! Whatever Wiles has done to you, you have not been your real self since he arrived from England!

JIMMIE (*moodily*)

Perhaps this *is* my real self. Perhaps the other was only a false face put on for—your sake?

DORIS (*sullen, sensing danger*)

I don't know what you mean.

JIMMIE

No. You don't know. And you don't care! So long as everything moves smoothly, you don't care *what* is hidden underneath the surface!

DORIS (*speaking flippantly. These author husbands have to be humored!*)

Well, what *is* hidden underneath the surface that your dear Wiles Merton understands and I do not?

JIMMIE (*working himself up*)

My God! I've just *told* you! I've just *told* you. *I can't write!* I am not allowed to keep my mind on my work for two minutes!

DORIS (*angelically tried*)

You are so unreasonable, darling. I am giving this dinner to please *you*—for *your* friend, Wiles Merton.

JIMMIE

You are giving it to show Wiles off to your friends. I never wanted you to give it!

DORIS

It would be indecent not to give it, especially when Barbara is with Wiles.

JIMMIE

What's Barbara to do with it? She never wrote a book.

DORIS

Poor Barbara! At any rate, she typewrites them for Wiles. She is more of a slave than a wife.

JIMMIE

Barbara's all right.

DORIS

Yes, dear. It is Wiles I object to. His tyranny over her and his trying to direct you. . . . You *will* write the verses, darling? Just a few lines for each place card.

JIMMIE

You seem to think I just turn a crank and run them off.

DORIS (*on whom sarcasm is wasted*)

Darling, you are so clever, it does seem that way. And really, with these two publishers coming, it will be a sort of advertisement of how clever you are!

JIMMIE (*sitting down in armchair, head in hands*)

Oh God!

(MRS. BONNEY comes in fluttering and breathless and semi-tearful. JIMMIE after a second of adjustment jumps up and goes a few steps to meet her)

Oh—hullo, mother Bonney.

MRS. BONNEY

Jimmie! Doris! I am so glad to find both you dear children here. I am so worried.

(JIMMIE pilots her to the armchair. She talks steadily and breathlessly as she sinks down)

I would not have disturbed you for worlds, Jimmie, if you had been writing.

(DORIS pours her a cup of tea which she takes and, sighing, puts down on the table again.)

JIMMIE

I am glad *somebody* thinks of my writing.

MRS. BONNEY (*to DORIS*)

I am so worried. I just can't even drink a cup of tea!

DORIS (*giving JIMMIE a resentful glance. Then turning to her mother*)

What is it, mother?

MRS. BONNEY

It's Elizabeth.

(JIMMIE starts, begins to speak, looks at DORIS, then stops abruptly.)

DORIS

I think I know what you mean. It's Lieutenant Price, isn't it?

MRS. BONNEY (*tearfully*)

Then it is *not* my imagination!

DORIS

No. Elizabeth has been seeing far too much of him lately. That is the worst of the summer. Everything is so informal, it allows men to see a lot of a girl almost without her family knowing about it. But if I had not been so busy with these friends of Jimmie's—

JIMMIE

Good Heavens! You are not going to blame Wiles with Elizabeth's affairs too.

DORIS

Nothing has gone right since he came here.

MRS. BONNEY

I know *he* is in love with *her*. But do you think, Doris, that Elizabeth cares for *him*?

JIMMIE

Uh— (*Again he stops abruptly and to cover his confusion searches for his pipe in one pocket after another*) I gather there is something wrong with this young man? (*He finds his pipe and lights it, speaking lazily*) Hare lip? Cross eyes? What is it?

MRS. BONNEY (*to DORIS*)

Just when I had persuaded father to agree to my taking Elizabeth to Europe in September, as soon as the tourist rush is over.

JIMMIE (*stops smoking; uncrossing his legs and leaning forward, pipe in hand*)

Say, d'you mind telling me just what *is* the matter with young Price?

MRS. BONNEY

Why, you see, Jimmie, he is just a Naval Lieutenant.

JIMMIE (*sardonically*)

Oh-h. A question of money, not man?

DORIS

A Naval officer has absolutely no possibilities . . . unless he has money behind him . . . it makes no difference how brilliant he is at—whatever in the world it is that Naval Lieutenants do.

JIMMIE (*sarcastically helpful*)

Naval tactics; commanding men; defending their country . . . little things like that, Doris.

DORIS (*scornful*)

Whatever it is.

MRS. BONNEY (*vehemently*)

He will never earn enough to—to buy shoes for Elizabeth!

JIMMIE

So poor little Elizabeth will have to go barefoot.

DORIS

Do be serious, Jimmie. There is no question of Elizabeth marrying Lieutenant Price!

JIMMIE

Isn't there?

DORIS

No, there isn't.

MRS. BONNEY

We have just got to decide the best way to stop his seeing so much of her.

DORIS

Exactly.

JIMMIE (*thinking of the young couple*)

I didn't have much when I came a-courting Doris.

DORIS

But your first book was such a wonderful success!

MRS. BONNEY

Oh yes, Jimmie, father would never have approved otherwise.

JIMMIE

And if I had not succeeded, and your father had not approved—what would you have done, Doris?

DORIS

Silly! You did succeed.

(JIMMIE *turns away.*)

MRS. BONNEY

But what shall I do about Elizabeth?

JIMMIE (*over his shoulder*)

Rush her over to Europe.

MRS. BONNEY (*plaintively*)

But it is not the right time of year. She would meet all the wrong people!

JIMMIE

Someone even more ineligible than a Naval Lieutenant?

DORIS (*with a quelling glance at JIMMIE*)

We must not take this too seriously. Elizabeth is at the age for infatuations.

JIMMIE

And also at the age for love. How do you propose to tell the difference?

MRS. BONNEY

Jimmie, surely you do not want to see Elizabeth throw herself away on this young officer.

LOVE IS ENOUGH

JIMMIE (*impatiently flinging himself around the room*)
Get the best in the market by all means.

DORIS

Don't worry any more, mother. I will see that Elizabeth sees too many other men to have time for Lieutenant Price. Don't worry. I will manage it.

MRS. BONNEY (*brightening*)

You always do manage everything.

(*To JIMMIE*)

Doesn't she, Jimmie?

JIMMIE (*with too much emphasis*)

She certainly does.

MRS. BONNEY

Why, Jimmie!

DORIS

Jimmie's feeling contrary, today, mother dear; he's finishing his book, you know.

MRS. BONNEY (*always a little in awe of JIMMIE's writing*)

Oh. Well . . . I believe I shall go and lie down. All this *thinking* has tired me out. I'm not used to it.

(*She goes out.*)

DORIS

Jimmie, you acted so oddly when mother was here. I would almost think you wanted to see Elizabeth marry this Harry Price.

JIMMIE (*evading her glance*)

I think he's a fine fellow. Anyway, people marry whom they like. . . . (*to change the subject*) Wonder where Wiles is?

DORIS

It's always Wiles, Wiles, Wiles! Can't you see that Wiles is really *jealous* of you?

JIMMIE (*laughing*)

Jealous of *me*? That is really funny, Doris.

DORIS

It's not funny at all. You make ten times the money he does!

JIMMIE (*pacing madly up and down*)

Money! Money! Money! (*He makes a great effort at calmness; speaking slowly as to a child.*) Do you not realize, my dear wife, that Wiles Merton happens to be one of the greatest English writers living today?

DORIS

Of course I know Wiles is supposed to do very good work.

JIMMIE

Supposed? Supposed! Suppo—

DORIS

Well then, I read in the *Bookman* that he is the second greatest of living English novelists—

JIMMIE

So the *Bookman* has him all tabulated? Anyway, he is pretty darned good—whether second, or third, or fourth.

DORIS (*gently exact*)

It *said* second.

(*She helps herself to a cake and eats daintily and placidly.*)

JIMMIE

Doris, Doris!

(*At this point Wiles Merton enters. WILES is a broad sturdy thickset man dressed at the moment in loose baggy English tweeds.*)

DORIS (*in her sweetest tones*)

Oh Wiles . . . Here you are . . . we were just discussing a most interesting article in the *Bookman* about you! . . . How do you want your tea?

LOVE IS ENOUGH

WILES (*in a deep voice*)

No sugar, please.

DORIS (*busy with the cups*)

The *Bookman* says you are the second greatest living English novelist . . .

(*She extends the cup.*)

WILES (*taking the cup and drinking it in one swallow*)

Awfully kind of the *Bookman*.

DORIS

Where is Barbara?

WILES

Busy. She's editing the last chapters of my book. I am taking it to the publisher tomorrow. We leave for Mexico in two days, you know. Got to rush things.

DORIS (*plainly disapproving*)

I think Barbara is simply marvelous, to work so hard helping you write.

JIMMIE

Doris!

WILES (*grinning*)

Doris is right. Barbara *is* marvelous. But I take THE credit for breaking her in right at the start. She thinks it exciting to help an author and I have taken good care never to let her get any other idea about it.

DORIS (*lightly*)

It's lucky Jimmie does not expect help from me on his books.

WILES

Maybe there are ways you could help him.

DORIS

He has managed splendidly without my help, so far.

WILES (*laying his cup on the table*)

Well, perhaps.

DORIS

More tea, Wiles?

WILES

Thanks. I will.

(DORIS *refills his cup and hands it to him. He takes it, drinks it without comment and sets it down. BARBARA enters with some much interlined pages of manuscript.*)

JIMMIE (*jumping up eagerly*)

Hullo, Barbara. Come over and sit by me.

BARBARA (*smiling and coming over*)

I must not stay long. We want to get this stuff retyped and into the post this evening.

DORIS

Yes, you poor child. Wiles told us. How will you have your tea?

BARBARA

Sugar and cream.

DORIS

And have some of these sandwiches to keep up your strength.

(BARBARA *who is talking to JIMMIE looks at DORIS inquiringly.*)

WILES

Doris thinks I work you too hard.

DORIS

Yes. I do think it a shame when you have only two days more before you start for Mexico that you should not have more fun. I feel I have been a very negligent hostess.

BARBARA

But my dear, you shouldn't! You planned more things for us than we could possibly do! But we knew, with Jimmie being a writer, that you would understand, if we could not join in everything.

LOVE IS ENOUGH

DORIS

I don't let Jimmie take his writing so seriously.

BARBARA

You don't . . . But you are joking! Writing *is* serious.

DORIS

Yes, of course. But I should like to see you relax once in a while.

BARBARA

You are dear to me, Doris! But don't you worry. We shall get all the rest we need in Mexico. Mexico's a lazy place, you know. . . . Well.

(JIMMIE *takes her cup to the tea table.*)

I hate to be so abrupt, but—

DORIS

I understand, dear.

(*She looks at WILES who only grins.*)

BARBARA

Jimmie, may I use your typewriter, if you are not going to?

JIMMIE

Sure thing. Go on up. I have to compose verses for place cards. I don't need the typewriter for that.

BARBARA

Thanks, Jimmie. (*She starts up the stairs.*) And—Doris—don't worry about me. I never could play bridge decently, so I might as well be typing Wiles' stories.

(*She goes on up and into the study.*)

WILES

Well, Jimmie, I finished reading your book.

JIMMIE (*eager to hear yet afraid of the verdict*)

Did you?

DORIS (*rising*)

If you two are going to talk shop, I shall leave you. (*She goes to the hall door where she pauses.*) Oh, Jimmie.

JIMMIE

Yes?

DORIS

You won't get too interested talking, and forget the place cards?

JIMMIE (*who has been looking eagerly at WILES; wearily*)

No. I won't forget.

DORIS

Angel!

(*She smiles on him and goes.*)

WILES (*irritably*)

Well, do we talk about your book or do you write—place cards!

JIMMIE

I had better get the confounded rhymes written.

WILES

This sort of idiocy doesn't do your writing any good, you know.

JIMMIE

It's for the dinner in your honor.

WILES

It is not just the place cards. You are a regular handy man around the place.

JIMMIE

I know. But Doris does not understand.

WILES

Make her understand.

(*BARBARA comes out on the balcony.*)

LOVE IS ENOUGH

BARBARA

Wiles, there are some corrections here I simply can't make out.

WILES

Come on down, then, and we'll go over it together. Jimmie wants to versify.

(BARBARA comes down.)

WILES

Now let's see it. . . . I tell you, let's go out in the garden—then we won't bother Jimmie.

JIMMIE

I'm going up in the study anyway. I have to get my rhyming dictionary. What rhymes with "Liveright" . . . Night . . . Might . . .

(JIMMIE mounts the stairs as he says this.)

WILES (*helpfully*)

Fight.

JIMMIE

I feel like it.

(WILES laughs. JIMMIE goes into the study.)

WILES

Let's go out in the garden. I can always think better in the open air.

(They go out of the left-hand window. HARRY comes in a second later through the right with his back to the audience. He is watching WILES and BARBARA and consequently does not see MR. BONNEY entering in golf clothes and with golf bag through the hall door. They collide.)

HARRY

Oh—(He turns around and faces MR. BONNEY.) Mr. Bonney. Awfly sorry, sir.

MR. BONNEY (*cheerfully*)

It's you, Price. I spose you came up to arrange another game. Wonderful game we had this morning, eh?

HARRY

Yes, it was. And I'll be delighted if you will do me the honor to—to play again tomorrow morning.

MR. BONNEY

Now don't call it an honor. I am a plain man, Lieutenant. A self-made man. I look on every man as my equal. Just consider me a plain man like yourself.

HARRY (*earnestly*)

I do, sir. (*Then realizing he has got off on the wrong foot:*) I mean, I consider it an honor to be allowed to play with a man who possesses the wide vision you do, sir.

MR. BONNEY (*flattered but a little at sea*)

Huh?

HARRY (*earnestly*)

I mean—well, for instance: you understand my feeling for the Navy so perfectly. Some business men wouldn't.

MR. BONNEY

Well, of course, I am for the Navy. But—(*chuckling*)—it isn't entirely disinterested on my part, seeing I am a shipbuilder.

HARRY

But you might just as well say it is not entirely disinterested on my part, seeing I am an officer. But a fellow gets to have a feeling for the Navy that is hard to put into words. And I feel you understand.

MR. BONNEY

Yes, yes. I am for the Navy. Let's see, you are on one of those submarine chasers, aren't you?

HARRY

Yes. Why don't you come down and look her over? (*very enthusiastic*) As trim a build!

MR. BONNEY

Dangerous tubs, though, aren't they? Built for speed rather than safety?

LOVE IS ENOUGH

HARRY

They are not so bad. Naturally, speed is the main thing in chasing submarines. You see, the faster you can make 'em go, the sooner they have got to stop and recharge their batteries. In a word, you must force the submarine to be the *hunted* as well as the hunter.

MR. BONNEY

Hum, I see. It's nip and tuck whether they get you or you get them, eh?

HARRY

It depends a lot on expert manœuvering.

MR. BONNEY

Why don't you get on one of the big battleships? You'd be a lot safer if it ever comes to war.

HARRY (*explaining with his hands*)

It is not half so dangerous as it looks. You see, if you manœuver head on to a torpedo, nine times out of ten it will glance off without exploding, even if it hits you. Of course, we have to have the *big* ships. If it ever comes to a real sea battle, it will be the big ships that determine the victory.

MR. BONNEY

Then it's up to the Government to have plenty of them. Determine the victory . . . that's a good phrase. . . . I must make a note of it . . . for my business, you know.

HARRY

Oh—yes.

MR. BONNEY

You are in a good work, my boy. Even if we never have another war . . .

HARRY

Don't worry. The human animal has not yet learned to do without war. And when the next war comes, it is up to the sub-chasers to be so letter perfect in our work that we can keep one jump ahead of any submarine invented.

MR. BONNEY

Uh-huh. We certainly need you boys to protect us. . . .
Too bad there is not more money in it though.

HARRY

You are right about that. Lots of the fellows even think they have no right to get married. (*Looks questioningly at MR. BONNEY.*) But money is not everything.

MR. BONNEY (*rather dubiously*)

No-o. Money is not everything. No-o. It isn't.

HARRY

You see, I intend the Navy shall always come first, whether—whether I marry or not.

MR. BONNEY (*his mind on golf*)

Right idea, my boy. By the way, I have a new driving club I want your opinion on. The salesman at Spalding's was a glib talker and persuaded me I needed it. . . .

HARRY

Glad to look at it. Always use an iron myself for taking off. . . . You see, I take the Navy very seriously. I expect my wife to be a helpmate.

MR. BONNEY

Right idea. Yes. You pick out some sensible, level-headed girl who hasn't any foolish, extravagant notions in her head, and who will be willing to plug along with you . . . (*eagerly*) . . . Now I'll get that driver and show you . . .

HARRY

The fact is, Mr. Bonney, your views are very important to me because—

MR. BONNEY

Glad to give you advice any time, my boy. Now you just wait here. Be back in no time. I think you will like this new driving iron of mine . . .

(*MR. BONNEY goes after the driving iron. HARRY picks up a picture of ELIZABETH from the table.*)

LOVE IS ENOUGH

HARRY (*rapturously to the picture*)

A nice, sensible girl like you . . . we shall plug along together, won't we?

(*He kisses the picture. ELIZABETH comes in.*)

ELIZABETH

Poor man. No one to kiss but a picture!

HARRY (*Looks up and puts the picture back on the table and goes to her taking both her hands*)

Elizabeth!

ELIZABETH

Darling!

(*She puts her face up to be kissed. HARRY kisses her lightly. They laugh. They are very newly engaged.*)

Was I long?

HARRY

Years dragged by while I waited!

ELIZABETH

So sorry.

HARRY

But it was worth while waiting.

ELIZABETH

What have you been doing while you waited? Kissing all the pictures?

HARRY

Didn't have time for more than one. Your father came in.

ELIZABETH

Oh—*did* he? Did you talk to him about—us?

HARRY

He wanted to talk golf and I wanted to talk marriage.

ELIZABETH

So you talked golf. I know father!

HARRY

We did not get very far on either. Still, I do think I got in some rather good work. He really seems to see things much more sanely than you led me to expect.

ELIZABETH

Meaning that he agreed with you?

HARRY

Naturally. You owe me another for that. (*Kisses her hastily.*)

ELIZABETH

The only trouble with father is: he has the old-fashioned American idea that he must not help a son-in-law.

HARRY

Good heavens, Elizabeth. I wouldn't *want* him to help me!

ELIZABETH

But he also thinks his daughters are tender plants. Must not be exposed to rough winds. He made an awful row when Doris and Jimmie were married.

HARRY (*confidently*)

He's broadened out since then.

ELIZABETH

I have not noticed it. . . . What gives you that idea?

HARRY

Well, my dear child, he practically advised me to marry. Said I should pick out some sensible, level-headed girl who had no foolish, extravagant notions. . . .

ELIZABETH (*amused*)

You think dad meant me?

HARRY

Not exactly. But he cannot help seeing—when we break the news to him.

ELIZABETH

Yes. That description fits me perfectly.

LOVE IS ENOUGH

HARRY (*rather hurt*)

Your father can't go back on his own advice.

ELIZABETH

Harry, you'll have to fight for me.

HARRY

I don't care. I will fight the whole world for you.

(*They embrace. Simultaneously JIMMIE opens the study door and starts down the stairway reading to himself the verses he has written. He perceives the lovers, smiles, and is about to go silently back when MR. BONNEY comes in with the driving iron followed almost immediately by MRS. BONNEY and DORIS. HARRY and ELIZABETH break apart. ELIZABETH takes out her compact and elaborately powders. Then she says coolly:*)

ELIZABETH

Hello, daddy.

(*MR. BONNEY looks apoplectic as though he would like to use the driving iron on HARRY. JIMMIE decides to go up but ELIZABETH sees him.*)

Don't go, Jimmie. It might as well be a family party, seeing you are all here.

ELIZABETH takes out a cigarette case and selects a cigarette. To HARRY:)

Light!

(*HARRY, much confused, takes out his lighter and manages to light her cigarette.*)

Thanks.

(*She gives his hand a little pat which helps HARRY to gain self-control.*)

MR. BONNEY

Well, Elizabeth.

(*HARRY goes to speak but ELIZABETH puts her hand on his arm and stops him. She takes a long puff at the cigarette, regards its tip thoughtfully a moment. Then she throws her head back and turns to her father.*)

ELIZABETH

Harry has just been telling me that you approve of his getting married. . . .

MR. BONNEY (*to HARRY*)

You—you—cad!

HARRY

I am sorry it happened this way. I wanted to tell you first.

MR. BONNEY

Cad is the only word for this!

ELIZABETH (*puncturing his eloquence*)

Don't be melodramatic, daddy.

MR. BONNEY AND HARRY (*simultaneously*)

Hush, Elizabeth.

(*They stop hastily, disgusted to find themselves saying the same thing. ELIZABETH laughs.*)

ELIZABETH

You both seem of one mind about *me*, anyway. That augurs well for the future, because—(*Throwing away her cigarette, she impulsively puts one arm around her father and one around HARRY. They stand rather constrainedly and awkwardly.*)—because you both will have to see a lot of each other from now on.

MR. BONNEY (*extricating himself; to HARRY*)

Will you kindly explain what Elizabeth is talking about?

HARRY (*extricating himself; head back, looking very military*)

Gladly. I should have preferred to tell you in private—but the way things have gone—(*he smiles slightly and JIMMIE smiles in sympathy. MR. BONNEY glares. DORIS stands intent. MRS. BONNEY gives a loud exclamation.*) I reckon now it is better to tell you-all together. I have the honor to ask for the hand of your daughter, sir.

LOVE IS ENOUGH

MR. BONNEY

So—(*he is somewhat at a loss just how to proceed*)—so this is the way you take advantage of—of my playing golf with you?

HARRY (*bewildered*)

Golf? What has golf to do with it?

(JIMMIE chuckles. DORIS frowns at him. He subsides and sits down on the stairs, peering over the rail, his hand on the rail, his chin on his hand.)

MR. BONNEY

Oh, I suppose you meant all right about the golf. But marriage is different.

HARRY (*kindly tolerant*)

I know all fathers feel like that at first. But I reckon when you realize how Elizabeth feels—

MR. BONNEY (*with a grandiloquent gesture*)

Please—leave Elizabeth out of it!

ELIZABETH (*plaintively*)

But daddy dear, how *can* he leave me out of it?

MR. BONNEY

He can leave you out of it because it is out of the question for you to marry him.

HARRY

Why?

MR. BONNEY

Because it is. (*He turns from them. Sees MRS. BONNEY. Glares at HARRY angrily as though it were his fault she is standing.*) Sit down, mother. (*MRS. BONNEY obediently sinks into the armchair. DORIS crosses over to JIMMIE on the stairs and seats herself below him.*)

HARRY

Do you object to me personally, Mr. Bonney? My character?

MR. BONNEY (*trying to be placating but firm*)

I don't know anything about your character. It is probably as good or better than most of the young men I meet. No, it's not that. But the thing is unsuitable in *every* way. (*Having found a word to express his feelings he clings to it.*) Unsuitable. That's what it is.

HARRY

Perhaps it is because you know nothing about my people? (*Proudly*)

My family are the Prices of Maryland. I—

MR. BONNEY

Young man, I don't doubt a word you say. Your character is probably beyond reproach. And it is fine to come of old American stock. Fine. But you see, that is not the point. The point is—er— (*clears his throat in embarrassment*).

MRS. BONNEY

Elizabeth is not the girl for you at all!

ELIZABETH

Now mother! Don't try to make Harry think there is something wrong with me!

HARRY (*to MR. BONNEY*)

I reckon the difficulty is money?

MR. BONNEY

You see it yourself, my boy.

HARRY

But you yourself advised me to marry! You said to "pick out some sensible, level-headed girl who hasn't any false, extravagant notions and who will be willing to plug along with me."

MR. BONNEY (*triumphantly*)

Exactly!

ELIZABETH (*highly amused at both of them*)

And Harry recognized me in your perfect description.

MR. BONNEY (*enraged*)

What nonsense! He must have known perfectly well—
Are you blind, boy? Can't you realize Elizabeth could
never live the cramped life of a poor man's wife?

HARRY (*proudly*)

I am not exactly a pauper. I have my profession, sir.

MR. BONNEY

Ah, yes. Your profession.

(*He coughs embarrassedly as he thinks of his recent praise
of that profession.*)

ELIZABETH

You should be proud to have a Navy man for a son-in-law,
daddy. You are always talking about how necessary the
Navy is.

MR. BONNEY

Oh yes, necessary. It is the backbone of the nation. But
what has that to do with the man you marry?

HARRY (*bitterly*)

I see. It is a case of "Tommy Atkins."

MR. BONNEY (*trying kindness*)

Price, we have to look at these things in a large way. And
we must not mix up our convictions with our personal
living. Let's keep sentiment out of this.

MRS. BONNEY (*tearfully*)

Can't you see it is not fair to Elizabeth?

(*ELIZABETH snuggles her hand into HARRY's to encourage
him.*)

HARRY (*heartened*)

If Elizabeth is willing to put up with my way of life . . .

MRS. BONNEY

Willing? Elizabeth does not know what she is talking
about!

MR. BONNEY

Lieutenant Price, I put it to you as one man of the world to another. Is it *fair* to ask a mere child like Elizabeth to decide?

ELIZABETH

I'm twenty-two, daddy!

DORIS

May I make a suggestion? (*Everyone turns to her.*) Suppose you two put off deciding anything definitely until after Elizabeth's trip to Europe?

MRS. BONNEY (*eagerly*)

Yes, yes. Why not do that?

ELIZABETH (*hotly to DORIS*)

Doris, you know it wouldn't be the same.

HARRY (*to DORIS*)

You would all do your best to make Elizabeth forget me!

DORIS (*insincerely*)

How can you think that? But the trip would give her a chance to reach a fair conclusion.

MRS. BONNEY (*in a mincing voice*)

If it is real, love will survive a parting.

HARRY (*flaming*)

If it is real, love will not let obstacles stand in the way. It is weak, not unselfish, to give up. When—when you love a person you—can't let them be dragged off.

DORIS

Nonsense.

MR. BONNEY (*losing patience*)

I tell you, plainly, Price, any man in your job is a *fool* to think he can marry a girl like Elizabeth—

JIMMIE

And fools rush in . . .

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DORIS

Shh.

(JIMMIE *subsides.*)

MRS. BONNEY

Elizabeth has never had to do without anything.

HARRY (*coolly*)

It is time she learned how, then.

MRS. BONNEY

Oh, oh, oh! How selfish!

MR. BONNEY

As I said, it is nothing personal we hold against you.

HARRY

It's worse than personal.

MRS. BONNEY (*tearfully*)

Besides, you're here today and gone tomorrow.

ELIZABETH

But he *is* here today, mother.

MR. BONNEY (*with the air of dismissing the whole thing*)

Just forget it all, Price. That's my advice.

ELIZABETH

Harry forget me? Not if I can help it!

(JIMMIE *softly claps his hands together but is stopped by*

DORIS.)

MRS. BONNEY

Elizabeth!

MR. BONNEY (*ignoring this interchange*)

Come, come. Let us part friends. I am not unreasonable.

Some day you will both thank me for not letting you do anything foolish.

(*But they are not listening.*)

HARRY (*to ELIZABETH*)

You mean to stick to me?

ELIZABETH

Of course.

MR. BONNEY

You can't.

ELIZABETH

But, daddy dear, I *can*—

MR. BONNEY (*feeling himself beaten*)

Price, if you persist in this, you will be taking advantage of an inexperienced girl.

ELIZABETH

And didn't you once take advantage of an inexperienced girl? Why, you told me once that you and mother began your married life on fifteen dollars a week! Harry earns *loads* more than that.

MR. BONNEY

I had a future. I had planned where I was going.

ELIZABETH

Harry has a wonderful future! I expect him to be Admiral some day.

HARRY

Oh say, draw it a bit milder.

ELIZABETH

Admiral, at the least.

MRS. BONNEY (*to the rescue*)

And are you going to spoil our lovely trip that father planned for you?

ELIZABETH

Oh no! I shall buy my trousseau then.

MRS. BONNEY

But you would have wonderful opportunities . . . we only want the best for you.

LOVE IS ENOUGH

ELIZABETH

I know, mother dear. But you see Harry *is* the best for me.

MR. BONNEY (*baffled*)

I want you to be happy, Elizabeth. But you can't be happy if you are poor.

JIMMIE (*unexpectedly taking a hand*)

Money is not everything.

MR. BONNEY

You say that! You work just as hard for it in your way as I do!

JIMMIE

Yes, I am a poor one to preach plain living. Still, I think it can be done—and happily.

MR. BONNEY

Not by *my* daughters! . . . And I will not subsidize my daughter's marriage.

HARRY (*haughtily*)

That is the last thing I would want, sir.

MR. BONNEY

I know that, my boy. And I admire you for it. You have the real American spirit. You see, I have seen too many of these subsidized marriages go on the rocks. Long ago I made up my mind that whatever way my daughters made fools of themselves, it would *not* be that way . . . But I have been thinking. I have an idea that may solve the problem.

ELIZABETH

You wonderful daddy! You always think of something.

MR. BONNEY

There is just one possible way for you to marry Elizabeth and keep her happy. You know, I have liked you from the first, Price. I like your straightforward game of golf

and I like your straightforward way of talking up to me. It is just this Navy stuff. Now, I won't *give* you children one cent; but—why not give up the Navy and come into business with me? (HARRY *turns unbelieving eyes upon him*. JIMMIE *leans forward interested*.) I will guarantee you will be doubling and trebling what the Navy gives you in a year!

ELIZABETH

You darling daddy! What a wonderful idea! Isn't it, Harry?

HARRY (*He first looks down tracing the design of the rug with his foot in an embarrassed silence. Then he lifts his head giving a short laugh.*)

It is very kind of you, sir. But impossible for me.

(ELIZABETH *frowns slightly at this and drops her hand from HARRY'S arm.*)

MR. BONNEY (*missing the point*)

Nonsense, Price. You have personality. You have brains.

ELIZABETH

I *knew* you would see that, daddy!

MR. BONNEY (*with a wry smile*)

Yes, I have to admit that he gets what he goes after.

(*Everyone laughs, MRS. BONNEY and DORIS with a pleasant nervous urgency as though trying to exert the power of their smiles on the strangely reluctant HARRY. Only JIMMIE is grave.*) Well, that is the secret of business in a nutshell. Get what you go after. Never mind whose corns you tread on in getting it.

HARRY (*curtly*)

I reckon that's so. But you misunderstood me, Mr. Bonney. The *Navy's* my business. I'm not much of a hand at words—but, ever since I was a kid I took for granted I'd go in the Navy. I wouldn't be—comfortable—anywhere else. You're very kind. But I just couldn't do it, sir. I really couldn't.

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ELIZABETH

You couldn't do it for *me*, Harry?

HARRY

Elizabeth, don't *you* understand? I'd hate doing anything else. Besides, it isn't only me. It's bred in me. My grandfather manned a blockade runner in the War of the States. My father was Commander on a submarine chaser in 1918 in the North Sea . . .

MR. BONNEY (*soothingly as to a child*)

By Jove, was he, now? I should like to meet him. You know, I used to make speeches in Wall Street myself to get the boys to enlist. Yes, *sir*.

HARRY

Indeed, *sir*.

MR. BONNEY

Yes, I certainly would like to meet your father and swap war experiences. Er—where is he now?

HARRY

At the bottom of the North Sea, I believe.

MR. BONNEY

Oh, oh, sorry. Hrumph. Hrumph. Hrrr.

MRS. BONNEY

There, you see what a terrible life it is! (*She breaks into tears.*) And to think of my baby marrying a man who is going to be *drowned*!

(DORIS leaves JIMMIE and goes to stand behind her mother's chair, putting her hand on her mother's shoulder comfortingly and eyeing HARRY hostilely.)

HARRY (*reassuring*)

Oh, there is not the slightest danger of drowning in peace times, Mrs. Bonney.

(*She sobs on un comforted.*)

ELIZABETH (*fondling HARRY's sleeve protectingly*)

Harry, I do think it noble of you to stick to the Navy,

and all that. And if there were a War on now, the very last thing I would ask of you would be to resign. But now, surely one man more or less cannot matter? (*With expression, con amore.*) And it *does* matter so much to me.

HARRY

Perhaps I do not matter to the Navy very much. But Uncle Sam has to have some trained men handy in case anything does happen, and even if I am not individually important, I happen to be one of those men.

MR. BONNEY

The trouble with you, Price, is that you have an exaggerated idea of your own importance.

(DORIS nods at this and whispers to her mother who can only shake her head tearfully.)

HARRY (*a bit sullen and at bay*)

Put it this way, then: I am going to stay in the Navy just because I *want* to. It's my *job*, just as—writing is *his*—

(*He indicates JIMMIE who gives a brief nod of approval and hangs further over the stair rail.*)—job. I love it!

MRS. BONNEY (*rising and stretching out her arms to him dramatically*)

And you won't give it up for my child's happiness?

(*A tense pause. Then HARRY speaks slowly, unhappily, but firmly.*)

HARRY

If Elizabeth finds that her happiness depends on such things as what profession I follow and the amount of money I earn, I'm afraid—she can never be happy with me.

DORIS (*scornfully*)

Really!

MRS. BONNEY

There, Elizabeth. You see how selfish he is. I am glad he has shown his true colors in time.

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ELIZABETH

Please, mother! (to HARRY) Oh Harry, I know you think I am a little beast to like money and the things it buys so much. I am sorry you feel you cannot give up the Navy—(She is looking at HARRY gravely.) But—(She smiles up at him ignoring the others.) I know, too, I have to have you.

HARRY

Thanks. (His inflection says "I'll tell you later, darling, how much I appreciate your sticking to me." To MR. BONNEY impulsively and boyishly) You think I am ungrateful. You have been most generous to me. But I—just—can't—do—it. You see?

MR. BONNEY (*grimly*)

Yes, I see. (He shrugs and walks over to the bench before the fire.) In these days one can't lock a foolish daughter up.

(He sits down on the bench in a discouraged way, letting his shoulders sag.)

JIMMIE (*quickly coming over to HARRY and ELIZABETH*)

My sincere congratulations to my future brother-in-law. If I had hand-picked you, I could not have done better.

ELIZABETH

Nice old Jimmie.

(JIMMIE looks at DORIS who does not heed the signal. He turns to MR. BONNEY.)

JIMMIE

At any rate, he is a red-blooded man; not a neurotic writer.

MR. BONNEY

You suit me all right, Jimmie.

JIMMIE

Ah, but once—remember?

MR. BONNEY

I didn't realize writing was a *business* then, just the same as any other.

(JIMMIE *elevates his eyebrows and grimaces.*)

MRS. BONNEY (*dolefully*)

I am sure I hope for the best.

(JIMMIE *again signals to DORIS who comes slowly over.*)

DORIS

You are certainly to be congratulated, Mr. Price.

HARRY

I think so, Mrs. Kenyon.

ELIZABETH

Don't be so high-hat, Dorry. Be yourself.

DORIS (*shrugging lightly as she walks to the door*)

There is no use talking.

ELIZABETH

None at all, darling.

(DORIS *goes out.*)

ELIZABETH (*with her cool wilfulness*)

Go into the garden and wait for me, Harry. I want to cheer daddy up a bit. He thinks the earth has fallen through.

HARRY

Mr. Bonney, I will try to make up to Elizabeth for her sacrifice . . .

ELIZABETH (*giving him a little push*)

Oh, go *on*!

(HARRY *smiles at her, trusting her to set things straight, and goes down the garden path where he can be seen waiting for her. ELIZABETH crosses over to where her father sits.*)

Daddy! Don't you worry. Harry is simply terribly patriotic and all that. But wait! I feel it won't take long

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for Harry to see how expensive I am—(*her charming laugh makes this sound less crude*)—and I have an idea that before many weeks are over, Harry will begin to see how useful business can be!

MR. BONNEY (*all animation*)

You little imp! Where did you get that notion from?

ELIZABETH

Don't you manage thousands of men, daddy? Shouldn't your daughter be able to manage one?

MR. BONNEY

By gad! I believe you can do it!

ELIZABETH

I think I can. But Harry is the kind must not be forced into anything. He must think it is *his* decision when he gives up the Navy.

JIMMIE

That is horrible, Elizabeth. It is bad enough to ask a man to give up his life work; but to edge him out of it with his eyes bandaged—

ELIZABETH

Oh Jimmie! You writers! No one can expect you to be practical.

JIMMIE

You call that practical?

ELIZABETH

Isn't it practical to try to get what you want?

JIMMIE

Do you think you can always have what you want?

ELIZABETH (*insolently*)

I have always managed it so far.

JIMMIE

Some day, young lady, you will learn you cannot have your cake and eat it, too. You have to choose.

ELIZABETH (*pertly*)

So have you!

JIMMIE

Now what do you mean by that?

(ELIZABETH *shrugs and will not answer.*)

JIMMIE

Anyway, you have got Price all wrong, Elizabeth. You can't lead *him*. He is too big.

ELIZABETH

Oh, don't be an old wet smack, Jimmie Kenyon! (*Holding out her arms wide as though to embrace a world of good things*) I tell you I am going to have everything, everything, everything!

(*She makes a grimace at JIMMIE. Then she runs into the garden to HARRY. ELIZABETH and HARRY walk a few feet into the sunset and turn silhouetted against it and embrace as*

THE CURTAIN GOES DOWN

ACT II

It is ten minutes later. ELIZABETH steals in, looks around, finds the room empty. She beckons to HARRY.

ELIZABETH

Come on.

(She puts out her hand and pulls him in, laughing.)

HARRY

Anybody aft?

ELIZABETH

No, they are all gone.

(They sink down on the piano bench arms around each other in a juvenile way.)

HARRY

My darling!

ELIZABETH

I am so happy!

(She throws her head back against his shoulder. They lean back against the piano, his arm loosely around her.)

HARRY *(stroking her hair back)*

Are you, really, sweetheart?

ELIZABETH

Rather—you darling—sailor!

HARRY

You—really *do* like my being a sailor, Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH

Like it? I love it! Other men seem so ordinary. Just tiresome civilians. . . . Pooh! (She blows an imaginary civilian off her fingertips) Your uniform is simply enchanting!

HARRY

But it is not *just* my uniform!

ELIZABETH (*teasing*)

You have no idea how fascinating a uniform is to the female mind.

HARRY (*gruffly*)

Forget my uniform. Think of me as a *man*.

ELIZABETH

You are not very conceited, handsome.

HARRY

Look here, Elizabeth, I want to talk seriously.

ELIZABETH (*seizing her little pink ears and looking overgrave*)

I am all ears, beloved.

HARRY

Be serious.

(*He laughs reluctantly, pulls her hands down, kisses the palms and shuts them up tightly. Then he becomes grave again and goes on.*)

There is a seamy side to marrying a sailor, you know. It is not all brass buttons and parade.

ELIZABETH (*putting her hand over his mouth*)

Let's not cross our bridges until we come to them, sweetheart. (HARRY *pulls her hand away.*)

HARRY

But I want to be sure you understand what you are doing.

ELIZABETH

Now—no buts, today, please! I just want to be gloriously happy today!

HARRY (*huskily*)

And so you shall be, my darling. And every other day, if I can make you so. (*He kisses her.*) You were wonderful with your father, you know; alone, I should have been sunk. . . .

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ELIZABETH (*with dreamy complacency. Leaning against his arm and looking into the distance*)

Not you! But we *did* manage to pull it off rather well, didn't we?

HARRY (*eagerly*)

I do wish, though, I could have made your father see my point of view.

ELIZABETH (*giving him a slant-eyed smile*)

And I suppose it would have made *him* happy if you could have seen his point of view. . . .

HARRY

I suppose so. . . . He *was* awfully decent to me. . . . I must seem a cheeky ass to him. . . .

ELIZABETH (*offhand, watching HARRY*)

Yes. . . . After all, he was giving you his darling daughter.

(*She laughs to lighten the effect of her words.*)

HARRY

Don't I know! It makes me feel like the devil.

ELIZABETH

It *would* have been nice if you had felt you could accept his offer.

HARRY

I *couldn't*, Elizabeth!

ELIZABETH (*slowly*)

No-o. You could not. We-el, that's that.

HARRY

Do I seem a narrow-minded beggar to you, darling?

ELIZABETH (*hesitating a moment before answering, then speaking very gayly*)

You seem nothing but my own most adorable Lieutenant.

HARRY (*mock serious, getting up and bowing*)

Keep right on thinking things like that, and our marriage will be a tremendous success!

ELIZABETH (*hesitating a moment before answering, then speaking rather seriously*)

But I *do* think you are wrong in your idea that father wants you in the business just because you are marrying me.

HARRY

My dear, there are thousands of men better trained for your father's offices than I.

ELIZABETH

No, wait, Harry. Let me finish.

(HARRY *walks up and down obviously impatient to get this over.*)

HARRY

All right. Shoot.

ELIZABETH (*softly, rising and following HARRY*)

You see—father has no *son*, Harry. To carry things on.

HARRY (*pausing in his walk and facing her; struck by this in spite of himself*)

That is true enough.

ELIZABETH

And for all his energy, dad is not getting any younger.

HARRY (*protesting*)

Foolish! Your dad is in his prime!

ELIZABETH

Still—the burden he carries is tremendous. And—if he had a pair of young shoulders to shift it to—?

(*Her voice rises suggestively in an unspoken question as she looks up at HARRY.*)

HARRY (*a little nervously, trying to laugh it off*)

But there must be someone—a good many someones, in

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fact—right in the firm, who are only too eager to lighten the burden your father carries.

ELIZABETH

Yes—but no *son*! It means the control of the business will go out of the family.

HARRY

Elizabeth, I thought before, when the rest were here, that you—that we—were together on this. We have *got* to pull *together*.

ELIZABETH

Why, it will be all right whatever way you decide; only—

HARRY

But I *have* decided, my darling.

ELIZABETH

It merely occurred to me that you had not thought of that side of it.

HARRY (*frowning with concentrated thought*)

No-o. I had not. (*His brow clearing. He smiles at her*) And I am not going to think of it.

ELIZABETH (*with one of her quick changes*)

Very well. Then we will talk no more about it. (*Sinks gracefully on to the sofa; pats the place beside her for HARRY to sit down*) Sit down. (*HARRY springs eagerly to obey.*) Wouldn't it be nice if I were a boy instead of a girl!

HARRY

I think not.

ELIZABETH

Yes, it would, too! (*snuggling up to him*) Then I could enlist in the Navy and be with you every moment!

HARRY (*stroking her hair; fondly*)

Silly darling!

ELIZABETH

So long as I am "darling," I am content to be "silly."
(ELIZABETH *leans back against his arm and looks off into space, dreaming. A slight pause.*)

HARRY

What are you thinking about—Us?

ELIZABETH

Mmm. Us. And our home.

HARRY (*laughing*)

"Our home" is good. "Our home" will be a movable proposition, you know, old dear (*ruffles her hair tenderly*).

ELIZABETH

But we cannot live on the crest of an ocean wave! We shall have to have a headquarters *somewhere*, won't we?

HARRY (*thoughtfully, a little worried*)

I suppose women *are* like that.

ELIZABETH

Of course they are. D'you know, Harry, I have always known *just* the kind of house I was going to have and *just* what I was going to put in it. . . .

HARRY (*lightly, yet with a note of anxiety in his voice*)

Don't make your plans too elaborate. You know, I am only a poor sailor.

ELIZABETH (*carelessly*)

Oh, dad will give us a house, I know.

HARRY (*frowning a little*)

But I don't *want* your father to start out giving us everything. Besides—you have to travel light in the Navy.

ELIZABETH

You must not be selfish, Harry. Dad will *love* giving us a house. . . .

HARRY (*gloomily*)

I suppose he will.

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ELIZABETH

Mr. Independent! (*HARRY does not respond but sits looking thoughtfully ahead of him. ELIZABETH ignores his lack of enthusiasm.*) I can just see it! A darling pink stucco house with blue shutters, on one of the bluffs beyond Providence. . . . (*HARRY looks uncomfortably grave.*) Don't you like my house, Harry? Is it too gay for you?

HARRY

Any house you like will do well enough for me. I am not fussy about things like that . . . Only—

ELIZABETH

Only what?

HARRY

You make it all so definite—as though we would live in it forever. What I am fearful of is—if we have a house of our own, you will grow too attached to it. And it will be harder for you when the time comes to pick up and go than if we just rented temporary quarters. That is what everyone does in the Navy, you know. (*There is a pleading note in his voice which ELIZABETH ignores pleasantly.*)

ELIZABETH

We won't be like *everyone*. We shall be *different*. See? And if it turns out we have to leave our ducky little house—

HARRY

If it turns out! My dear child, it is *bound* to turn out that way!

ELIZABETH (*carelessly*)

Well—we can always keep it for a summer place.

HARRY (*amused and exasperated*)

But, Elizabeth, do you imagine I shall have summers off or what?

ELIZABETH

Oh, well, I am going to have a house anyway.

HARRY (*abruptly*)

All right.

(*They sit silent a moment, both aware of the inevitable distance which must always separate.*)

HARRY (*with an effort to change the tenor of things*)

Play something.

ELIZABETH (*leaning to him and patting his arm*)

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast"?

HARRY

Oh, darling, was I as bad as that? Of course, have the house! I truly am a beast.

ELIZABETH (*content in her first victory*)

You will love the house as much as I. You'll see.

HARRY

I don't want to love any house. You and my ship are all my heart's got room for.

(*ELIZABETH jumps up, blows him a kiss and goes into the music room adjoining and plays and starts to sing the second verse of "Love Is Enough."*)

HARRY (*crossing protestingly to the doorway of the music room*)

I say, Elizabeth! Don't play that again!

ELIZABETH (*letting the verse dwindle off; emerging from the music room; teasing*)

I was playing the second verse this time. You only heard the first verse before.

HARRY

I heard enough to know I do not like it. Oh, I know it is only a song. But it seems a sort of—profanation to hear those cynical words from your lips—today, especially!

(*He looks pleadingly at her but she only looks amused.*)

ELIZABETH

But, my dear, it is only a song.

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HARRY

I suppose I am a fool to feel that way about it. . . . But it is not true!

ELIZABETH

You are so literal, Harry!

HARRY

I reckon I am being a fool.

ELIZABETH (*suddenly melting*)

No. You are whole-souled. You make me ashamed!

HARRY (*surprised*)

Ashamed? *Why*, darling? You did yourself proud today!

ELIZABETH (*smiling*)

But way down in my heart, I still hanker after the flesh-pots.

HARRY (*with masculine carelessness*)

All women do. (*Then looking at her keenly*) Elizabeth—you are not regretting anything?

ELIZABETH

Of course not! A million, million times, No!

HARRY

I look at it this way. I want you more than anything in the world.

ELIZABETH (*sotto voce*)

Except the Navy!

HARRY (*grinning*)

That is different. *That* is duty. *You* are *pleasure*.

ELIZABETH

Thanks.

HARRY

I want you more than anything. *But*—I don't believe in sacrifice.

ELIZABETH

No?

HARRY

No. I believe that two people who marry should want the same way of life. . . .

ELIZABETH

Idealist!

HARRY

I mean I do not want some one hanging around pale and wan and bitter, all the time hating me because they have given up so much for me. . . .

ELIZABETH (*jumping up and throwing her arms around him*)

Idiot! Do I look pale and wan?

HARRY

I reckon I am too touchy.

ELIZABETH

Just a bit.

HARRY

You see, what your father said *did* rather get under my skin. I just want to be sure you go into this with open eyes.

ELIZABETH (*opening her eyes very wide*)

There, see how wide open they are! Poor darling, it is *you* who are walking in blind. . . .

HARRY

What do you mean?

ELIZABETH

I am rather a selfish person, you know.

HARRY

And I am sorta self-willed myself. So that makes us even.

LOVE IS ENOUGH

ELIZABETH (*her chin cupped in her hand, her eyes intent and thoughtful*)

I wonder what happens when a spoiled girl like me marries a—self-willed man—like you.

HARRY

It will be interesting to find out. (*With masculine assurance*) But there will not be any danger of us going on the rocks, we love each other too much.

ELIZABETH (*mockingly*)

And—"Love is Enough."

(*She hums a line of the song. HARRY stops her going any further by putting his hand over her mouth.*)

HARRY (*semi-serious*)

Don't you dare sing that again!

ELIZABETH

All right, darling . . . See how submissive I am getting already.

HARRY

Splendid!

ELIZABETH

Harry! I just thought of something *terribly* exciting!

HARRY

What's that?

ELIZABETH

My—trousseau! I shall have to start getting a trousseau directly.

HARRY (*vaguely*)

Oh yes. That will be nice, darling.

ELIZABETH

I shall make dad give me the most gorgeous dresses!

HARRY (*vaguely uneasy*)

You look all right to me in any old thing.

ELIZABETH (*smiling in a superior way*)

But you have never seen me in "any old thing." The right color and line make an enormous difference.

HARRY

That little green thing you have on now is perfect so far as I am concerned.

ELIZABETH

And this little green thing, you irreverent male, happens to be one of Chanel's sports creations.

HARRY

Eh?

ELIZABETH (*speaking as if to a child but gayly*)

This is a Paris frock, my darling, made by a house that excels in making sports frocks. . . .

HARRY (*dubiously*)

Clothes *are* important to women, aren't they?

ELIZABETH

Terribly important. Dad always says my bills are frightful.

HARRY (*rather solemnly*)

It seems as if I were making you give up a good deal, one way or another.

ELIZABETH (*carelessly*)

Don't worry about that. Whenever I do need a new dress we can just save on something else!

HARRY

Yes . . . Elizabeth, you must not think I am a fool who does not appreciate what money can do. I only wish it were possible by working hard to become a millionaire in the Navy; but it just does not go that way.

ELIZABETH

It would be nice, wouldn't it?

LOVE IS ENOUGH

HARRY

I want you to have pretty things, always.

ELIZABETH

I *know* you do. . . .

HARRY

You trust me so to make you happy, it is a sort of responsibility.

ELIZABETH

You *are* making me happy. Aren't *you* happy?

HARRY

Ye-es.

ELIZABETH

Then smooth those wrinkles of care from your brow.
(HARRY *smiles with a little effort.*)

HARRY

Of *course* I am happy. I have the two things I want most in the world—you. And my berth in the Navy.

ELIZABETH

Won't you forget the Navy for just this afternoon and think only of me?

HARRY

Navy, begone! Are you satisfied?

ELIZABETH (*sighing contentedly*)

Yes.

HARRY

You child!

(WILES and JIMMIE come out of the study door on the balcony. They are talking and at first do not see HARRY and ELIZABETH)

WILES (*firmly*)

You will never be able, Jimmie, to do your best work here.

JIMMIE

I have learned that.

WILES

Come to Mexico with Barbara and me. It will give you back the freshness of viewpoint you have lost.

(JIMMIE looks down and sees ELIZABETH and HARRY.)

JIMMIE

Hullo, children. Wiles, come down and meet my future brother-in-law. (*They come down.*) Lieutenant Harry Price. Wiles Merton.

(HARRY and WILES shake hands.)

HARRY

I have read some of your books, sir. Sound as though you had been a sailor yourself.

WILES

I had some of it in the War. And my wife's people are all in the Navy.

HARRY

Is that so? We must have a good talk sometime

WILES

We are leaving for Mexico in two days; but I should like to see your boat before we go. . . . You have won a mighty fine girl.

HARRY

I know it.

ELIZABETH

But Wiles, what were you saying to Jimmie about going to Mexico?

WILES

I want him to go with Barbara and me.

ELIZABETH

But why?

(WILES and JIMMIE look at each other.)

LOVE IS ENOUGH

JIMMIE (*to ELIZABETH*)

Wiles thinks I am not writing as well as I ought. Thinks the change will do me good.

HARRY (*trying to be friendly*)

Yes. One gets stale. One reason I like the sea. You do not have to stay in one place. . . .

ELIZABETH (*staring from one man to the other*)

But—but Harry, Jimmie cannot go to Mexico.

HARRY

Oh—well, if he cannot, that is his hard luck.

WILES (*bluntly*)

And why can't he?

ELIZABETH

Why, there is Doris, of course.

WILES

Doris. To be sure. Not an insurmountable obstacle, I should say.

ELIZABETH (*naïvely*)

Oh, Wiles. I am sure Doris will never let him go. Will she, Jimmie?

(WILES looks quizzically from one to another. There is an awkward silence.)

WILES

I have heard that American wives rule their husbands.

HARRY (*impulsively*)

What rot!

ELIZABETH (*with one eye on HARRY*)

I did not mean exactly that Doris would not *let* Jimmie go. I—I meant it would make her feel so badly that—that Jimmie would not want to leave her any more than she would want him to go. *Would you, Jimmie?*

(But JIMMIE looks down, playing with a paper knife on

the table. The knife snaps in his hands. He holds the pieces one in each hand and gazes at them surprised, while the others watch him in a tense silence.)

JIMMIE

You see, Elizabeth, I want to go—rather badly.

ELIZABETH (*shrugging*)

Well, Jimmie, you must settle it with Doris, not me.

WILES

Exactly.

JIMMIE (*heaving a sigh*)

Yes.

(There is an awkward silence. ELIZABETH gazes with a troubled expression first at JIMMIE, then at HARRY.)

HARRY (*glancing at his wrist watch*)

I am afraid I shall have to beat it, Elizabeth. Have to see the old man in just thirty minutes.

ELIZABETH

Oh dear, there *is* so much I want to say to you.

HARRY

Me too. But I can just about make it if I whiz down right away in the little old car. . . .

ELIZABETH

I will watch you down the hill and wave to you when you get in the launch.

HARRY

Good enough. Come on, then. Good-bye, Mr. Merton. I am mighty glad to have had a chance to meet you. So long. (*He hesitates a moment, looking quickly from JIMMIE to ELIZABETH and back to JIMMIE.*)—And if Mexico's the place you feel you can write, I say, go to Mexico!

WILES

Bravo.

LOVE IS ENOUGH

ELIZABETH

Why—Harry.

HARRY (*masterfully taking her arm and almost dragging her out, laughing*)

Come on!

WILES (*facing JIMMIE*)

By George, I like your new brother-in-law-to-be!

JIMMIE

By George, so do I! Too bad my wife's family are so concerned because he is not a wealthy stockbroker or something like that.

WILES (*turning from the doorway where he has been watching the exit of ELIZABETH and HARRY*)

Well. . . . Money has to be considered. . . . By everyone save writing fools—like us.

JIMMIE (*moodily*)

Even by us.

WILES (*putting a hand on JIMMIE's shoulder*)

We cannot afford to consider it, old chap.

JIMMIE

Easy enough to talk. But you cannot drag a delicately reared woman down to poverty, just to write books that will live! It would be caddish.

WILES

Men have done it. And the books have lived.

JIMMIE

Well, I cannot do it. A man owes it to his wife, after all, to keep her in the comfort to which she has been accustomed.

WILES

My Lord, Jimmie! Where'd you dig that up from? Sounds like a judge delivering an alimony verdict.

JIMMIE (*defiantly*)

Maybe it is trite, but it's true.

WILES

It is bosh. Just—plain—bosh.

JIMMIE

Look at it from the woman's point of view.

WILES

All right. Look at it from the woman's point of view! After all, she always has the choice of marrying for money—or love—if she chooses love, why, then, let her be satisfied with—love. For they rarely go together. (WILES goes over to JIMMIE and lays his hand on his shoulder.) Look here, Jimmie. You never cared about money when I first met you. Now—

JIMMIE (*impetuously*)

I don't care a hang about it now! But you see, I— Oh well, what is the use of talking?

WILES

It is your marriage that has made the difference.

JIMMIE (*sullenly*)

What difference?

WILES

To put it bluntly, the difference between writing for sales and writing real stuff.

JIMMIE

You are frank, at all events.

WILES (*ignoring this*)

Jimmie, where is the old fire?

JIMMIE

Must be degeneration. I am played out, I guess.

WILES

Fiddlesticks! But you *are* frayed. You are nervous and jumpy in a way you never were even just after the War.

LOVE IS ENOUGH

You are just at the age when you should begin to show what you are really worth . . . and I have always known you had it in you to be one of the real writers, Jimmie. And—I am damned if I shall let you be anything *but* the best, if—if I have to—*kidnap* you!

JIMMIE (*who has been excited by this speech, bursting out*)
The hideous part of it is that half the time I am working for Art and half the time for Money. If I could settle on one or the other. . . .

WILES

No man can serve two masters.

JIMMIE (*nervous and excited*) My God, don't I know it? I'm being torn in half! Never to know your own mind. Never to have one clear purpose! It's Hell.

WILES

Take your young friend, Price. There is a fellow with one clear purpose.

JIMMIE

Yes, if Elizabeth will only leave him alone. . . . You have no idea, Wiles, what it is to be pulled two ways.

WILES

That is just being weak.

JIMMIE

I don't agree with you. A man has his pride. I swore to myself when I married Doris that I would make just as good as the business go-getter her father wanted her to marry. And I have done it, too!

WILES

At the cost of your writing. Jimmie, Jimmie, what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world—

JIMMIE (*irritably*)

Good Lord! Don't quote Scripture at me! . . . I beg your pardon, Wiles. But I am on edge today.

WILES

I will pardon you anything but the one thing: you have a spark of the authentic fire—and you want to let it die in order to do what any sharp-minded persevering idiot can do.

JIMMY (*abashed*)

I had almost forgotten there was any divine fire to it.

WILES (*beginning brusquely. He walks up and down smoking and cogitating between his sentences*)

The trouble with you Americans is this quantity production idea you have. You write yourselves out. Don't write any faster than you live and think and feel. Besides, you are all dilettantes at writing. You are only in earnest when it comes to earning a living. God! How earnest you are about that! But writing a book—or painting a picture—or saving a soul—it does not eat into your vitals, as it should. It does not take hold *deep* enough! You make it a profession, not the—Way of Life. I am being mighty blunt, Jimmie, but you know it is because—I *hate* to see the man who wrote that first book of yours give up.

JIMMIE

Wish I had you around all the time to give me Hell and blazes.

(*He laughs, but wistfully.*)

WILES

Stand on your own feet—the way Price does.

JIMMIE

Elizabeth will make him give up the Navy.

WILES

Not that young man.

JIMMIE

I felt like him once. I hate to think of his young enthusiasm being harnessed to my father-in-law's office.

WILES

Is that the plan?

JIMMIE

He has refused the offer; but Elizabeth will keep at it, and—he will give in in the end.

WILES

Maybe he won't. Maybe Elizabeth will learn to be a woman instead of a doll.

JIMMIE

Is that your idea of American girls?

WILES

Of the girls of your leisure class, yes. They are incompetent parasites. They toil not, neither do they spin; and yet somehow they persuade your American male to hold his nose to the grindstone and make money, money, money to fulfill their whims.

JIMMIE

Oh come, they are staunch enough at heart.

WILES

Perhaps . . . But I cannot see where they get this idea that a husband's first and chief duty is to keep his wife supplied with money and amusement.

JIMMIE (*baiting him*)

Well: Isn't that a man's first duty?

WILES (*explosively*)

No. A man's first duty is his work. I do not care whether it is writing or carrying bricks. He can only be happy and fulfill himself if he is a success at it. Not a money success. An artistic success.

JIMMIE

Perhaps our women are not wholly to blame for the state of things. After all, most American men put money before a real work.

WILES (*swiftly making his point*)

And are *you* going to join the procession?

JIMMIE

How can I get away from it?

WILES

Run away.

JIMMIE

Running away doesn't solve problems.

WILES

It will solve *your* problem. It will get you away from the things—and people—that are making you look at Money as the God of the Universe.

JIMMIE

Run away from Doris?

WILES

Merely temporarily. Merely temporarily.

JIMMIE

One would have to be pretty hard-boiled for that.

WILES

The trouble with you is that you are *soft*—boiled!

(DORIS comes in. She goes up to JIMMIE and takes hold of the lapels of his coat.)

DORIS

Darling?

JIMMIE

Yes?

DORIS (*sweetly with a glance at WILES*)

I hope I am not interrupting you two.

JIMMIE

Why—er—no. What is it?

DORIS

Have you done the verses for those place cards?

LOVE IS ENOUGH

JIMMIE

By Jove, Doris, I forgot all about them. I—got eight of them done, though . . .

DORIS

You *will* do them, won't you, dear?

JIMMIE

Yes, yes, directly.

DORIS

I shall be counting on you.

(DORIS *smiles and goes out.*)

WILES

That is what I mean, Jimmie.

JIMMIE

Oh, I know you are right. The things Doris demands of me are in themselves so little. And reasonable enough. It's just the grand total. . . . Sometimes I am tempted to chuck everything. . . .

WILES

Come to Mexico with Barbara and me, Jimmie.

JIMMIE

Doris will never forgive me if I do.

WILES

You don't understand women, Jimmie; I tell you, she will think all the more of you.

JIMMIE (*laughing nervously*)

I'm weakening.

WILES

Yes. Down there, in the hills, you will forget what Money is. You will lie and gaze at the stars at night and all this little, little world will take its proper place in the scheme of things. You will spend whole days dreaming, turning things over, reasoning things out. And then you will write—a little. And dream a lot more.

JIMMIE (*wistfully*)
It sounds like Heaven.

WILES (*eagerly*)
It is the only thing to do, Jimmie. Say you will come!

JIMMIE (*simply*)
I'll go. I can't go on this way.

WILES
I can count on you?

JIMMIE
There's my hand on it!
(*They clasp hands.*)

WILES
Good boy! You will be a new man when you come back.
(*MR. and MRS. BONNEY come in dressed for dinner.*)

JIMMIE
Time to dress? Is it that late?

MRS. BONNEY
You don't have to hurry. I like to dress early. Have you seen Elizabeth?

JIMMIE
She was in here about fifteen minutes ago. She went outside to bid good-bye to her Lieutenant.

MRS. BONNEY
Tut, tut, tut. She should not do that. It is so bourgeois! Well, I suppose there is no use worrying. Things can't be any worse. I am so disappointed.

JIMMIE
Lieutenant Price is all right, Mother Bonney. You'll see.

MR. BONNEY
If Elizabeth can get him to cut out the Navy, things will be all right, mother.

LOVE IS ENOUGH

WILES (*dryly*)

I should think young Price was very well suited to Navy life.

MR. BONNEY

Oh, he is suited to it well enough. Too well. What difference does that make? When *I* was young, people did not talk all this poppycock about men being *suited* to their jobs. We just pitched in and did the job that would bring in the most money.

WILES

And you were happy?

MR. BONNEY (*snorting*)

Happiness? What's that? I have always been too *busy* to think much about mere *happiness*. Happiness is for women and children. Money-making is a man's job.

WILES

I can see your point of view. Still. . . . It makes men sort of an appendage.

MR. BONNEY

Not at all. If you hold the pursestrings. . . . (*He laughs cannily.*) It is your tune they dance to!

WILES (*coldly*)

I see.

MR. BONNEY (*good-naturedly*)

I know you writers don't look at things that way. I suppose it *is* pleasanter to write stories than work. (*He laughs.*) But about everything except the Navy, Price seems to be a practical young feller.

WILES

Not being a writer, he should have a more sensible viewpoint, eh? (*He looks out the doorway. To MR. BONNEY.*) Here comes your daughter—with garlands in her hair.

MRS. BONNEY

With garlands in her hair! Why, what can be the matter?

WILES (*partly carried away, partly delighted in bewildering*
MRS. BONNEY)

Her head is in the stars—

JIMMIE (*cynically*)

But her feet are on the firm, firm earth.

(ELIZABETH *comes in, glamorous.*)

MRS. BONNEY (*fussily*)

My dear Elizabeth, where have you been? Saying good-bye to Lieutenant Price all this time? Really, dear—

ELIZABETH (*smiling*)

No, mother. Harry left fully fifteen minutes ago. He is safely on board now. I—I have just been watching his launch cross the Bay. You get a wonderful view of Harry's ship from the garden.

JIMMIE

Did not know you were so romantic, Elizabeth. Well, did he make his ship all right?

ELIZABETH (*laughingly defiant*)

Yes, he *did*! Ah, please don't tease, Jimmie. . . . I am so happy. (*She laughs confusedly, trying to speak lightly.*)

I—I'm sitting on top of the world tonight.

WILES

Jimmie is only jealous, Elizabeth. And so am I. We would both give our immortal souls to be dreaming it all again.

(ELIZABETH *smiles gratefully at WILES. DORIS enters, followed by CHIEF PETTY OFFICER BOYLE. NELLIE hovers outside in the hall.*)

DORIS

Here you are at last, Elizabeth. This man insists on giving this note directly into your hands.

ELIZABETH

From—Harry?

(*She takes the note.*)

LOVE IS ENOUGH

OFFICER BOYLE

Yes'm. Lieutenant Price said to give it to you.

DORIS (*gracious as to everyone*)

You did quite right.

ELIZABETH (*taking the letter from the envelope*)

Wonder what Harry can have to say so soon. He only just left. (*She reads. She stiffens, tense and white.*)

No, no, not that!

MR. BONNEY (*quickly striding to her*)

What is it, chicken?

(*ELIZABETH hands him the letter mutely. He reads it aloud quickly and brusquely.*)

MR. BONNEY (*reading*)

"We have unexpected orders to sail for China in three days. . . ."

MRS. BONNEY (*collapsing into the armchair*)

I knew it. I knew something dreadful would happen. That awful Navy!

(*DORIS ministers to her mother.*)

MR. BONNEY (*continuing reading*)

"I will see you at eleven tomorrow morning." What is this? (*The last is read loudly and indignantly.*) "Do you love me enough to marry me immediately, darling? Think hard about it. Meanwhile, keep an even keel. Harry."

(*Save for MRS. BONNEY'S sobs there is a stunned silence. ELIZABETH, who has been standing tense and rigid, holds out her hands in appeal to her father.*)

ELIZABETH

They can't take him away like that, can they? Daddy, daddy. Say something. Do something.

MR. BONNEY (*to BOYLE*)

What does this mean? You are sailing on short order like this? Impossible!

BOYLE

I can't say what it means, sir. They don't confide in us.
But them is the orders. I guess we will sail all right.
(NELLIE at the door is listening breathlessly.)

MR. BONNEY (*soothingly to ELIZABETH*)

He says he will be up in the morning. (*To BOYLE.*) There is no answer.

(BOYLE *ducks his head and turns to go when DORIS, ever sweet, says:*)

DORIS

Thank you for bringing us the message.

ELIZABETH (*with an effort*)

Yes. Thank you.

BOYLE (*with an amused grin*)

Not at all. It's a pleasure.

(*The family have turned to ELIZABETH. BOYLE waits a second, turns quickly and waves a cautious hand at NELLIE, then waits again, stiffly.*)

Any answer, miss?

ELIZABETH (*conflicting impulses swaying her*)

Tell him—tell him—I got the note—and—and— (WILES *watches her eagerly.*) I—I— (*She hesitates, then ends lamely.*) I'll see him in the morning.

BOYLE

Yes ma'am.

(WILES *turns to the window with a snort of disgust.*)

ELIZABETH (*appealing*)

He will be up in the morning?

BOYLE

If he said so, he will.

(*He turns and goes into the hall and unseen by the others takes NELLIE in his arms and holds her, while MR. BONNEY talks and then runs out. NELLIE puts the back of her hand to her eyes and goes off.*)

LOVE IS ENOUGH

MR. BONNEY (*thundering*)

This is outrageous. Price must be insane. Marry immediately indeed! He will have to resign. Or get transferred to another ship. That is a good idea, chicken. I think I could manage that.

ELIZABETH

Oh, darling daddy, could you, *could* you?

JIMMIE

Price will never resign. Nor get transferred either. He is no quitter.

ELIZABETH (*tremulously*)

Oh Jimmie, he will *have* to. I could not bear it otherwise I can't lose him now just as I am so happy.

WILES

You do not have to lose him!

(ELIZABETH *looks mutely* at WILES.)

MR. BONNEY

Don't put ideas in the child's head, Merton. You writers are too darned romantic. Good quick thinking is what we need now. I will put a call through to Washington at once and see what I can do.

ELIZABETH

Do your best, daddy.

MR. BONNEY

Trust me, kitten.

(*He pats her arm comfortably and goes into the hall and can be heard phoning.*)

MRS. BONNEY (*reviving*)

Elizabeth, my child, give him up. I know he will be sub-marined in the end like his father was.

ELIZABETH (*lifting her chin obstinately*)

I *won't* give him up. I have a *right* to be happy. The

Government has no right to take him away from me. . . .
What is daddy saying?

(She moves over to the doorway and listens.)

MRS. BONNEY (*sighing; to DORIS*)

Well, if she won't give him up, I am sure father can straighten things out, if anybody can. He has a great deal of influence in Washington. Goodness knows, he has built enough boats for the Government for them to do him one little favor!

ELIZABETH

Hush! Daddy has Washington!

(She stands tense listening. MR. BONNEY talks very shortly. He can be heard but not his words distinguished. He returns looking tired.)

ELIZABETH

You *got* him, father, didn't you?

MR. BONNEY (*sagging, avoiding ELIZABETH'S eye*)

No.

ELIZABETH

But you must get him, father! You *must*.

MR. BONNEY

Can't . . . Tracy's gone shooting in North Carolina over the week-end. . . . Can't be reached till Monday. . . . Only left a mail address.

ELIZABETH

But Monday will be too late! Can't you do *something*?

MR. BONNEY (*clearing his throat and attempting to stroke her hair, which she impatiently avoids*) 'Fraid not, chicken.

His assistant, young Denbigh, is with him. The whole place seems to be shut up, except for the clerks.

ELIZABETH

Oh, father, try to *think*.

LOVE IS ENOUGH

MR. BONNEY (*a trifle petulant*)

It is a very delicate matter at best, Elizabeth, to try to get someone transferred at such short notice. It is hopeless, if Tracy is away.

ELIZABETH (*reproachfully*)

You *said* you could get Harry transferred.

MR. BONNEY

I thought I could. I am sorry, chicken.

ELIZABETH

Oh—sorry! What good does that do? What is the use of all our money, if I can't have the thing I want most?

MR. BONNEY (*reasonably*)

Money can't do everything.

ELIZABETH (*coldly implacable*)

You have always said it could!

MR. BONNEY (*pleadingly*)

D-don't be unreasonable, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH (*melting*)

No, I must not be. It is not your fault, of course, daddy. But what shall I *do*?

MR. BONNEY (*blustering*)

Price will have to resign. That is all there is to it!

ELIZABETH

Yes. He will have to resign, won't he, daddy? Oh, he will resign, won't he? (*No one answers.*) He must resign. He *must*! I have a *right* to be happy!

CURTAIN

ACT III

It is the following morning. The sun is shining brightly into the living room through the long French windows. The room is empty. The clock strikes the half hour as NELLIE comes in with vases of flowers in either hand. She is arranging them when the telephone rings. ELIZABETH, wearing a white silk sleeveless morning frock and looking wan but determined, comes quickly in from the garden. Both ELIZABETH and NELLIE start toward the hall to answer the phone.

ELIZABETH (*quickly, nervous and crisp*)

I will answer it, Nellie.

(*NELLIE reluctantly goes back to her flowers, watching ELIZABETH and evidently wanting to answer the phone herself.*)

ELIZABETH (*at the phone*)

Hello! . . . Oh, yes . . . Just a minute, please! (*Surprise is in her voice as she turns to NELLIE.*) The call is for you, Nellie.

NELLIE (*her hands clasped to her breast; trying to hide her excitement*)

Is it—the Chief, Miss Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH (*not succeeding in hiding her curiosity*)

It's Boyle—the man who brought the message from Lieutenant Price yesterday.

NELLIE

Yes. He—he is my friend, you know, Miss Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

Oh! Well, you had better speak to him.

(*NELLIE goes slowly toward the phone as though afraid to answer it. Then she grabs it with a swift rush of eagerness.*)

NELLIE

Hello, Chief . . . Well, hello, Mike, then . . .

(Lowering her voice and looking over her shoulder at ELIZABETH, who is standing at the window trying not to appear interested.)

Hello, dear . . . Yes, it was Miss Elizabeth. . . . No, I haven't changed my mind . . . Why would I do that? Indeed, are women changeable . . . If you think that way, Mike. . . . No, I am not excited. . . . You did? . . . He did? . . . Did you thank the Lieutenant, Mike? . . . Tell him I will be ready at twelve, then. Sure, I'll be ready! . . . Yes . . . Goodbye, then.

(She stands for a minute holding the receiver to her breast, then she comes to with a start, glances guiltily at ELIZABETH, who is elaborately not looking, and hastily hangs up the receiver and goes over to her vase of flowers.)

ELIZABETH *(turning around and speaking with an effort at indifference)*

Did Chief Boyle leave any message, Nellie?

NELLIE

Er—why, no, ma'am.

ELIZABETH

I could not help overhearing Lieutenant Price's name when you were talking?

NELLIE

Oh, yes, Miss Elizabeth. He has been very good to the Chief. And, now, he has promised to drive me down to the boat when you—when he—he goes back this morning.

ELIZABETH

You are going down to bid the Chief good-bye?

NELLIE *(a little bluntly, surprised at ELIZABETH's obtuseness when she is in the same case)*

I am going down to get married.

(ELIZABETH just stares at her, pity and admiration struggling in her face.)

ELIZABETH

Isn't it rather sudden?

NELLIE (*simply*)

Ain't things always sudden in the Navy? The Chief says so.

ELIZABETH (*curiously*)

How long have you known him, Nellie?

NELLIE (*with a flash of mischief*)

Well, Miss Elizabeth, I met him first the same day the Lieutenant brought you home from the golf club. I don't suppose you would remember—but Boyle was in the rumble seat.

ELIZABETH

Was he? We—we are sort of friends in misery, aren't we?

NELLIE (*giggling*)

Shouldn't call it misery, though.

(ELIZABETH *smiles, then grows serious.*)

ELIZABETH

Have you thought at all what it will be like when Boyle is gone, Nellie?

NELLIE

Less one thinks of that the better.

ELIZABETH

That's not the right way to do things, Nellie. You see, if you became acquainted with Boyle through me, I feel sort of responsible.

NELLIE

But, Miss Elizabeth, you are doing the same thing yourself.

ELIZABETH

No, I'm—not.

LOVE IS ENOUGH

NELLIE

But the Chief said that the Lieutenant arranged about us with the Chaplain, the same time—the same time—as he was arranging for—himself.

ELIZABETH (*her head high; distantly*)

I think you must have misunderstood your Chief, Nellie.

NELLIE (*abashed*)

I beg your pardon, Miss Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

That's all right, Nellie. But would you mind telling me frankly: What do you see in marrying your Chief and having him go off to China, while you come back here and wear your heart out for two or three years?

NELLIE (*embarrassed; not used to explaining herself*)

Why, we're only young once, ma'am, is how I look at it. Besides I won't come back here. . . . I do hope Mrs. Kenyon won't mind too much my leaving sudden-like, but I just don't see any other way out.

(*She looks appealingly at ELIZABETH.*)

ELIZABETH

Don't worry about that; I will explain to her; it is *you* I am worrying about.

NELLIE (*smiling*)

Oh, me! No reason to worry about me. You see, the Chief has planned it all out. He has enough to pay my way to the Coast; there I shall ship on a China boat as stewardess. And once I get to *him* I will be all right. You see? (*eagerly*).

ELIZABETH (*looking almost enviously at NELLIE and heaving a sigh*)

It seems so simple for *you*.

NELLIE (*awaking to ELIZABETH'S position*)

It is simple.

ELIZABETH (*leaning forward eagerly*)

Nellie—

(*The door on the balcony opens and JIMMIE and WILES MERTON appear. JIMMIE is carrying his portable type-writer clasped in both arms. WILES has three books. ELIZABETH draws back, speaking coldly.*)

You had better go and pack, Nellie. You have not much time.

NELLIE (*subdued*)

Yes, ma'am. (*She goes obediently to the door as JIMMIE starts down the stairs. Just at the door NELLIE turns impulsively. ELIZABETH regards her coldly and defiantly.*)
I'm sorry.

(*NELLIE goes out, JIMMIE turns to WILES, who is above him. They stop on the stairs to say this.*)

JIMMIE

Got the *Thesaurus*?

WILES

Yep.

JIMMIE

And old Crabb's *Synonyms*?

WILES

Right. And the geography. Though why you want to drag a large-sized geography to Mexico is a mystery my poor mind cannot encompass!

JIMMIE (*laughing in response. He is evidently in high spirits, completely opposite to his manner the day before.*)

It's simple. I have a very poor head for places. Have to have a geography to be sure my people take the right routes from place to place—and to get the names of places spelled right.

WILES

But—

JIMMIE

Never mind arguing; that geography has *got* to go if I go.

LOVE IS ENOUGH

WILES (*meek for him*)

All right.

(*They descend to where ELIZABETH stands.*)

ELIZABETH (*tremulous but striving to be nonchalant*)

W-what are you two doing?

JIMMIE (*chanting*)

Packing to go to Mexico. Packing to go to Mexico. (*He takes a few dance steps, clasping his typewriter.*) Heigh-ho, the holly-ho, we're packing to go to Mexico.

ELIZABETH

Oh, Jimmie, I believe it will break Doris' heart.

JIMMIE (*still buoyant*)

Then I shall mend it for her when I come back.

ELIZABETH

I can't understand you at all, Jimmie.

JIMMIE

No, I did not expect you would. (*He starts out with his typewriter. Over his shoulder*) Come on, Wiles.

(*WILES, who has been standing leaning against the stair rail during the foregoing, comes forward. As he comes up to ELIZABETH, he says:*)

WILES

Doris loves Jimmie now; she'll *admire* him when he comes back.

ELIZABETH (*shaking her head*)

She will *never* forgive him . . .

WILES

Wait till he comes back!

ELIZABETH (*honestly, not understanding, slowly*)

You seem to count on this trip doing such wonderful things for Jimmie—

WILES (*balancing his books—the geography under one arm, the two fat books under the other*)

Yes, I do. For one thing he will be asserting his independence. A man cannot really write until he has done that—one way or another. . . . (*Elizabeth raises her eyebrows, purses her lips and shrugs.*) . . . You do not believe that?

ELIZABETH (*low*)

I—I think—happiness is more important than all that.

WILES

But, my dear, "all that," as you call it, is part of what makes for happiness. Can't you see that? (*ELIZABETH shakes her head slowly.*) Well, this is a funny and surprising world. People never act how you expect: D'you know, my dear, privately I never expected Jimmie 'ud screw himself up to the point of going to Mexico—while all the while I was betting with myself on *your* following your man through thick and thin.

(*ELIZABETH flinches back at this.*)

ELIZABETH

Oh—!

(*Then she speaks a little wildly.*)

You do not understand! Doris is right! You are too selfish to understand a woman!

(*She runs into the garden.*)

WILES

Humph! So that's the way the wind lies! Damn Doris! (*He hitches the books again preparatory to going out into the hall when BARBARA enters, excited, for her.*)

BARBARA

Wiles! Doris just told me Jimmie is going to Mexico with us?

WILES (*cheering*)

Right, old girl. Isn't it great, eh?

BARBARA (*hesitantly*)

Ye-es.

LOVE IS ENOUGH

WILES (*quickly*)

You are not very enthusiastic.

BARBARA

Are you certain it is the best thing for him?

WILES

Absolutely certain. Why do you question it?

BARBARA

I mean, dear, considering what Jimmie is like and what Doris is like, are you sure it is wise?

WILES

Barbs! What ails you? I tell you it is the *only* thing.
(*Grumpily, not used to BARBARA offering objections*)
—And that settles it.

BARBARA (*gently but with what seems to WILES annoying persistence*)

Yes. As far as his *writing* goes, it settles it.

WILES (*barking*)

And is not his writing the main thing?

BARBARA (*faintly—it takes courage to disagree with WILES*)

That is what I am not sure of.

WILES (*pained*)

Barbs! *You* are not going back on me! Look here, my dear, did we not agree long ago that my writing was to be the main thing?

BARBARA

Your writing, yes, dear.

WILES (*triumphantly*)

Well, then—

BARBARA

But Jimmie's writing. . . . That is another question.

WILES (*almost angry*)

I tell you, Jimmie has it in him to do good work. Work of the first water.

BARBARA

I was not thinking about his work. It was Jimmie, the man, not Jimmie, the writer, I was thinking about.

WILES (*irritably*)

What has got into you? I do not care one little bit about Jimmie, the man. Look here, Barbara: Down in Mexico we will be camping out, living a simple, primitive life. No money standards. No social engagements. Plenty of time. That is what Jimmie needs to write. Plenty of time.

BARBARA

That is it. He will have plenty of time. To dream. Or to think. Will he dismiss everything that plagues him here and think only of his writing? Or will he carry all his worries to Mexico with him? I mean, will he *really* be free?

WILES

I never dreamed you could be such a spoil-sport! Of course, Jimmie will be free! I would in his place.

BARBARA (*smiling a secret amused smile*)

Yes, dear, *you* would.

WILES

And you think Jimmie is not man enough to do the same? Oh, come, Barbara.

BARBARA

You see, Jimmie has this frightful sense of responsibility toward Doris which a certain class of American men have—

WILES

An artist has no business with a sense of responsibility about anything but his art.

LOVE IS ENOUGH

BARBARA (*musingly*).

Yes. An artist must be ruthless . . . But Jimmie does not strike me as ruthless . . .

WILES (*with a grim nod of his head*)

I will help him to be.

BARBARA (*WILES begins to think she never will stop*)

To some people their work is the most important thing in the world. . . . That is you, Wiles.

WILES (*in a defiant growl*)

I would be ashamed to look you in the face if it were not!

BARBARA (*with a reassuring smile for him*)

I know. . . . But to others, Wiles, the person they love will always come first.

WILES (*his face irradiated for a moment*)

And that is you, old girl.

BARBARA

And Jimmie.

(WILES snorts. BARBARA walks toward the stairs to go up to the study.)

WILES (*calling after her*)

Nonsense! Men are different. (JIMMIE comes back.)
Aren't they, Jimmie?

JIMMIE (*gayly*)

Aren't what?

WILES

Isn't it up to a man to put his work before mere woman?

JIMMIE (*exuberantly*)

You bet!

WILES (*triumphantly*)

You see, Barbara.

JIMMIE

Where are you going, Barbara? You won't find my typewriter in the study. It is up in my room, waiting to go to Mexico!

(BARBARA *smiles at him sympathetically, turns to go out in the hall.*)

WILES (*who has been a little shaken by BARBARA*)

Er—how is Doris taking it?

JIMMIE

Wonderfully! She said very little when she saw I was determined to go.

WILES

You see—you have only to be *firm* with a woman and she will be as meek as Moses. It is only when you spoil 'em that they get out of hand (*quirking an eyebrow at BARBARA*). Do I speak truth, wife of my bosom?

BARBARA (*burlesquing a curtsey*)

You have spoken, my lord.

(WILES *laughs*. BARBARA *goes out.*)

JIMMIE (*laughing*)

You are one great help in packing, Wiles; are you going to hold those books all day?

WILES

I'd just as lieve chuck 'em out the window. You won't need them, in Mexico.

(DORIS *comes in from the hall. Her manner is a little limp but sweet and gracious.*)

DORIS

Good morning!

(WILES *speaks to her a little nervously.*)

WILES

Good morning, Doris! Er—missed you at breakfast.

LOVE IS ENOUGH

DORIS (*with a faint sweet smile*)

Just a little under the weather. Jimmie's decision to leave everything and go to Mexico came rather suddenly, for me. . . . But I will be all right, I think.

WILES (*over-heartily*)

Fine! That's the spirit!

DORIS (*crossing to the table and rearranging the flowers, ignoring WILES and speaking to JIMMIE*)

I see I will have to give Nellie a lesson in arranging flowers.

JIMMIE (*heartily*)

No one else can give flowers the touch you do, dear.

DORIS (*gravely and soberly*)

I always try to keep things attractive—

JIMMIE (*coming over to her and taking her hands. His eyes plead with her*)

I know you do, Doris. No man has a more wonderful home than I. But—

DORIS (*smiling sorrowfully at him*)

But—

WILES (*laying the books surreptitiously down. He has been growing very restive during this interplay*)

Come on, Jimmie—we have got to hustle with your packing.

(*They go up to the studio. DORIS darts a veiled but venomous glance at WILES. WILES bustles the rather reluctant JIMMIE off. DORIS becomes alert at their going. Her left hand under her right elbow, her right hand under her chin, she stands apparently thinking hard. MRS. BONNEY comes in.*)

MRS. BONNEY

Doris! Father just came up from breakfast and told me. Jimmie leaving you and going to Mexico! What will happen next?

DORIS

Things are getting rather crowded. But Jimmie has not gone yet, mother.

(DORIS smiles faintly.)

But I thought from what your father said that everything was settled.

(DORIS merely elevates her eyebrows and smiles. The studio door opens and the men appear again. WILES is carrying fishing tackle. JIMMIE has two guns. JIMMIE comes first and with only a smiling nod at his mother-in-law goes through the room rather shamefacedly.)

MRS. BONNEY

Oh, Jimmie!

DORIS

Hush, mother!

(Smiles very bravely at JIMMIE. He stumbles in confusion, catches himself and goes on. When WILES reaches the table he tries to balance the fishing tackle with the books, gives it up with a wry face and goes on without the books.)

MRS. BONNEY (when they are gone)

First Elizabeth, and then you. . . . We certainly seem to have our share of trouble. . . . Doris, you don't think Elizabeth *would* agree to Lieutenant Price's outrageous demands?

DORIS

She won't, mother.

MRS. BONNEY

I do not trust young Price! I hate to have her see him again. He might persuade her to go. She is so young I shall always feel responsible if she does the wrong thing.

DORIS

I know how you feel, mother. The important thing is not to let Elizabeth mope alone. . . . Women get so *sentimental* when they have nothing else to do. . . . Where is she now?

LOVE IS ENOUGH

MRS. BONNEY

In the garden! I saw her from my room. Watching the Bay.

DORIS

Oh, we mustn't let her spend the morning that way!

(DORIS goes to one of the French windows and calls in her delightfully modulated voice.)

Oh—Elizabeth! (ELIZABETH'S "yes" is heard far up the garden.) Come in a minute, will you? (DORIS waits at the window until ELIZABETH comes. She puts her arm affectionately around ELIZABETH.) You little goose! You have not been crying!

ELIZABETH

Doris! I have been thinking everything over! Suppose Harry won't resign—

DORIS (*calm and firm*)

It all depends on your being firm, my dear child. You have only to be firm with a man and he will become wax in your hands. It is only when you spoil them that they get out of hand.

ELIZABETH

But you, Doris—Jimmie is going to Mexico and you do not want him to!

DORIS

Is he? Wait until he goes, my dear, before you say that!

ELIZABETH

Oh, Doris, what are you planning to do?

(WILES and JIMMIE come through again. DORIS puts her finger to her lip. ELIZABETH turns and sees the two men. Just as JIMMIE gets opposite her, DORIS sinks into the armchair with an exhausted air. ELIZABETH watches intensely.)

JIMMIE (*his somewhat guilty conscience makes him over-affectionate*)

Tired, dear?

DORIS (*leaning back and closing her eyes then opening them and smiling in a saint-like way*)

Awf'ly tired, somehow. I do not understand what has got into me. . . . Don't worry. . . . A few minutes' rest will probably straighten me out.

JIMMIE (*nervously*)

Well, don't overdo today, Doris.

DORIS

Oh, no! But I must do things. The more I do, the less time I shall have for thinking. I am sure that is the best way.

JIMMIE

I think you had better go slow today, dear.

WILES (*who has gone halfway up the studio stairs, speaks with a nervous note in his voice and glancing at DORIS*)
Come on, Jimmie!

(JIMMIE turns slowly from DORIS and starts to follow WILES. Halfway up the stairs he stops and looks at DORIS over the rail. She is sitting back with her eyes closed.)

JIMMIE

I—say—Doris—

WILES (*from the studio doorway*)
Come on!

JIMMIE (*looking first at WILES and then back at DORIS*)
I should go and lie down a bit, dear.

DORIS (*faintly*)

Perhaps I will—later.

JIMMIE

As soon as I finish this beastly packing, I'll be with you.

DORIS (*rewarding JIMMIE with a smile*)

That will help.

(WILES makes an impatient movement. JIMMIE looks at him and frowns rebelliously.)

LOVE IS ENOUGH

DORIS (*faintly*)

Go on, dear!

(JIMMIE *hesitates, then goes up. The men go in the studio. WILES' face is harsh; JIMMIE'S, worried. He looks back as he reaches the door.*)

ELIZABETH

Doris, I believe you are going to make Jimmie stay!

(DORIS *merely smiles.*)

(ELIZABETH *adds hesitatingly*)

Funny he seems to think he will write better in Mexico.

DORIS (*complacently*)

He writes well enough. Look at the sales of his books.

ELIZABETH

That's true. (*She sighs.*) Men set their hearts on such strange things.

DORIS

Yes, they always think something else is going to make them happy. But Jimmie can only be happy—near me; as I cannot be happy without him. (*Loftily.*) That is what marriage means, Elizabeth; and you must make Harry understand it.

ELIZABETH (*eagerly*)

Oh, Doris, you have said just what I feel! I did not know how to say it!

MRS. BONNEY (*loftily*)

No other kind of marriage is *right*!

ELIZABETH (*thinking out loud rather than talking*)

It would really not be for Harry's happiness to stay in the Navy.

MRS. BONNEY

Of course, it would not!

ELIZABETH

He *does* love it.

MRS. BONNEY (*strongly*)

All men have notions like that. It is just a leftover from their boyhood. Boys are always wanting to waste time on something impractical. . . . Girls, thank heaven, are not made that way. . . .

ELIZABETH (*coming to HARRY's defense in spite of herself*)

But, of course, the Navy is *practical* enough, mother.

MRS. BONNEY (*firmly*)

Not for a young man who wants to marry. . . . Elizabeth, I am going to tell you something about your father I never told you before—do you know what he wanted to spend his life at before—before he fell in love with me?

ELIZABETH (*surprised*)

I thought father's heart always was in business!

MRS. BONNEY

No, indeed. He wanted to be a forester. I had to tell him firmly that he would have to be more—practical—before he would give it up.

ELIZABETH

But *what* is a forester, mother?

(DORIS *laughs*.)

MRS. BONNEY (*vaguely*)

Oh, a forester is a man who looks after the forests for the Government. You have to live up there, you know. I couldn't have let him do such an impossible thing.

DORIS (*laughing*)

We would have been backwoods ignoramuses.

MRS. BONNEY

Yes. Impossible. And look at your father now!

(MR. BONNEY *comes in*.)

MR. BONNEY

Well, well, well. How are we all? (*Speaking directly to ELIZABETH*.) How are you, chicken?

LOVE IS ENOUGH

ELIZABETH (*restlessly*)

Oh, I'm all right.

MR. BONNEY

Fine! That's the spirit! We'll bring your young man round to our way of thinking this time, won't we? (ELIZABETH *gives a quick, curt nod, her lips compressed determinedly. He turns to his wife.*) Isn't the air wonderful this morning, mother? You know, 's funny, but on a morning like this, I always have a sort of hankering for the woods . . . 's funny, after all these years . . . I suppose because that crazy old idea of mine of being a forester has never quite died. . . .

MRS. BONNEY (*with a nervous look at ELIZABETH*)

But that was all a boy's foolishness.

MR. BONNEY (*ashamed of his outburst already*)

Of course. It was just a boy's foolishness. (*Unconsciously sighs, then pulls himself together.*) Why, look at all the money I have made! And it was meeting you put sense into my head! What a young fool I was. . . . Thinking trees more important than money!

MRS. BONNEY (*sententiously, unaware that money without trees would not be much good either*)

Yes. Trees without money would not be much good, would they?

MR. BONNEY

You bet they would not. (*Sighs.*) Well, I suppose I might as well play golf this morning. Still, now trees are in my mind, think I will take a look at our own trees. . . . (MR. BONNEY *goes out in the garden.*)

MRS. BONNEY (*triumphantly to ELIZABETH*)

You see!

ELIZABETH

You *are* right, mother. Men don't really know what they want.

DORIS

You must show Harry the way, dear.

ELIZABETH

Yes. (*She glances at the clock. It is ten fifty-five.*)
It is almost time for Harry to be here now! (*Clasping
her hands.*) I must think out just what to say to him.

DORIS

Just be firm, dear; make him see *your* side of it. Make
him realize the tremendous cost to *you* of giving up your
home—

MRS. BONNEY

And your family—

DORIS

And your friends—

MRS. BONNEY

And all the things which make life pleasant. (MRS.
BONNEY *has an inspiration.*) Elizabeth! It would be a
good idea to tell Lieutenant Price what I have told you
about your father. . . . Then he can *see* what business
can do for a man.

DORIS

I am going to lie down now; I always try to follow
Jimmie's suggestions when they don't interfere.
(ELIZABETH *from the midst of her absorption finds time
to smile and shake her head, half amused, half
admonishingly. DORIS goes out.*)

MRS. BONNEY (*fussily*)

And *I* will tell your father not to go up to the golf club
for awhile. It may be better if he is here—Lieutenant
Price will naturally want details about the business which
you would not know. (*She comes over to ELIZABETH,
really affectionate.*) Elizabeth, won't it be better to give
him up and—

LOVE IS ENOUGH

ELIZABETH

I won't give him up. I know if I am determined enough, everything will come out right.

MRS. BONNEY (*sighing*)

Well—

(*She goes out to the garden. ELIZABETH walks slowly up and down, head bent, as though conning a lesson. The sound of a motor horn is heard. ELIZABETH stops dead short.*)

ELIZABETH (*to herself*)

Harry, Harry, you *must*—

(*NELLIE comes in, followed slowly by HARRY.*)

NELLIE (*giving a pitying look to ELIZABETH*)

Lieutenant Price, Miss Elizabeth.

(*NELLIE goes out. HARRY stands in the door a second and ELIZABETH stands in the middle of the room, rigid.*)

HARRY (*at the door*)

Elizabeth!

(*They both run to each other. HARRY folds his arms around ELIZABETH and kisses her hair.*)

HARRY

My own dear girl!

ELIZABETH (*suddenly becomes tense and hysterical*)

I won't let you go! I won't let you!

HARRY (*kissing her hair again*)

Steady, darling, steady!

ELIZABETH (*calmer, freeing herself*)

It is cruel of them—cruel! Why—Harry—think! It was only yesterday afternoon that—that we first really knew what we meant to each other! And now—now—

HARRY

I know, darling, I know. . . .

(*He leads her masterfully, and with no idea of her real*

opposition, to the bench in front of the fire.) Let's sit down here, and I will tell you all about it. (*They sit down and he places his arm affectionately around ELIZABETH.*) It is not so bad, really.

ELIZABETH (*starting away from his enfolding arm*)
Not so bad? How could it be worse?

HARRY (*more gravely*)

I mean, dear, if it were not just at this time, I should consider it the greatest luck in the world to have foreign duty so early in my service. Many men have to wait *years* for it.

ELIZABETH (*scarcely believing her ears, in a small faint voice*)

You *want* to go?

HARRY (*seeing she does not understand his point of view, tries gropingly to explain*)

Of course, I would rather, much rather, have it come a year later; but it is wonderful *experience*, and we—must not quarrel with our luck.

ELIZABETH (*laughing ironically*)

Luck?

HARRY

You see, I shall learn a lot on foreign duty that I would not get in a dozen years at home. . . . There is a lot to being in the Navy besides firing off the guns. . . .

ELIZABETH (*who has hardly listened*)

But it—it is so unreasonable, to have it happen just now.

HARRY

Life is unreasonable, darling.

ELIZABETH

It is as though some big hand were just taking us up and *playing* with us. . . .

HARRY

No, no, Elizabeth. The Navy is not *playing* with us. Do not look at it that way. We have our work cut out for us. That is what it is. It is *our work*.

ELIZABETH (*ironically*)

"Our work!" *Your* work, you mean!

HARRY (*for the first time perceiving that their aims may not be identical*)

Is— isn't that the same thing?

ELIZABETH (*getting up and starting to pace up and down*)

Not—exactly.

HARRY (*his voice suddenly flat*)

I—thought it was.

ELIZABETH (*turning to him swiftly*)

Harry! Try to realize what this means to *me*!

HARRY (*slowly, trying to see her viewpoint*)

I—guess I was too sudden in telling you. I—I should have gone a bit slow. . . . But it cannot make any difference to us—my having to go, can it?

ELIZABETH (*amazed at his lack of perception*)

No—difference?

HARRY (*trying to be diplomatic*)

It will be different, of course.

ELIZABETH

Oh, Harry, you do not seem to understand at all!

HARRY (*hurt; stiffly*)

I think it is *you* who do not understand.

ELIZABETH (*switching from this impasse*)

If only we could have had our year at Providence. Wouldn't it have been wonderful?

HARRY (*softening*)

Yes, it would. But this will be wonderful, too, in another way. Just think, Elizabeth—Hawaii, the Philippines, Japan, and then China—together!

ELIZABETH (*laughing hysterically*)

"Together"? You on your submarine chaser and I taking passage alone on some tiresome old boat! Do you call that "together"?

HARRY (*softly*)

We will be together at the ports, darling.

ELIZABETH (*looking wan*)

And alone on the long, long voyages. Just little meetings, and long separations. Oh, Harry, that is not marriage.

HARRY (*looking rather stern*)

It is marriage in the Navy.

(*He waits a moment, but as she does not answer he crosses to her and puts a tentative arm round her.*)

ELIZABETH (*slipping out of his embrace*)

Don't, Harry. Let us try to think this out clearly.

HARRY

Yes, dear. That is what I am trying to do.

ELIZABETH

You see, you keep looking at it from *your* point of view; you will have your beloved boat and a thousand and one things to keep you busy and interested. But I—what will *I* do with myself? I will have no home, no circle of friends, nothing. Nothing but endless empty hours to fill with—nothing.

HARRY

There is no need to be so tragic about it. There will be other officers' wives following us.

ELIZABETH (*getting up; speaking excitedly*)

Following, following! I won't "follow."

HARRY (*persuasively*)

You won't follow—me?

ELIZABETH (*pacing up and down*)

Don't rush at things so. I have got to think.

HARRY

Sorry, darling. I do not want to rush you. But you see we only have forty-eight hours to decide things in at most. . . . And I have a good deal to do besides getting ready to sail. . . . *Is it so terrible, Elizabeth, the thought of marrying me?*

ELIZABETH

It is not fair to put it that way. You know it is not that.

HARRY (*trying to take it lightly*)

Then are you so conventional that you must have a wedding with bridesmaids and wedding cake and a church full of people and—and—old shoes, white ribbons, and all the rest of it?

(He tries to end on a light note but does not make a success of it.)

ELIZABETH

No, no—I would marry as you wish, Harry—to-night or to-morrow or any time—only—

HARRY

Only what, dearest?

ELIZABETH

It is having you go off like that! Just a few words mumbled over us and then not to see each other for weeks! It—why, it's barbarous.

HARRY

But we will meet at Hawaii. Perhaps be there for weeks.

ELIZABETH

No. It is too casual. When we marry, I want you all to myself.

HARRY

Why, so do I—but—

ELIZABETH (*firmly*)

It would be better—to wait.

HARRY

You cannot mean that!

ELIZABETH (*excitedly working herself up*)

I do—I do. Oh, it is *cruel* of the Government to come between us!

HARRY (*gravely*)

No power or person can ever come between us but our own selves.

ELIZABETH

We will have to wait until you come back.

HARRY (*slowly as if unable to believe her*)

Elizabeth, d'you realize that when you say—wait—I may not be back for two—perhaps for three years?

ELIZABETH (*triumphantly*)

Then how hopeless to marry now! Three years of that kind of life, dragging round after you!

HARRY

Does it come to this? You do not love me enough to go?

ELIZABETH (*putting her arms around his neck, speaking passionately*)

Harry, I love you enough to do anything for you.

HARRY

My own dear girl!

ELIZABETH (*withdrawing her arms*)

I would go if it were necessary. But—it is *not* necessary.
(*She at last plays her last card.*)

HARRY (*almost at the end of his patience*)

How can you say that? I have no choice in the matter.

LOVE IS ENOUGH

ELIZABETH (*leaning against him, softly*)

You talk about my loving you enough to go. . . . There is another way out.

HARRY

Another way?

ELIZABETH (*breathlessly*)

Yes. Prove how much *you* love me. Do you love me enough to stay? (*Her arms creep up around his neck.*)

HARRY

Can't you understand, Elizabeth, I *can not* stay? You talk like a child.

ELIZABETH

Yes. You can. You—you—can resign and go in business with father like he asked you to!

HARRY (*taking her arms down and retaining her hands; holding her away from him; speaking very slowly and gravely*)

No, Elizabeth, not that. Make up your mind I shall never do that.

ELIZABETH

Please, Harry. We will both be happy then.

HARRY

Listen to me, Elizabeth: I have no training and no ability for a business career. Your father only asked me to go into business with him for your sake. And—even if I wanted to go into business—I could not leave now just as we are ordered on foreign service. It would be dishonorable.

ELIZABETH

But there is no war! I cannot see any dishonor in it.

HARRY

Perhaps you cannot see dishonor in anything you set your mind on? No, no, I do not mean that. But at any rate, I won't buy happiness at the price of honor.

ELIZABETH (*stung by his words*)

And I—won't drag myself around the world at the mercy of the Navy's sailing orders. . . .

(*She turns from him.*)

HARRY

Elizabeth. . . . (*She does not turn. HARRY goes over to her. Again:*) Elizabeth. . . . (*He tries to embrace her. She evades him. He walks up and down while she stares unhappily out into the garden, glancing at him when he does not see her. Then he comes suddenly to a decision. He stops pacing and his jaw sets.*) Very well. I shall not drag you with me, never fear. (*ELIZABETH starts. But when HARRY looks to see the effect of his remarks, she is standing motionless. His wilfulness contends with his love. His voice softens.*) We are sailing in forty-eight hours. . . . (*He pauses, but she is silent. He goes on.*) If you cannot make up your mind now—understand this—I do not want you—ever.

ELIZABETH (*turning round at last, aghast*)

You c-cannot mean that!

HARRY

Exactly—that.

(*He holds out his hands. ELIZABETH goes to him quickly and takes his hands.*)

HARRY (*softly, pleadingly*)

Is it—good-bye?

ELIZABETH (*piteously*)

I cannot say good-bye, Harry.

HARRY (*his face lighting*)

Then come with me.

ELIZABETH

I cannot.

(*HARRY drops her hands, draws her to him suddenly and roughly. He kisses her and releases her quickly.*)

LOVE IS ENOUGH

HARRY (*harshly*)

Then, good-bye!

(*He starts out. His manner is that of one who has lost and is anxious to get away.*)

ELIZABETH (*like all women unwilling to face finality, running to him and taking hold of his coat*)

Harry! Wait! Do not leave me this way!

HARRY (*in a hard tone, trying to disengage himself*)

No use prolonging the agony.

ELIZABETH (*breathlessly*)

F-father wanted to see you!

HARRY

Not for sale today, thanks.

(*He tries to go, but ELIZABETH clings to him.*)

ELIZABETH

Harry! Please listen to me!

HARRY

Elizabeth! I am sick to death of argument! Let me go. I am only a poor naval officer. Not worth your while.

ELIZABETH (*on the verge of tears*)

It is our love that is at stake! Won't you wait five minutes? Oh Harry, listen to me!

HARRY

Very well.

(*ELIZABETH drops his arms in relief. He folds his arms and looks at her levelly with no softening. He is merely waiting for her to finish.*)

ELIZABETH (*to whom this is a new HARRY. She begins tremulously and nervously and gets stronger and more assured and impassioned as she proceeds*) If I honestly thought that our happiness depended on your staying in the Navy— (*HARRY makes an impatient exclamation and starts as though to go. ELIZABETH speaks hastily.*) Please

listen, Harry. (HARRY *coldly and ostentatiously listens.*)
Staying in the Navy seems very important to you *now*.

HARRY (*coldly*)

It does not *seem* important. It *is* important.

ELIZABETH (*hastily placating*)

Yes, yes. It *is* important. But *not* so important as our happiness. Every young man has idealistic dreams.

(*She hesitates.*)

HARRY (*with dangerous calmness*)

Go on.

ELIZABETH

We-el, this is, after all, a practical world we live in.

HARRY (*coldly scornful*)

Permit me to point out that you have not shown yourself very practical. Getting yourself engaged to a Naval officer!

ELIZABETH (*with disarming submissiveness*)

I know. But then—you were not very practical either in getting engaged to *me*.

HARRY (*bitterly*)

So I have learned.

ELIZABETH (*in a low thrilling voice*)

It was a force bigger than ourselves that swept us together.

HARRY (*coming to life*)

Elizabeth! If you can see that, can you not let that force sweep us on—together?

ELIZABETH (*looking down in thought a moment, then*)

Harry, I have been talking things over with mother and Doris.

HARRY (*haughtily*)

Talking *me* over!

LOVE IS ENOUGH

ELIZABETH (*eagerly*)

No, no. Just talking about your leaving the Navy.

HARRY (*becoming ice again*)

Elizabeth, this is just a waste of time. . . .

ELIZABETH

Oh, my darling. How can I make you see . . . (*She pauses, then looks at him with fresh inspiration.*) Harry, I just learned today that there was a time when even father did not want to make money—

HARRY (*muttering somewhat rudely*)

Impossible!

ELIZABETH (*ignoring this*)

He wanted to be a forester—if you know what that means.

HARRY

Certainly I know. . . . Why didn't he go ahead?

ELIZABETH (*a little at a loss as forestry had struck her as rather humorous before*)

But if he had gone on with that, he could never have married mother!

HARRY (*coldly*)

Was it necessary for him to marry your mother?

ELIZABETH

Harry! And you claimed love was the chief thing in life!

HARRY

Yes . . . love . . .

ELIZABETH (*trying to be amusing*)

Besides, there would not have been any *me* if daddy and mother had not married. . . .

HARRY

I see . . . the old struggle for existence and the perpetuation of the species. That is what you are throwing at me.

ELIZABETH

W-what?

HARRY (*weary*)

Never mind.

(MR. BONNEY *comes in.*)

ELIZABETH (*with false animation*)

Oh, daddy! I was just telling Harry about how once you wanted to be a forester!

MR. BONNEY (*looking from one to the other, trying to gauge the state of affairs.*)

You told him that, did you? Boys do get crazy notions in their heads. Now you would never think, to look at me, would you, that I once—ha, ha,—wanted to save the country by policing the forests?

HARRY (*shortly*)

No, I would not.

MR. BONNEY (*sighing unconsciously*)

Funny ideas boys get. I used to be a great one for camping out. . . . Guess I got the idea that way. Met a couple of foresters on a camping trip. . . . Boys are great hero worshippers, you know.

HARRY (*interested, suddenly intent; glances for a moment at ELIZABETH, then speaks quickly to MR. BONNEY*)

Perhaps you have *not* really gotten over it, though. Are you *glad* you gave up being a forester? Do you never regret it?

MR. BONNEY (*taken aback*)

Why—why—why—what do you mean? (*Recovering his assurance*) Ha, ha. That is funny. You ask the leading American builder of ships (if I do say it myself) if he never regrets being one of Uncle Sam's poor foresters.

HARRY (*forcefully*)

Leave out the money end. Are you ever homesick for the forests? Do you ever get the notion to chuck it all and run?

LOVE IS ENOUGH

MR. BONNEY (*gazing at HARRY as though hypnotized, then looking out of the French window and speaking slowly and dreamily*)

To chuck it all and run? (*What vision does he see out there? He comes back, however, to practical everyday and the needs of his daughter.*) What nonsense you are talking, Price! How could I want to chuck it all and run? I love my wife. And my two girls. (*He pats ELIZABETH affectionately.*) And I hope I have always known my duty.

HARRY (*ruthless*)

And what do you call your duty?

MR. BONNEY (*clear and practical enough now*)

The same as yours, my boy. (*Very solemn. He is quite simply speaking his creed.*) To see that the woman I love is properly protected and provided for. (*JIMMIE comes in from the hall. All his flair is gone. He walks slowly and dejectedly.*) Hullo, Jimmie. You don't look very cheerful, my boy. Getting cold feet about leaving Doris and going on this wild-goose chase to Mexico? (*HARRY is an interested listener.*)

JIMMIE (*flatly*)

Yes . . . getting cold feet.

MR. BONNEY

Huh, I thought it a wild-goose chase from the start!

JIMMIE

Doris is sick. It's all off.

MR. BONNEY

Doris—sick. That is mighty unusual for Doris.

(*ELIZABETH shakes her head at him and he subsides. HARRY watches this pantomime.*)

Ho—hum! Well, that is too bad. Called the doctor?

JIMMIE (*dully*)

He will be here any time now. I phoned. . . .

MR. BONNEY

Guess I'll go up and see how she is.

(He goes out into the hall and upstairs.)

JIMMIE *(to ELIZABETH and HARRY)*

Well—that's that. I knew I should never go.

ELIZABETH

But you would not *want* to go if Doris is sick.

JIMMIE

That is it. I can't go and leave her.

HARRY *(with a hard glance at ELIZABETH)*

Maybe when the doctor comes, he will find it is not anything serious.

JIMMIE *(wearily)*

No difference. I can't go as long as she is in bed.

HARRY *(persistently)*

She may be up tomorrow. Women are sort of—temperamental, aren't they? It may just be the shock of hearing you are going.

JIMMIE *(looking speculatively at HARRY)*

Ye-es. But I could not go and keep wondering how she was. *(With the ghost of a smile)* I told you the Bonney sisters always got their own way.

HARRY *(soberly)*

Yes, I remember.

(ELIZABETH puts her hand across her mouth as though to repress an outburst.)

JIMMIE

Oh well, I probably only imagined I had great stuff in me. I suppose if I had, it would come out anyway. One can't have everything.

(He goes up to the studio with dragging feet. ELIZABETH looks fearfully at HARRY.)

LOVE IS ENOUGH

HARRY (*slowly, carefully repressing his feelings*)

I reckon I had better go now, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

No.

HARRY (*utterly weary*)

Yes. I have had—just—about—enough.

ELIZABETH

Harry! Can you not see that what you feel for the Navy is just a phase of Youth! Like father said, it will pass.

. . . (*Thrillingly*) But our love will not pass!

HARRY (*harshly*)

What do you know of love? (*Growing more and more impassioned and excited*) Your idea of love? Dresses from Paris and—and—pink stucco houses—and—and—country clubs—and—and—money. Unlimited money, smothering everything—you, and your sister, and your mother, smothering the men you love—smothering their ideals and dreams—crushing their desire to serve—making them into machines to grind out money, money, more money, for—P-Paris dresses and—pink stucco houses—and—things—*Love!*

(*He laughs.* ELIZABETH *backs away from him.* HARRY *follows her, his head thrust forward.*)

HARRY

You are like the female spider!

ELIZABETH

Harry! Have you gone mad?

HARRY

I *was* mad. Now I am sane. Quite, quite sane, my—darling.

(*He gives the endearment a smooth and hateful emphasis.*

ELIZABETH *shrinks.*)

I will tell you about the spiders.

ELIZABETH

Oh don't, I cannot bear it.

HARRY

A female spider eats *her* lover! The poor fool is attracted to her web irresistibly—on, on, the poor fool comes eagerly to his doom—and she sits in the center of her web waiting, waiting—

ELIZABETH

Harry, please! It is too horrible!

HARRY

Not at all. . . . Would you not say it is his *duty* to be devoured in order that she and her progeny may have every comfort? (*whirling on her suddenly*) Do you think I did not see you signal your father when poor Jimmie was here? Doris is *not* sick, is she?

ELIZABETH

No.

HARRY

And you would help her deceive Jimmie just to keep him here!

ELIZABETH

It—it would break Doris' heart if Jimmie went to Mexico.

HARRY

But it will not break her heart if he fails in writing the books he has it in him to write. No, I understand at last. *That* will not break her heart because it does not mean *money*! She is not eating his entrails. She is only eating his brain. Your father, too. I did him a wrong. I thought him only a money-making machine! But even he had his dreams—before your mother, like the spider—

ELIZABETH (*running to him, puts her hand over his mouth*)

Don't say it, Harry. *Don't* say it! I cannot stand it!

LOVE IS ENOUGH

HARRY

If it is so, why not say it? The words are no worse than the deeds.

ELIZABETH

It is not altogether my fault. I was brought up that way.

HARRY (*slowly, his anger dying*)

I reckon it is the system. Well . . . (*He goes to turn away and go but ELIZABETH stays him with her hand on his arm.*)

ELIZABETH

Harry, you have made me see at last what I really am. I am *glad* you are not marrying me. I am too—horrible.

HARRY

You are far from horrible, darling. I lost my temper. We just belong to different worlds. I see that now. . . . Good-bye.

ELIZABETH

Good-bye—Harry—my dear. . . . I shall never be happy again.

HARRY

Nor I.
(*They look at each other. A pause.*)

ELIZABETH

Some day—perhaps we can be friends?

HARRY (*who never compromises*)

No thanks. I don't hold for any of this friendship built on the ashes of love stuff.
(*A pause.*)

ELIZABETH

You see,—D-Doris told me if I were only *firm*, you would do what I wanted. And *then*—I thought—we could be happy. But it was all wrong. I see that now.

HARRY (*smiling wryly*)

It worked with Jimmie. And it worked with your father.

ELIZABETH

Poor daddy. . . . Poor Jimmie. . . . Even if you *would* resign, I would not want you to do it now. I would not let you do it now. (*She weeps furtively.*) I-I'd always think I was eating your— (*She sobs.*)

HARRY

And even if you would give up the money, I would not want you to—I see it would be too hard on you. Needing money, as well as acquiring it, is a sort of inheritance, I reckon.

ELIZABETH

Oh no! Not with me, Harry. My grandparents were quite poor. (*A pause. Speaking bravely.*) Money is not everything. . . . I saw that yesterday morning. And then, somehow, I forgot . . . I wanted everything. Jimmie was right. He said you had to choose.

HARRY (*low but encouraging*)

Yes?

ELIZABETH

—B-but I am such a dishonest, selfish, *scheming* person, I could not make you happy. . . .

HARRY (*his heart in his voice*)

No one else could.

ELIZABETH (*breathlessly*)

It is bigger than us, isn't it?

HARRY (*putting his arms around her*)

Yes. . . . God help us.

(*NELLIE in hat and coat comes in from the hall.*)

LOVE IS ENOUGH

NELLIE

Beg your pardon for interrupting. But we was to meet the Chaplain at twelve.

(The clock strikes twelve. They all watch it.)

HARRY (to ELIZABETH)

Let us meet him then.

CURTAIN



APPENDIX

WHO'S WHO IN COPY, 1929

Doron K. Antrim writes that "he was born at an early age" in Germantown, Ohio. After studying music at Oberlin and receiving his A.B. at DePauw University, he went west to grow apples and teach music. He served in the War and returned "unimpaired physically but badly bent financially." He had acquired the habit of writing long letters to his wife, and has been writing ever since. He contributes articles to music and other magazines, has published several books, and is the editor of the *Musical Observer* and the *Metronome*. He studied article writing with Professor Donald Clark at Columbia University.

Gertrude Ryder Bennett was born in Brooklyn, received her A.B. from New York University and her A.M., in 1927, from Columbia University. She is a member of The Writers' Club, the Poetry Society, the League of American Pen Women, and other literary societies. Her poems have been published in the *Century*, the *Commonweal*, the *Bookman*, the *Delineator*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Churchman*, the *Sewanee Review*, the *American Poetry Magazine*, *Contemporary Verse*, *Some Recent New York University Verse*, the *New York Herald Tribune*, the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, and other magazines and newspapers; and her work has been reprinted in Braithwaite's *Anthology of Magazine Verse*, *Copy*, 1927, and elsewhere.

Clarice Blake was born in New York City and educated at the Convent School at Fort Lee, New Jersey. She has studied in the Extension Courses at Columbia University,

and is now on the staff of the Public Library in Grantwood, New Jersey.

Dr. Frances Sage Bradley is a southern woman who after the death of her husband studied medicine at Cornell University, and then entered the service of the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor. She studied conditions affecting women and children in rural districts where medical and nursing services were difficult to obtain. "In the remote mountain cabin, in the soddy and dug-out of the plains, in the shack perched on stilts down in the swamp lands, I found new conditions, new standards of living, which involve hardship, privation, and the courage of the pioneer. . . . With the exception of a short correspondence course at Columbia, I know nothing of the craft of writing other than government reports. Only the generosity of such editors as those of the *Nation*, the *Survey*, *Hygeia*, *Woman Citizen*, and the *American Review* have made it possible for my crude material to see the light of day."

Edythe Helen Browne was born in New York City, and has taken a number of courses in writing at Columbia University. She writes: "I have specialized in interviewing prominent people for metropolitan newspapers and magazines, and have contributed several anniversary articles to literary magazines such as the *Bookman*, the *Commonweal*, *Catholic World*, and *America*. I have also reviewed books for some of the leading magazines. I am a free lance."

Mary Edgar Comstock is a New Yorker, born in 1897, educated in private schools and graduated from Barnard College in 1922. Her home is in Montrose, Pennsylvania. She has published one book of verse, *Flickering Candlelight* (Dorrance), and is about to publish another.

Marjorie Cone is a graduate of the Ethical Culture School in New York City. She has studied the short story at

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Columbia and has written advertising. She has had stories published in the *Midland*, the *American Hebrew*, the *Commonweal*, and *Children*. Her first novel will be published by Macauley in the spring of 1929.

Andra Diefenthaler (Mrs. G. Edmund Diefenthaler) was born in Brooklyn of parents of German and French descent. "The date of my birth is withheld," she writes, "for I never could see the point of publishing one's age. If one were remarkably young for an achievement or venerably old in a noble service, there might be good reason for mention of years. It seems to me, time's an illusion, anyway." Much of her childhood was passed in the country, in a German-American community in the southwestern part of New York state, where her grandfather had come as a pioneer. Later she attended school in Brooklyn and then studied stenography. "For the most part I have been educated in the school of life except for such learning as I could get by self-seeking from books. I have chosen the career of marriage and am the mother of three strenuous sons. Writing is of secondary importance, although it has always been on my heart. I have done some newspaper work and stories for children. 'Silences' is my first published short story."

Harold Fields, who is Executive Director of the League for American Citizenship, was born in Boston and educated in the Boston schools and at New York and Columbia Universities. He has published articles on foreign relations, economic questions, and topics dealing with the foreign-born. He is Secretary of the Mayor's Committee on Citizenship, and chairman and member of many organizations interested in the state of the foreign-born.

Rudolph Gilbert's poems have been published in *Poetry*, *Poet and Philosopher*, *Unity*, and *Books*. Two of them were reprinted in *Copy*, 1925. "I am at present engaged with a rare and old book selling firm in New York City, and write few poems."

Isa Urquhart Glenn studied the short story with Blanche Colton Williams at Columbia University. She has published several novels, and her stories have appeared on the honor rolls of Edward O'Brien's *Best Short Stories* and of the O. Henry Memorial Volumes.

Grace Kellogg Griffith writes that she was born in Bangor, Maine, but left for Boston as soon as she was able to travel. She graduated from Smith College, and about a year later went abroad to teach in the American College for Women at Constantinople, where she spent three years, traveling in Europe and Asia Minor each summer. Then she married Major Dison Griffith and returned to the United States. She has published three novels, *The Mould*, *The House*, and *The Silent Drum*; and is bringing up four children, "single-handed, without benefit of nursemaids."

Weare Holbrook was born in Wisconsin in 1896, and graduated from the University of Iowa. After his discharge from the army in 1919, he was a reporter on the *Daily News* in Whittier, California, for several years, coming to New York in 1925 for post-graduate work at Columbia. His first short story appeared in the *Black Cat* in 1918, and since then he has contributed to the *Forum*, *Nation*, *New Yorker*, *Life*, *Judge*, *Smart Set* ("pre-Hearst"), *Stratford Journal*, *Little Review*, and various other magazines. At the present time he is writing exclusively for the New York Tribune Syndicate.

Florence Page Jaques (Mrs. Travers Lee Jaques) was born in Decatur, Illinois, in 1890. She received her A.B. from Millekin University in Decatur, and later studied at the Universities of Chicago and Columbia. Her poems have been published in *Poetry*, *Contemporary Verse*, and the *Midland*; and her juvenile stories have appeared in *Youth's Companion*, *Child Life*, *John Martin's Book*, and the *Portal*.

Princess Dorothy Karageorgevitch was born in Brooklyn in 1898, and graduated from the Misses Masters School at

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Dobbs Ferry, New York. In 1927 she was married to Prince Nicolas Karageorgevitch. Her poems have been published in *Poetry*, *A Magazine of Verse*, *Lyric*, *Contemporary Verse*, *Measure*, *Commonweal*, *Nash's* (London). During her visit to the United States in 1928-29 she has been studying the short story in Professor Scarborough's class at Columbia.

Harry Kingman sends the following succinct summary of his career: "Born Tientsin, China, April 3, 1892. Pomona College A.B., 1914. Springfield College B.P.E. (Physical Education), 1916. Member New York Yankees, 1914-1915. Secretary of International Committee, Y.M.C.A., stationed in Shanghai and Tientsin, 1921-1927. Now Secretary of University of California Y.M.C.A. Have taken graduate work in international relations at Columbia and California."

Anne D. Kyle was born in Philadelphia where she has lived most of her life, and received her A.B. from Smith College in 1918. She has done a little social work and a good deal of traveling. Since 1923 she has attended writing courses at Columbia University. Her children's stories have been published in the *Portal* and *St. Nicholas Magazine*. Houghton Mifflin Company brought out her first book, *Crusaders' Gold*, a story for girls, in the fall of 1928, and she is now engaged upon her second book.

Vernon Loggins writes: "At present an instructor in English at Columbia, I was born in Texas and remained there till I was graduated from the State University. Since then I have lived in the Middle West, in Alabama, in France, and in New York, and have studied at the University of Chicago, the University of Montpellier, the Sorbonne, New York University, and Columbia. Things which I have published include a few stories, some verse, several translations from recent Provençal poets, a number of critical articles, and many book reviews. Just now I am spending every

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hour which I can afford from my teaching in working on a book to be called *The American Negro as Author*, with which I hope to receive my doctor's degree from Columbia."

Cecilia Maloney lives in Saginaw, Michigan, which was immortalized by sentimentalists of an older day in four words: "Saginaw's tall whispering pines." Now, Miss Maloney writes, its only claim to literary distinction is that such authors as F.P.A., Fannie Hurst, and Charles Merz refer to it with jocular pens, because its cacophony amuses them. Her poems have appeared in *The Light of Day*, an anthology of unpublished poems by contemporary poets edited and published by Henry Harrison; in the *American Poetry Magazine*, the *Greenwich Village Quill*, and other verse periodicals; the *New York World*, the *Detroit Free Press*, and the *Detroit News*.

Colonel Charles J. Naylor sends his *dossier*: "Born October 3, 1875, Philadelphia, Pa. Schooled at William Penn Charter School, Philadelphia, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, U. S. Military Academy, West Point. Worked as pattern-maker and draughtsman in iron foundry, and as reporter on *Philadelphia Press*. Served through all grades from 2nd lieutenant to lieutenant-colonel in U. S. Cavalry in various parts of the United States, Hawaii, and the Philippine Islands; also on varied duty during the War from an infantry battalion to the War Department. Left active duty in 1921. No present occupation besides writer. Have published little, and am in the red account of postage." Colonel Naylor took work in the short story courses at Columbia, and was the first president of the Writers Club.

Annie W. Noel was born in Schenectady, New York, in May—she says she has forgotten just what year—and educated partly by her father and partly by the public schools. At seventeen she went to Germany for two years' study, and since then has picked up what education she could by the wayside. After her marriage her home and children

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took up most of her time, but now that her children are grown she has more time for writing, "to which I always cling as an inexpensive diversion." "I have been matriculated as a freshman at Columbia for the past six years, and as I find time I take a course or two. I value my connection with Columbia highly, but I am in the rather peculiar position of having to earn the money to take the courses before I can take the courses to learn to earn the money." "Child Drama" is her only published essay, her other work consisting of short stories and sketches which have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, *McClure's*, the *Independent*, and other magazines.

Anne B. Payne was born and educated in North Carolina, but has spent the greater part of the last five years in New York, where she has taken courses in poetry, prosody, and other subjects at Columbia University. Poetry has been her "vocation, occupation, and recreation" since she came to New York, and her work has been published in many magazines—such as the *Century*, *Good Housekeeping*, the *Virginia Quarterly Review*, *Ainslee's*, *Contemporary Verse*, the *Commonweal*, the *World Tomorrow*, *Child Life*—and reprinted in Braithwaite's *Anthology*, the *Literary Digest*, and elsewhere. A book of verse has been accepted for publication.

George T. Rayner offers this as a biographical sketch: "I was born in Yonkers, N. Y., in 1903. My education has been grammar school, a trip abroad, and numerous rejection slips. I first published (at the age of thirteen) an article in the *New York Evening Globe*; then at seventeen, I won one hundred dollars in a poetry contest. Since then I have published stories in magazines varying from the *Midland* down through the *Oracle*, *College Stories*, *Marriage*; hitting bottom with several confections for the confession magazines." "Life and Death on Ninety-Fifth Street" appears on the Roll of Honor of the best short stories of 1928 in Mr. O'Brien's book of that name.

APPENDIX

Alice P. Reynolds was born and educated in New York, and studied Playwriting with Mr. Hatcher Hughes at Columbia University. "Love Is Enough" has not been published; the Morningside Players plan to present it in March, 1929. A one-act play, "The Witch Woman," also written in Mr. Hughes' class has been accepted by the Samuel French Co. for their Little Theatre List.

Eugenia Wallace came from Texas to grow up around Columbia University, and later to do her bit of pioneering in Wall Street. She was one of the organizing committee of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs and is now a firm member of the Publishers' Emergency Bureau. In moments of leisure she has written articles for the *Century*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *North American Review*, and other magazines; and also a book "strictly business," and a few short stories.

Dorothy West was born in Boston in 1907, and educated at the Girls' Latin School, where for five profitable years she "absorbed honor, verity, some culture, and a little Latin." After that she studied the writing of fiction at Boston University and at Columbia. "I can send no large list of previous publications. In *Opportunity*, about July, 1926, there was a rather good prize story. I have no ability nor desire to be other than a writer, though the fact is I whistle beautifully."

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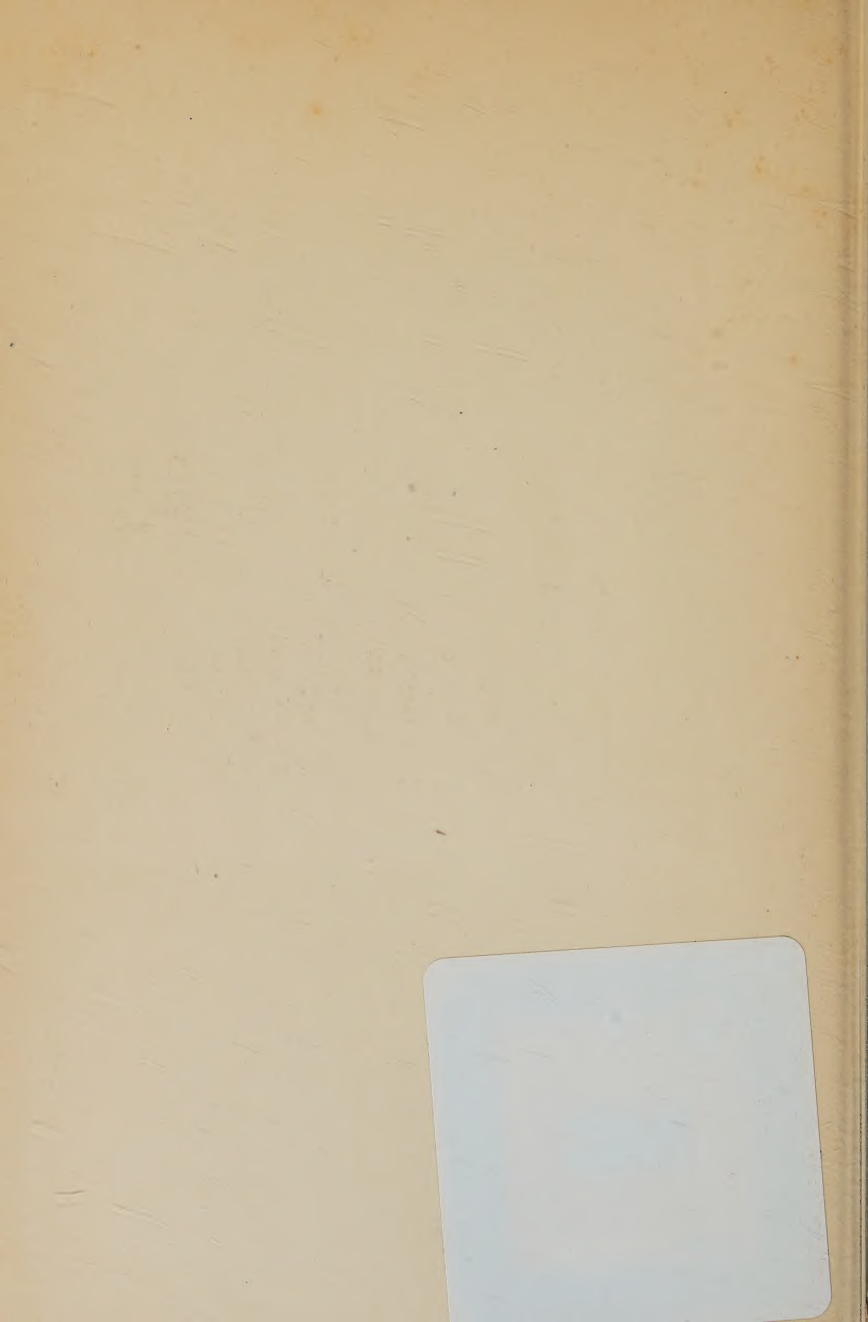
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